WICKED
CITY
EUGENE STEVENS

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WICKED CITY

BY

GRANT EUGENE STEVENS

AUTHOR OF

"Blinding Blasts"; "Answer to Don Carlos," etc.

CHICAGO

1906

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Dedicated

to the citizens of Chicago
who are helping to redeem their beautiful city
and to those who suffered
during the great carnival of crime.

HIDDEN SENTENCES
AND
HIDDEN WORDS.

CAN
YOU FIND THEM?

DISCOVER SECRETS
HELD BY MYSTERIOUS CLOCK.

PRIZES
Piano—2 Karat Diamond Ring—Summer Cottage —"Toe Pad" Carriage—Gold Watches, Etc. Free.
See pages 37, 113, 141, 345

A SWEET FACED CHILD OF THE POOR.

"WICKED CITY"

PART I.

AS THE CHIMES TOLD THE HOUR.

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"WICKED CITY"

PART II.

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MORAL.

The wages of sin is certain disaster and premature death.

If you read this book understandingly it will prove this beyond a question of doubt.—Pub.

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SEE PAGES 37, 113, 345.

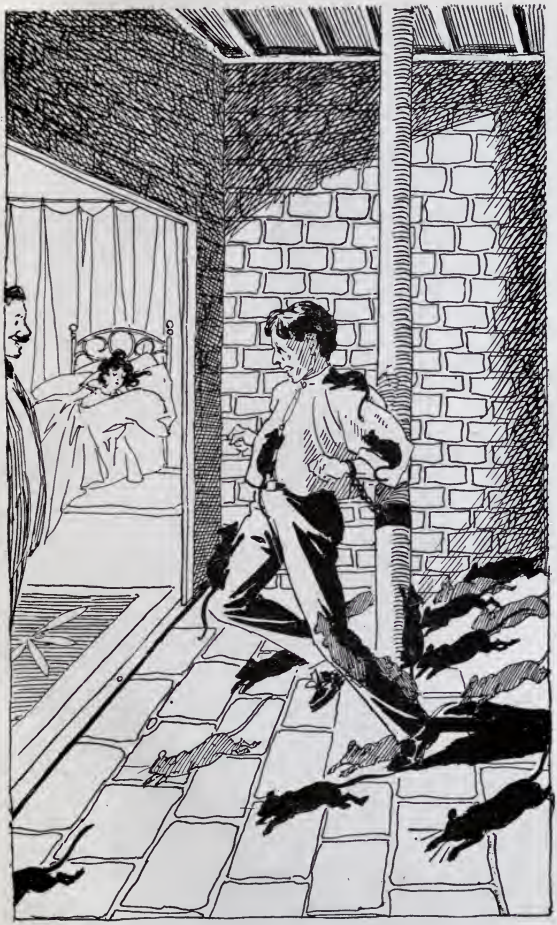
THE "WICKED CITY."

Chicago has for years been considered the crime center of the world and there was a time when that impression was not altogether unwarranted. The city was infested with blacklegs, crooks and confidence men of all sorts, working their evil almost at will upon the high and the low, the resident citizen and the stranger as well. And among the business men there were men in all branches of trade and profession whose methods were worse than those of the common thug for they worked under the guise of respectability and virtue. Nor were these all. Among our city fathers, those who were placed in their positions as guardians of the public good and sponsors for the city's virtue, were men whose villainies and betrayal of their trusts made these conditions possible and even padded their own purses by winking at crime and turning a deaf ear to the clamorings of the better classes for at least honest methods. Crime ran rampant; holdups by thugs and unprincipled "business men" were daily occurrences, and the uninitiated man was as likely to loose his purse in the pursuit of his legitimate business as when visiting the "red light" district. Possibly Chicago earned its name, The Wicked City.

But there were causes for this and excuses too. The city had in sixty years grown from a backwoods trading post to a world metropolis and the regulation and governing of the millions of souls crowded within its limits, the segregation and control of its vicious classes were as impossible for the inexperienced public as the comprehension of an abstruse proposition in higher mathematics for an infant.

Mr. Stead wrote his book and called Chicago a "Pocket edition of Hell;" but should he visit the city again he will find that the devil and his imps have had some hard falls. Chicago today has a wide awake and efficient police system. Its merchants in all branches are organized for the cleansing of the city. The Civic Federation, for the betterment of its political condition. Commercial associations and Merchants' clubs, for the elevation of its mercantile and professional standing. These have finally given the city good clean government, and, aiding the police have ridded the city of its financial and mercantile holdup men.

But there has been a power even greater than these. The press. Without it their efforts would have been futile. For not only have



GORDON IN THE RAT PIT OF THE UNDERGROUND DEN.

ONE OF THE PEACEFUL SPOTS OF THE WICKED CITY AND THE AUTHOR'S HOME.

they furnished publicity for the city's many evils, awakening the public to their city's shame but their reporters have aided the police in unearthing crime in all its phases. They have been responsible for the fixing of crimes to the guilty ones and the exposure of their guilt. In fact there is no better detective service on earth than that furnished by the enterprising Chicago press.

All these forces working hand in hand are rapidly making a new Chicago. Exposures of evil of all sorts in high as well as low circles are continuous. God's pure sunlight is being poured into some of the foulest haunts the world has ever known and the festering evil is slowly but surely being cleansed and purified by its rays. But crime is not yet dead, for new conditions have to be met with newer methods but dishonest business men and grafting politicians, the thug with his sand bag and the confidence man with his oily manner eke but a precarious living in the new Chicago.

The foregoing remarks are, perhaps, out of the ordinary,—but, —"The Wicked City" is a "New Idea" book by a "New Idea" man. Mr. Stevens has studied for years the phase of life with which this book deals and his work shows a full knowledge of the subject differing widely from the vaporings of the stranger "sociological student" who visits the city for a few days and then inflicts the result of his observations upon the public in the form of an essay.

The "Wicked City" is an odd story, well plotted, and written in an unusual way, ably mingling fact and fiction. Mr. Stevens is essentially a business man, and the fact is apparent in his work for it is his idea to give his readers a story of living breathing people connected with well authenticated facts of Chicago history with which the whole country is familiar, only making necessary changes of the names of the principal characters. He makes no attempt at idealistic rhetorical flights, and eliminating all unnecessary description, through dealing with a phase of life with which few people are familiar. It is a real story of real life in the real true Chicago.

For this reason it is of the utmost interest to all classes of people; merchants, business and professional men, in the city and out of it. It is of interest to all those interested in Chicago for any reason whatever, whether their interest be pecuniary or simply one which every American has in our most representative American city, hustling, striving Chicago. To those having no interest in Chicago or the facts with which the book deals, it is simply an extremely clever story.

Mr. Stevens is a descendent of the historic Lord Edward Gerald Fitz-Gerald and is related to many of the nobility of England today. But he is proud of the fact that he is American born and a successful business man of Chicago. And he is successful in that he is conducting a business of over $5,000,000.00 yearly without having sacrificed either principle or sentiment.

AS THE CHIMES TOLD THE HOUR.

PART I.

AS THE CHIMES TOLD THE HOUR.
A "MYSTERIOUS CLOCK."

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE INTERVIEW.

Robert E. Long, alias "Number 49," escaped convict, well dressed, well disguised, is speeding through Chicago comfortably quartered in suburban train. A newsboy drifted aboard. A grim but humorous smile lit up the convict's face as his eye traveled quickly through the penny sheet and noted the following small item among the "Personals":

> "Any person knowing the present whereabouts of Robert E. Long, who left his home, 2112 ——— St., London, England, about three years ago to visit Paris, and last heard of there, will receive $2,000 reward by communicating with Gordon Long, Palmer House, Chicago, Ill."

* * * * * * *

"Gordon? My brother!"

"Yes, Robert; am I welcome?"

"Certainly; be seated. Please excuse my hesitation for I was quite surprised to see you. The man gave me to understand that I would find a friend waiting, but little did I expect to find a brother in "wicked city." How are our friends in London?"

"They are well, but my dear boy, tell me of yourself. Where have you been for the last two years or more? I have searched the world over without obtaining the slightest clew. We were greatly worried about you."

"You say 'we.' Whom do you mean by 'we'?"

"Giles for one, poor fellow, he seemed quite broken up over your unaccountable absence. He often saw you experimenting and messing around the laboratory and is under the impression you ate some of the compounds you mixed, and turned into an

imp of darkness. He sticks to his theory and declares he has seen you in his dreams and you would return to us in the form of a cloven-foot devil. And say what you will, you cannot reason with him or shake his belief, ridiculous as it seems. This faithful old servant is not the only person that has grieved about you. You remember Mrs. Waite and her lovely daughter Dorris?"

"Yes, quite well." Robert replied in eager questioning tone.

"If you were a son or brother, they could not have been more concerned.

"I suppose her daughter never sprinkled an eye-lash over my absence?"

"I could not say as to that, but she seemed greatly depressed over your mysterious disappearance. She is really a good girl and loves her mother with all her heart. I am afraid she has no heart to bestow in any other direction. But this is not telling me where you have been keeping yourself."

"I accompanied Mrs. Waite and her daughter to Paris and was with them until they left for America, which was earlier than they wished. Their departure was somewhat hastened on account of the unwelcome attention of a Captain Somebody, I don't remember his name, who seemed to be an old, but unpleasant, acquaintance of Mrs. Waite. I did not happen to meet him, but Miss Dorris said he was very persistent in his advances toward her mother and herself. After their departure I took a trip to Monte Carlo and have spent most of my time since in Spain and recently came from Cuba."

"But, my dear Robert, why in all this time have you not communicated with us?"

"Gordon, do not ask me to tell you the reason. I am different from the Robert of old.

"I can see no change. You are pale and look somewhat older. I see no other," Gordon declared.

"Yes, I know you can see no change in me, but there is a change. The first change I noted was when we were mere youths of nineteen. Up to that time I guess there was not a more God-fearing or righteous boy in miles of travel around old London, unless it was yourself, Gordon; but since that night of Halloween when we came in from an evening's jolly fun, and met old Giles flying past us on a run, thinking our father was ill or perhaps dying, we ran to his room, and not finding him there, we looked all over the big house and at last found him bending over the bed on which lay Giles' wife, dying. She was feebly urging him to agree to something. Do you remember, Gordon?"

"Yes, and he shook his grey head and cried out in anguish: 'No, my good woman, you ask too much. I love both of my boys. How am I to tell them that one is the offspring of a father, who in wild and immoral passion, so far forgot the duty he owed to the saintly mother of the other as to bring about this, the result of his perfidy and unfaithfulness! They would despise me, both of them

would hate me—their unnatural father. Don't ask this, Mary. You are not going to die, you have not sinned, you are not responsible for my sin. I must bear this alone.' 'No, no, no! It be this secret Oie 'ave on me 'eart. Master, Oie must confess it afore Oie die. Ef Oie don't, my poor old body will twist and squirm in the grave. Tell 'em, Master, tell 'em yourself or send 'em to me an Oie will, for they shall know the truth afore Oie die, ef God spares me till they come. Send for 'em, Master, for Oie am going fast!' Then father says: 'Mary, you will not die, Giles will be here soon with the doctor. He will see you through again as he did before.' 'No, no, Master, Oie be dying.' Then, Robert, I remember your face, how white and changed it was as you boldly stepped around the big bed into view and our father raised his bent form only to totter back and sink into a chair. 'Boys,' he cried, 'what have you heard?' 'We have heard all, sir,' you answered; and I think the tone of your voice cut him to the quick for he grew paler than the poor old nurse on the bed, but not a word did he say until old Mary had told us over again that one of us was an illegitimate child. 'Which is the unfortunate one?' you asked her and she says, 'Oie do not know. Oh, God, that Oie did, for Oie am sure that your poor father will not tell you.' 'No, Mary, I can not tell them now; but when they are men they shall know. I promise you that.' An expression of relief passed over the simple old creature's face, which was growing grey and ashen, as she continued: 'Robert, I think you are the unfortunate one, but Oie am not sure. It might be Gordon.' Then as I saw death would claim her in a very few moments, I whispered to you to ask her of the mother. 'She wus my mistress,' the dying nurse answered, 'and a beautiful lady, too. It was Oie that brought 'er to this very 'ouse and you wus born 'ere in the old wing while Mrs. Long was sick in the white chamber where she died after giving birth to one of you, I don't know which. You was nursed by my mistress till you wus old enuf to be left with me for she went away, poor mistress, and Oie never seed her to this day. Oie am sure she is dea—Oh, God, Oie am going, my secret is told. Robert and Gordon, you forgive an old woman who meant no 'arm?' Then we each took one of her old withered hands and assured her that she had done no wrong; and if she imagined that she had, we freely forgave her. Placing my hand on her forehead, I felt the death dampness gathering and her hands were growing rigid in ours. Her breath was coming and going with irregular gasps and loud rattles of the throat. This awful scene of death, the first we ever looked upon, completely unnerved me; but you were more collected and looking steadily at our father who sat with bowed head said: 'Father, who was she? Explain.' But a deathlike stillness invaded the chamber. It grew oppressive. Again you asked this question and receiving no reply turned to the bed of dear old nurse who had been like a mother to us. The last faint spark of intelligence was revived for a moment and she struggled desperately for utterance; but it failed her and she would never speak again. We kissed and folded her hands over the motionless breast. Then assisting our poor, humiliated, grief-stricken father to

rise, we half carried him to his room where we left him in silence with the tears glistening in his eyes. Giles came with the doctor whom we conducted into the presence of the living who was suffering untold agony from remorse, while we left Giles with his dead who had ceased to suffer and lay with a look of relief and content on her homely, honest old face, brought about by being able to relieve her mind of the secret she had kept so many years."

"Yes, you tell it well, Gordon, and it was after this scene that you have so truly portrayed that I felt there was a change in me. All the evil passions seemed to rise to the surface and for the moment consume the good impulses that predominated before. The evil has been gradually crowding out and usurping the place of good and if it keeps on crowding and crowding the good out, it will be all evil. What would be the result?"

"Well, my brother, I cannot bring myself to believe such a condition of affairs possible in your case for there is too much good in you. As boys together, we shared each others every thought and our hearts were as open as the Holy Book to be read by each other; and I am sure up to this death-bed scene which revealed the awful mistake of the father we had both loved and respected, you were at the apex of all that was generous and good; but since then I noticed you became a little wild and I was also somewhat changed, but, we are men now, Robert, and I know with the good that is in you, you will be proof against all invasion of evil. Anyhow evil will never be the reigning power in your case. But in answer to your question proper, in case of the event you so much fear, you would be what is termed a moral degenerate."

"A 'moral degenerate!'"

"Oh, Robert, my brother, you should not liken yourself to such Why such morbid fancies? Such a thing would be impossible utterly out of the question. There was too much good in you as a youth. You do yourself an injustice by countenancing such a thought. Cast aside such morbid fancies. You have been among strangers too much. You are among friends now and with a brother's love, too."

"Gordon, I cannot accept a brother's love from you. Neither am I entitled to it for, to be candid with you, there is no love in my heart for you. By intuition, I know that you are the son of an honorable and saintly mother, while I am the result of a woman's duplicity and a man's weakness, or vice versa as it may be. Did we not read in our Bible, which we used to believe so implicitly, that 'evil begets evil, and that which is born of evil, evil will be'? I cannot help it, Gordon, but there is evil in my heart, an evil I can not control. I fail to find any love in my heart for you. That is proof enough that evil predominates. There is only one thing I care for on this earth—that is Dorris Waite; and when I discovered that she had a preference for you, Gordon, I hated you almost as much as I had loved you before."

"Well, Robert, this is indeed sad news to hear. I did not dream that you were also in love with this saintly girl, and your heart steeled against me as you believe. Are you not mistaken? Is there

no brotherly feeling in it for me? Don't you think now that we are together that this old antipathy will be crowded out and a better feeling will prevail instead?"

Thinking rapidly a moment, Robert arose to his feet and took a couple of turns across the rich carpet. Gordon arose also and watched his face which seemed to be communing with the heart within. He watched him with an eager expectant look as though a life depended upon the next word to fall from those tightly compressed lips. Robert brought up in front of him. Gordon could read the answer in his eyes before the lips below could frame it.

"Don't say you can't Robert."

"Gordon, I have searched the very deepest recesses of my heart and I can find love there for only one person in this unjust world."

"And that is——?" Gordon asked the question although knowing full well the answer.

"Dorris Waite," Robert replied. "All the good feeling left in my heart is bound up in the memory of her sweet face. She alone could redeem me and drive out the evil that controls me; but I am satisfied her love is given to you."

Gordon's face, up to this time white to the lips, showed color as Robert suggested the possibility of her loving him.

"No, Robert, you are mistaken. She does not love me any more than she does you. Would to God she could learn to love one of us! I would even welcome death in preference to a refusal when the time comes that I can feel justified in asking her hand." Gordon's voice had become husky and broken. He changed the subject by inquiring, "Robert, do you still gamble?"

"Yes the passion I formed for it in England and France still sticks to me."

"You lost a great deal of money learning the game, did you not, Robert?"

"Well, yes, it did cost me something to learn the great American game they call poker, but the most of the money I lost in England was at baccarat. I lost all the money the old gentleman left me to live upon for three years, or until the clock would speak its piece. I left the game £28,000 loser."

"So much as that, Robert? Our father left us only £20,000 apiece. You must have won some before this time you speak of."

"Yes, I won £9,000, 8.000 of which I lost that evening along with the 20,000. I lost the £2,000 you lent me. Then after that I lost £5,000 you 'staked' me to accompany Mrs. Waite and Miss Waite to Paris on."

"You lost it at Paris, then? Do they play much baccarat there?"

"No, not as much as they do in London. I lost the £5,000 learning the game I expect to indulge in this evening—the great American game of poker—a game that any gentleman can take a hand at without lessening his estimated worth morally, although it may lower what he is estimated to be worth in a financial way. Wouldn't you like to accompany me and take a hand yourself?" Robert asked this question knowing full well what the answer would be.

"No, Robert, I am still sticking to the old principles of our younger days. I neither gamble, drink nor associate myself with evil, if I am aware that it is evil."

"Well, you had better not associate with me, then, my scrupulous brother, for I am all that is evil."

"Ah, Robert, you are jesting. Were you not also jesting when you said you had looked into the recesses of your heart and could find no love, no brotherly feeling, for me there, I who have always loved you so dearly?"

"No, Gordon, I am afraid it is the truth."

"Why is this? Is all feeling dead within you?"

"I am afraid it is, unless it is with one exception."

"And that is——?"

"I would sooner not discuss the subject. I presume you have something to say and as I have but a short time to listen, you had better fire away." This was said in a quick, curt tone, a tone that cut Gordon to the heart.

"Robert, is it possible that you are the same one who, as a lad, used to be so kind, so sympathetic, so generous and manly? Then you used to fight my battles for me, help me with my lessons, take my lickings, but now—oh, my brother, you do not treat me even with the courtesy due a business acquaintance."

"Well, what can you expect of the spawn from the sources that are accountable for my existence? I am apart from the world. I am not of it, unless I am among the element my birth rates me for."

"What element do you refer to?"

"Why the element in which you find the thief, the harlot, the drunkard, the bastard, the confidence-man, the thug, the murderer, the man who lives on the shame of a woman, and last, but not least, the man who owes a duty to one woman and forgets it to enjoy the favors of another—the adulterer."

While he was speaking, Gordon could see the demon within fly to the surface and as quickly return to its old seat by his passion suppressed heart to keep the fire smouldering. Long suppressed passion and years of suppressed action form a combination that is dangerous when it breaks its bounds. When Robert had ceased speaking, Gordon was satisfied he had only found his brother to lose him again and to lose him in a way more trying than the real death of the body.

"Robert, it is true. You satisfy me beyond a doubt that I have indeed lost your love, but let me not lose your society and if there is any little favor I can do for you, you will always please me by stating it. I think this morbid fancy you have, that you are the illegitimate son, is what is working this great change, and I can not see why you are so positive. It is an even chance that I am to suffer for our father's crime and not you, although you seem so positive; so if that is in reality what is working this great change in you, I would try and cheer up a little. Let a little sunshine into your heart. Hope for the best and don't be so positive of the worst until the fatal day arrives which proves the truth of all—that which we both dread."

"Dread, you say, Gordon? You may dread, but I,—ha-ha, I dread nothing. I have thoroughly accustomed myself to the idea and the belief that I am the one. Dorris does not know anything about this, does she? You have not been so foolish as to tell her or her mother?"

"No, I have told them no more than they already knew of the matter while in London. They understand that the mysterious clock holds the secret of which one is to be the heir, but outside of that, I believe they know nothing. I am sure father would have no reason to tell Mrs. Waite, as he was only slightly acquainted with her, having met her at her marriage to Mr. Waite, whom he had known in a business way; and the reason father sent for her was to straighten out some business regarding the property he owns here. Mr. Waite was his attorney and agent here, and it was necessary for her to come to him in person in order to legally transfer her trusts to his lawyers in London."

"Yes, I remember. She was only up to see the Governor once with the lawyers to sign some papers and make some transfers. He could not have told her anything and the lawyers certainly wouldn't. It's a good thing Mrs. Waite does not know for if she did I guess she would not tolerate your attentions to her daughter, for I suppose you have paid her many visits in the last two years."

"Well, yes, Robert, I have made a good many visits, but I hope you believe me more honorable than to press my suit until I am positive that I have the right, as an honorable man. No, it would not be just or right for either one of us until we know the truth. So we are not rivals at all, for only one of us will have any right to claim her hand in marriage, if she should so honor us with her consent, which I think is doubtful for all her love seems to be given to her dear mother, who is the kindest and most pleasant of ladies."

"Well, you are entitled to think as you like, and do as you like, Gordon, but as for myself, I shall not let any such fine sentiments stand in the way of winning her, if it is in my power. She need never know that either one of us is a bastard. Of course, if I am the one, as I am positive I am, I would not have anything to support her on, but I would make a living for her with the paste-boards."

"Ah, Robert, why will you talk so harsh of yourself and your intentions? I am sure you cannot mean what you say. It would mean that you would press your suit even if you were proved to be the illegitimate son, and that you would marry her and support her by gambling, if I understood your meaning of the 'paste-boards,' and blight that pure, sweet, innocent life. You can not mean it Robert. What you imagine is love in your heart for her is only passion, a passion that will burn itself out in a short time. You certainly can not love her as I do, for I have learned to love her by degrees, more and more every visit I have made, which have been many and I am sure it is an everlasting love, a love that would always keep her life as full of happiness as it is now for she is supremely happy with her mother, her home and her pets. She is like a tender young rose-bud which to transplant might cause it to wither and die, unless it were transplanted in the garden of eternal

love and not the hot-bed of passion, around which are the elements of which you speak, if you fail to succeed to the estates and the good name that goes with them. You couldn't do it Robert, and when you see her again, which you will if you accompany me to-morrow, you will think better of it. It will be a desecration to pure humanity if you should succeed in putting your ideas into execution."

"Well, Gordon, I hardly know—you are right, I presume, if we should consider right; but my father did not consider my right, and I do not see why I should consider what is right regarding others. But then, we will let it go. I hardly know my own heart, and it is hard to tell what I should do. Anyway, if we do not understand each other, this talk has illustrated to you just what I was telling you a few moments ago. As a bastard, I can not marry or associate with an honorable lady. I must consort with my kind, and the kind I spring from—fallen women, probably. I speak plainly my beliefs."

Gordon's face was the picture of sorrow and compassion as Robert finished his bitter, but nevertheless, true speech, true in part. He made no reply for some moments, in the meantime studying the other intently as if he would fathom his soul. Then he spoke, his voice low and tender, but troubled.

"Robert, I have been thinking, thinking deeply; and the more I think of this fearful condition of affairs, brought about by the father we both so dearly loved, and the present bitter condition of your heart, it almost unmans me. God, give me strength to do right! I wish to be just. I want to do what is best for those I love. I love you, my brother, and I also love Dorris. God bless the image of her I hold in my heart! I love you both, Robert, and if I had the remotest idea that it would be best for her and best for you also to marry, I believe I would relinquish all my hopes and further your chances to win her. But, Robert, you deceive yourself. You have expressed yourself plainly to me and I will do so in return. What you believe is love is only passion, animal passion, which would not last and in time you would both be very unhappy."

"No, I don't agree with you there, Gordon. The memory of her has sunk deep down in my heart. The only tender thought I have is when I think of her as I knew her in London and Paris."

"Yes, but don't you see? If you loved her as you imagine, you would have crossed the water to see her before this. Your love for gambling is stronger than your love for her. Does that not prove it to you?"

"No, for I could not come sooner. I would have been here all the time, most likely, if I could."

"You say if you could? Now just listen to reason. My dear brother, don't you see that this proves it to be only a passion for the time being while you were with her there; and again aroused when you are near her again here. If you love her as you think you do, or as I do in reality, there is nothing that would have kept you away from America and least of all have kept you from writing

when they were so anxious to hear from you. No, no, it is not love, and you would not make yourself happy or her either."

As Gordon spoke, Robert thought of the *most efficient reason for his not appearing or writing in the last two years* and a bitter, frosty smile crept into his face.

"There were reasons, Gordon, which I cannot discuss with you. Remember there is sometimes a wheel within a wheel. We will not discuss the question any further, if you please. My time is growing very limited. I suppose you are taking good care of the clock which is playing such a prominent part in our lives?"

"Yes. Oh, by the way, while you were away someone entered the lawyer's office and, breaking into the vault, stole the clock and some £400 with it."

"Is that possible? Then you haven't it?"

"Yes, I got it safe and sound, but not for some time after."

"How did you find it?"

"I advertised for it, giving description and offering a reward. About three months later it was returned by the keeper of a refreshment place who claimed a young fellow left it there to raffle off. He never showed up again, but somebody called his attention to my advertisement and that is how it found its way back. I made up my mind that I would keep it on the mantle. The lawyers were glad to shift the responsibility and so there it has been ever since, safe and found."

"Did it lose any time while it was away from the vault?"

"No, not if we can depend on what the man 'Butch' says. He claims it was running and keeping perfect time for his customers who admired it very much; but I doubt if his customers ever saw it for I think he was the thief himself. The lawyers would have prosecuted him if I had sanctioned it. He was an ugly looking customer and I shouldn't like to meet him on a dark night with the chances in his favor."

"I suppose that our faithful old Giles will take good care of it while you are away?"

"Yes, he has always taken good care of it; but it was hard to get him even to touch it, he was so superstitious on account of its running right along for months without being wound. He believes there is something supernatural connected with it." Robert laughed, "Yea, he even imagines the mechanical arrangements which are so extensive are operated and run by the invisible hands of some spirit. When I came back from my first trip over here, the dust was quite thick on the bronze and gold trappings of the angel that stands guard on the top. He had been afraid to dust that part of it, while the rest he had kept scrupulously clean. I had quite a time to get him to dust the angel top-piece. He claimed that if he touched it, it would disappear and carry the clock and all with it to keep time for the 'blessed folks as was above.'" Robert laughed again.

"How long since you heard from him?"

"Well, I generally hear from him every three weeks. He just writes a few lines to let me know that things are right at home.

It has been ten days since I heard from him last. He is getting almost as eccentric as our poor father just before his death. He has been a good, faithful, old servant. I hope you will let him live and die there in the old home if you become master instead of me; and Robert, believe me, I hope with all my heart that you will be the master and not I."

"I never will be master there, so old Giles will never see me again. He will still have to think I have been transformed into a devil."

"What, Robert, you mean you're not going to accompany me back to England?"

"No, not I. I have had all of old England I want. I will stake you to it, its mansions and all," he roughly replied.

"Yes, but you forget we must be there on the first of May."

"I forget nothing. I wish I could. I can not go back with you."

"Robert, you are so strange. Why will you not go back with me?"

"Why,—well, I owe a debt here of $5,000.00. I can not leave the country without settling it."

"I can raise that amount here for you."

"Can you have it by to-morrow?"

"Yes, I will bring it with me when we meet to call on Mrs. Waite."

"They live near Sunnyside, do they not?"

"Yes."

"I'm going out that way with a party of friends and may stay all night at one of their homes. So to make sure, I will meet you on the banks of the river near their place, and we will pay our respects together."

"Au revoir, then, until we meet there, which we had better do about 1 p. m. to-morrow."

Gordon Long departed puzzling his mind over Robert's strange reappearance after nearly three years of silence.

We will drift from the present to the past, from Chicago to London, and discover the reason. The scene quickly shifts to Chicago again as this odd story is a tale of "wicked city", founded on facts well known to almost every reader.

DORRIS.

"CROSSING THE RIVER OF DESPAIR."

CHAPTER II.

IN AN ENGLISH PRISON.

In a cell of one of the many prisons abounding in London, sat a man with bowed head and dejected mien, apparently in utter despair—but was he in such despair as his attitude would suggest? After the guard or "key," as he is termed by the prisoners, had passed his cell door and disappeared down the corridor he slowly raised his face, and listened till the last fainst echo of his footsteps died away in the distance; then he arose to his feet, showing a tall, commanding figure and face. The only peculiar thing about his fine features was the eyes; they seemed to hold one powerless for a moment, and a strange feeling would creep over one, which was hard to shake off. There was little of the criminal look about this man—just something one could not understand: but why this jubilant look, when a moment ago his attitude suggested such complete despair? Has he at last been forced to see the error of his ways? No, there must be some other reason for the hope you see there, for he believes in no God. His one great idea is escape; an idea that has filled him with hope day and night, since deprived of his liberty, and now it is about to be realized. During two years imprisonment he had formed the habit of talking to himself in a mutttering tone impossible to recognize as words by any chance listener. This musing will help us to tell the story. "Only a few days more between me and freedom."—He moved to the door of his cell with a stride that still denoted strength. Grasping the iron bars with white, but firm hands, he peered down the corridor, listening intently. "I must be cautious; that 'key' watches me like a hawk lately — can he suspect anything, I wonder? No, I guess not, but nevertheless, I shall be careful and appear as ever for he is always on the watch. He has had it in for me ever since I broke his nose on that accursed treadmill. I wish it had been his bull neck instead; I could twist that with pleasure." With these unpleasant reflections he turned away and seated himself at a small table, where there were writing materials in abundance, also a pile of manuscript, on top of which was a small Bible, seemingly laid by the gentle hand of a reverent reader of God's word, but on the contrary, it was used merely as a paperweight to hold in place the sheets which were disturbed by the gentle breeze that found its way through the one small, grated window of the cell. He showed his respect for the Holy Book by tossing it carelessly to one side with a sneering mutter—"You answer pretty well for a 'stall' to throw off those guards, as does this manuscript—the supposed confession of my supposed crimes, as it grows in height from the

table, completely hiding from their view, as they pass, my real work on these little articles here, 'the conductors to freedom.'" He had slid into view of his eager eyes, three large keys as flat almost as the paper they had reposed between—having been formed from a piece of steel. Upon this latter article he commenced work. The tool used in the formation of these precious keys was simply, to all appearance, a common fountain pen and holder, but this innocent looking holder contained three compartments; two of them held acids, both comparatively weak and useless, separated as they were from each other and the ink, but add one drop of one to the other on the best of steel or sheet iron, and it will eat its way through, going downward only. Pulling a writing pad composed of tough, English paper over the sheet of steel, he commenced to write, taking up the thread of his confession where he had left off the night previous; cautiously sliding the pad to one side as he wrote, he would press a small spring and allow a drop of the acid to flow from the pen point on the marked outlines. After carefully drying the pen he would press another spring and add the drop which drove the other through, leaving a small hole and an odor that was hardly noticeable. Thus he had worked on night after night until the lights were put out, as they were regularly, at nine o'clock, apparently writing a detailed account of his past life, but in reality burning his way to freedom, and a future life blacker than the past he has written for the Governor of the prison with such a cunning design. At fifteen minutes to nine, the fourth key was added to the others. For six months he had studied the shape of the key that unlocked the door leading from the exercise to the court and precious freedom beyond. So thoroughly had he studied this particular one which always hung with a bunch carried by the guardian of them, that he was able to get an exact duplicate of it in shape by mental photograhy, but being rather doubtful as to size, he had prepared four of them, all the same in pattern, but of slightly different dimensions. "If one does not fit there are three more chances," so he reasoned with himself after secreting them, and preparing for bed. Did he prostrate himself before his Creator, and cry out "Lord have mercy on me a great sinner?" No, indeed, but on the contrary, swore under his breath at the "key," as he again passed on his ceaseless march around the corridors. Then he rolled into bed and slept as sweetly and peacefully as a little child tired out with a day's play, until the big bell summoned the prisoners to arise and prepare for their daily task termed "hard labor." As the bell ceased clanging, the clear bright sunlight flooded the great city with splendor. Its rays even penetrating the prison cells of the convicts, warming their hearts into new life and hope for the future, but did he appreciate this—the bright light of day? No, not he. As he espied the sunbeam on the wall opposite, he quickly sprang to his feet cursing it, and the hand of God that controlled it for it was rain that he wished to aid him in carrying out this long meditated plan of escape.

"THE WEST END TRAGEDY."

Who is he that is so princely in bearing and refined in features, with a heart so corrupt as to curse his fellow man as he lay his head down at night, and the sun and God, as he lifts it at morn? Who is he indeed? It would be a hard question to answer with any degree of certainty or truth, for the jail records of the case were very meager, stating only that number "49," name proper, and everything else prior to his arrest in a fashionable gambling room at the "West End," unknown. The stakes were high, a dispute arose, and one accused the other of cheating. The lie was given; the gambler advanced to resent it; number "49" with a lightning like movement, swung a large revolver into plain view of the curious ones who had gathered around. There was a deafening report, and the gambler fell at their feet, with a bullet through his heart. His friends were spellbound for a moment at the awful deed, but regaining their senses, simultaneously rushed toward the murderer, who had backed to the door of exit, the smoking weapon still in his hand. As the boldest ones pressed forward, he drew another, crying "Stop." His voice rang out clear and commanding, and there was a gleam in the eyes which caused them to falter. "Listen to me, your comrade deserved it, and I killed him in self defense, but if any one of you doesn't throw his hands in the air and back off, I will kill him in cold blood!" Every hand went up. Then slipping one weapon into an outside pocket, he backed to the door, and reaching behind with his disengaged hand, opened it, only to fall into the arms of the London policeman, who, hearing the shot, had climbed the stairs to investigate. Taken at a disadvantage, he was disarmed and handcuffed, after a desperate struggle. Later at his trial he was sentenced to fourteen years in prison. From the time of his arrest two years ago, up to the time we write of, he had maintained a dignified silence. No relatives came forward. The case was a peculiar one, and at that time attracted a great deal of attention, there being not a scrap of writing in his pockets or a mark on his linen, neither was the name or trade mark of his tailor or hatter about his clothes, which were of fine texture, made to fit his well proportioned form in perfect elegance. If he was a criminal, he was not a common one. His life in prison during the two years preceding had been spent the same as that of any other prisoner. When there was no work to do on mail sacks or coal bags, the making of which was the chief work of the prisoners, they were put on the treadmill, or at a crank. He did not mix with others, and would answer a question sometimes with a brief yes or no, but more often with a mere shrug of his symmetrical shoulders. It was here that the guard had one day become so exasperated because he would not answer a question, repeatedly put to him, that he slapped his face, in consequence of which the guard's nose was broken and his face badly disfigured by the prisoner. The Governor's attention was attracted to number "49," particularly and the

prisoner was asked by him if he would not write out a detailed account of his past. To this he seemed to assent reluctantly, finally agreeing, providing the Governor allowed him to finish it in detail before he submitted it. The Governor agreed to this, and ordered placed in the cell any writing materials number "49" required. These orders and agreemnts were carried out with the result we have noted. Watching his chance one day while at the crank, he had extracted one of the steel sheets that formed the lining of the drum, inside of which the sand cups revolved. Secreting it in his coarse canvas prison suit, he managed to smuggle it to his cell. Pretending illness, he succeeded in securing the two acids while in the prison hospital. Then he went to work upon the supposed confession for the Governor of the prison.

By climbing on his only piece of portable furniture, he was able to look down upon the streets below. Nearly under his window on the opposite side of the court stood a hack, the driver sitting patiently on the box waiting for a "fare." This seemed to be his regular stand, as he had been noticed by his watcher above to arrive at 6 a. m. and leave at 8:30 p. m. For the past year, rain or shine, he could be found at his post, except when off with a "fare," or he stepped around the corner to indulge in a pint of 'alf and 'alf with some brother "Jehu." Number "49" had studied him and his rig well in the past year. In fact, so well had he studied it that he became familiar with every detail, noting that during a storm or heavy fog he would sit inside, peering through the cab window for a customer. As his gaze was toward the walk, his back would naturally be toward the prison. So number "49's" plans had been formed for months, and as he was now in a position to carry them out the next rainy day, he watched the man with the whip with renewed interest, mentally calculating every chance and rehearsing every step and motion he would go through with in order to carry out the scheme so long planned and determined on. Having finished his preparations he daily cursed the sun and awaited only a rainy day till Freedom would be his.

CHAPTER III.

"THE ESCAPE."

Number "49" was looking for rain, but there was no sign of it as yet, not even a London fog to drive cabby inside. Did he pray for rain? No, he cursed the clouds for holding back what he desired. The acids held in the penholder he had used in forming the keys were emptied and replaced by two other fluids he had in some mysterious way secured, possibly from the laboratory in the prison hospital. What were they, and what were they for? Number "49" after glancing up and down the corridor pressed the spring and allowed a drop of one to fall on the palm of his hand; it spread rapidly, nearly covering the surface, changing the skin to a dark hue. Inspecting this closely, he seemed satisfied, then adding a drop of the other, rubbed his palms together with a quick motion, and entirely removed all traces of the dark artificial color he had produced so easily. Seeming well satisfied with this experiment, he again mounted the stool and looked out; first up at the heavens—no sign of rain; then down at the cabman, so unconscious of the part he was to play in one of the cleverest schemes of jail breaking ever attempted. Stepping down as he heard the "key's" footsteps, he pretended to be busy at his writing, then rising he prepared for bed. Another day was breaking as fine as the one previous, when number "49" arose to go through his daily routine of work, which he did without a muscle of his impassive face betraying the fire of intention within. By a clever manipulation of circumstances, he had managed to get on the treadmill of late in order to obtain all the limb action possible, as it might be very beneficial in the coming fray, if endurance and swiftness were required.

The next three days were as fine as the previous ones, and there was not an hour that he did not curse the fact under his breath. Upon the fourth day, a typical London fog settled down over the city; by noon it began to rain quite hard, sending the pedestrians and vehicles scurrying along to seek shelter, even driving our hardy hackman inside his rig. And so matters finally shaped themselves to a crisis, assisted by the elements. At 5 o'clock the prisoners assembled in the exercising yard, delighting in the cool smell of the spring rain. Apparently by accident, but in reality by clever design, number "49" was at the extreme end of the yard when the fifteen minutes was up and the criminals were formed into line for their march back to slavery and confinement. Staggering a pace backwards and allow-

ing the line to proceed with the first guard he threw his hands to his face as if in mortal agony, and with a smothered cry fell heavily to the earth. Seeing this, and being satisfied it was no sham, the 2nd guard knelt and inquired what he wished done. Half rising on his elbow, as if attempting to regain his feet, he again fell back with a moan and cried, "I am dying—the doctor—quick—go!" As the excited guard hurried off after the prison physician, "49" cautiously glanced around, then springing to his feet, rapidly covered the distance between himself and the gate, meanwhile getting his keys ready for action. He inserted the largest, number four; then the smallest, number one; both failed. Number three did the work, and he was on the outside. Locking the gate behind him, he shot a swift glance up and down the deserted streets; not a person in sight, and a perfect deluge of rain was descending. His plan worked well so far; everything seemed to be in his favor. Through the fog could be seen the faint outlines of the hack. Making his way swiftly toward it, he passed close to the hind wheels, under which was placed a portion of a brick by the methodical driver. He secured it, and gently but quickly opening the door he sprang in and grasped the surprised cabby by the neck and brought the brick down upon his head with a force that laid the poor fellow in the bottom of his rig, oblivious to what was going on around him. Stripping the rain coat from his limp form and securing the waterproof hat from the seat, where it had fallen during the attack, he donned both, and thus disguised quickly mounted the box and drove away, slowly at first, but as the grim walls of the prison were gradually swallowed up in the thick fog, he quickened his speed. Turning into a deserted side street he brought the horses to a stop. Climbing down from his perch, he joined the still unconscious man within. After closing the door of the hack securely, he proceeded to change his prison garb for the clothes worn by his passenger; after making his toilet in this manner, he looked for the cabman's dry weather hat. Finding this under a flap in the cushioned seat, he adjusted it, then the waterproof hat was donned over this. The hat and shoes were as he had calculated, a fair fit. On placing the penholder and keys in an inside pocket, his hand came in contact with something he had not felt for years—money; stopping to investigate no further, he looked at the watch in the vest pocket, and noted that it was 5:32, just seventeen minutes from the time he passed through the prison gate to freedom. Peering in every direction, as far as the dense fog and blinding sheet of rain would permit, he satisfied himself that the coast was clear, then raising the limp form in his arms deposited it on the curb. As the rain struck his face the cabby began to revive. Seeing this, number "49" closed the cab door and drove off at a smart pace. Keeping up this gait for four or five blocks he swung into another gloomy side street, more deserted than the former; stopping about the middle of the block, he once more descended and entered the rig. When he reappeared the governor of the prison himself would have failed to recognize him. His face and hands,

once so light and fair, were dark as a Spaniard's—the fluid had done its work, and done it well. Leaving the team exposed to the raging elements, as he had their faithful owner, he slouched away, his hands in his pockets, bringing his shoulders to a decided stoop. Striking Southampton street, he passed along this, and soon found himself in the strand. Here there was life in plenty, in spite of the rain, and thousands of honest wage-earners brushed by the convict on their way home. Passing swiftly along through this scurrying, bustling, chattering throng of humanity, he turned into a side street which furnished a short cut to Black Friars.

CHAPTER IV.

"A BOOZING KEN."

Following this street some distance he turned into the doorway of a low "boozing ken." In this place was the average crowd of hangers-on that usually patronize such low groggeries. Paying no heed to the greedy and curious looks he threaded his way through the motley gathering to a rear room or stall, where he took a chair and pressed a small button just over his head, which read, "When dry push me." A denizen of the street appeared before the waiter, one of those who had noted his entrance while lounging in the outer room waiting for prey. "Oie soiye, oi am dry, me 'earty, so oie am. Just stake us to a drink, will yer." At this moment the waiter appeared to take the order. "Here, waiter, bring me a small bottle with glasses for two; also send your master to me at once, and as you go along take this booze grafter out and show her the town pump; she says she is dry, you know." "Come on, Happy Sal; get a move on yer and 'blow,' the gent is a little choice of his company. Go and hunt up a 'live un.' " Urged thus by the waiter, the "beer lusher," who had picked the convict out for a "mark," shambled off in disgust at her luck. The bottle and two soon made their appearance, as did the master, who was plainly an American, and one in whose face crime's trademark was stamped with startling vividness. As he deposited the order upon the beer-stained table, he peered cautiously into the face of his customer. "Yer want to see me, did ye say?" "Yes, I did say so, and I am glad I found you in. Graft on the outside must be kind of light, or I would not have been so fortunate." " 'Graft!' what do you mean? I don't know youse." "You don't know me? I am glad to hear that, too. That is the best news you could tell me; or unless, on a second thought, it was that you had discovered the secret of the clock." "Clock, clock, what yo givin' us? I don't twig your handle, and I don't know nuthin' about er clock.' "Now, then my 'Chicago friend' and prospective 'hemp stretcher,' come down to business, take a seat and share this wine with me, which we will drink at your expense, and tell me a few things I want to know," number "49" replied in the words and manner suitable to the place and conditions. Under the influence of those eyes, he mechanically obeyed, pale and interested since "49" spoke of Chicago and "hemp." Pouring out the drinks with a trembling hand, he waited for his customer to begin, which he did without more parley. "You don't know me; that is very good." As he spoke he straightened up and threw back his head. "Now look into my eyes. Do you know me

(*Continued on page* 143.)

NOTICE!

IF you are interested in the prizes to be awarded to the readers of this book, note the following offers.

To the reader who discovers the

"HIDDEN SENTENCE"

that reveals the first secret of THE MYSTERIOUS CLOCK, will receive as first prize a *Beautiful Summer Cottage.* On exhibition at Fishers Lake, Mich. Picture, 460 Monon Bldg.

To the reader who discovers a

"HIDDEN WORD"

that reveals the second secret ticked off by this wonderful clock, will receive as second prize a *Genuine Diamond Ring* (weighing 2 karats).

To the reader who discovers the

"HIDDEN SENTENCE"

that solves the "CHICAGO MURDER MYSTERY," will receive as third prize, a *beautiful Piano.*

Prize offers continued on page 345.
See pages 113-141.

WICKED CITY REDEEMED.

OPINIONS AND DISCUSSIONS BY PEOPLE OF NOTE.

John G. Shedd.
Hon. Luther Laflin Mills, Eminent Jurist.
Alexander Finn, British Consul.
W. S. Jackson, President Board of Trade.
Mayor Dunne.
William Jennings Bryan.
Jailer Whitman and Sheriff Barrett.
Police Chiefs Collins, O'Neil and Badenoch.
Dr. G. Frank Lydson and Dr. Wm. M. Harsha, Eminent Criminalogists.
Father O'Callahan of the Paulist Fathers.
Judge Prindiville.
Judge Brentano.
J. H. Schumacher, Sup't Pinkerton's Detective Agency.
M. E. Murphy, Warden State Penitentiary.
P. R. Cahn, President of Stock Exchange.
Senator Toy.
W. L. Messer, Gen'l Sec'y Y. M. C. A.
Captain Adrian C. Anson.
Lady Helen Forbes.
Kang-Yu-Wai, Chinese Reformer.
J. G. Hudson, English Educator.
Judge Lannin.
Judge Smith.
W. Kirk Bryce, English Parson.
Percy Vincent Donovan.
Jules Huret, French Novelist.
Chas. A. Stevens.
Alexander Revell.
R. E. Burke, Old-time Politician.
J. F. Atkinson, Sup't Chicago Boys' Club.

OPINIONS CONTINUED.

Prince Henry of Prussia.
Mrs. ———, Sup't Chicago Orphan Asylum.
Jane Addams, Hull House.
Thomas Lawson.
M. Nubr, Austro-Hungarian Consul.
Alderman Michael M. Kenna.
Mr. Richard Carle.
Opinion from a Desperate Crook of the "Wicked City."
Henry Brouland, ex-Vice Consul, Paris.
L. M. Smith, Banker.
The Rev. F. C. Bruner, and others.
Young & McCombs of the Island.
Commissioner Bingham, New York.
Director Moore, Pittsburg.
Sup't McQuade, Pittsburg.
Chief Delaney, Denver.
Chief Taylor, Philadelphia.
Lieutenant Miller, Milwaukee.

If the pages containing opinions by the above are read understandingly, it will prove that the once wicked city is positively being redeemed. The title "Wicked City" has been chosen mainly for the purpose of obtaining your attention to the facts.

OPINIONS OF "WICKED CITY."

In the Rev. Frank C. Bruner's sermon on "Chicago, the Black City," at the Oakwoods Union Church (delivered before Chicago was redeemed), he said:

"The wickedness of Chicago is appalling. The intercession of the Man of Gallilee at the throne now is for the sins of Chicago.

"A greater center of devilism is not to be found on the continent. It is not all the fault of the city authority. The people will have it so. Money is king. When the modern golden calf is worshipped with intense devotion the growing ulcer of crime will continue to damn the innocent, because of evil environment.

"No wonder Christ, the advocate, on his Olivet in the sky, beholds the city and weeps over it. The sorrow in one hour of night is enough to break the heart of God. A single night would pale into insignificance some sections of nethermost hell. The epidemical elements have been fostered in Chicago until the city has been saturated with the poison of sin, incurable as leprosy.

"The same sins—covetousness, drunkenness and licentiousness—that dominate Chicago caused the destruction of the crime-loaded cities behind the centuries. God is no respector of persons. The hope is to get rid of sin."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

PROVING REDEMPTION.

Mayor Dunne gave the following interview from the bosom of his family. He thinks well of the city he calls his own. He says, "Chicago is now as pure morally as any large city in the world. There is no public gambling; it is absolutely discountenanced. Concert halls, dance halls and recruiting stations for vice have been suppressed. To-day a man may walk upon the streets of Chicago with less danger of being solicited by courtesans than in any city in the world. Grafting and political corruption among the public officials of the city have been minimized year by year until to-day there is less than there has been at any time for half a century.

"Chicago is the nerve center of industrial America, and the most enterprising city in the world. The evil reputation which it bears is

due to two causes: a too enterprising but unmeaningly disloyal press and the natural rivalry of cities.

"By the latter I mean that financial and industrial institutions of other cities make stock, as it were, of the slandering Chicago does of herself through her own press. And by the first I mean that Chicago being the nerve center, is the very home of sensation and the enterprise of our press is oftentimes sensational. Take for example the late great industrial struggle. Thousands of teamsters struck and war was declared between them and their employers. Every day the papers were filled with stories under glaring headlines of rioting, shots fired, people killed and wounded and terror throughout the city. Why, any sane man on his way to visit Chicago, seeing one of these papers, would seriously consider turning back.

"Now just to show how serious all this trouble has been, look at this list showing the number of inmates of the county jail for the past six months compared with the same months of the year before:

January	614	Same month	487
February	643	" "	494
March	607	" "	474
April	647	" "	486
May	583	" "	428
June	534	" "	438

"These figures are official, but during the three months we had been having a reign of terror according to the press. Are these figures not significant?

"Chicago is the most cosmopolitan city in the world. Every race, nationality and religion on the globe is represented here and in consequence struggles are bound to occur. But crime is not winked at nor does it receive any sort of quasi-recognition in public. In fact, the life, property and morals of our citizens and the sojourners within our gates are now as safe as in any city in the world."

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Mr. Alexander Finn, British Consul to Chicago, says: "Your city compares favorably with the other cities of the world. I have met many charming people here and have many good friends among them. You have a very busy city and your press is particularly enterprising. I believe your police number about half what they should, and if you had more, these holdups that are occurring so frequently should be impossible. I lost my watch some two months ago on a State street car, but that might happen anywhere, in London or Paris.

"Whatever problems you have to confront you are only the result of the city not having become grown up yet; it is not settled like every other city of its size. But on the whole, I am very favorably impressed with Chicago."

Judge Prindiville was next interviewed and he offered no objections to being questioned; but it is strange how some men holding public office dislike to commit themselves. There is but one inevitable question: Why?

The invariable first question was put to him, "What is your opinion of Chicago as the Wicked City?" "Why for its size there is now less wickedness here than in any large city in the world—except in the line of labor troubles." "To what cause do you contribute these labor troubles?" came next. "I can't answer that question," he replied. "Well, do you think that the policies of past administrations have had anything to do with it?" "Humph," he replied and smiled sweetly. This question was put to him in several ways, and finally his interrogator suggested that perhaps it was rather a delicate question to put to a public man. He laughed and said it was, but finally said, "Well, you can put down that I think it is due to our cosmopolitan population, a floating population." That was clever. "Then you really think that the political feature has had nothing to do with it?" "I think that that feature has been given too much prominence."

"What do you think of the handling of the late teamsters' strike?"

"I think this strike has been handled better than any big strike in the history of Chicago. I think the mayor deserves much credit for his work. It is the first time that police have ever been placed on the wagons to protect them and their drivers."

"What do you think of the efficiency of the police?" "The police are a very efficient body. They have a vast territory to cover and very few men to cover it, and they are constantly meeting with the most difficult of conditions. As a body they are far superior to that of New York." Then we reverted to conditions in the city in general, and he said, "There was a time when there was much wickedness here, but in the last few years there has been an absolute change; the tone of the whole city is changed. The city was full of panel houses, gambling houses, confidence rooms, and confidence men swarmed about the depots. Why right across the street the whole block was full of gambling and confidence rooms, and they were right here in this very building. (We were in the justice court rooms on Clark street at the time). But there has been a complete change in the entire moral tone of the city. Why even in the city council there is a difference. The type of aldermen is different. There is less real low vice here than in any city in the world. Chicago is a good clean city and I am in a position to know. I have been closely associated with the criminal classes for years."

"What do you think of the parole system?" "I think that too much leniency is shown to pardoned criminals. It is the cause for much crime. And it is very discouraging to the police to take a man, convict him and then have him at large again in a few months' time." "What is the reason for this leniency?" "It is due to a

mistaken sense of mercy and good heartedness on the part of the board of pardons and enterprising reformers."

"What do you think is the cause for the reputation Chicago bears outside the city?" "I couldn't say." "Do you think it is due to over-zealousness on the part of the people?" A smile and a shrug were the reply to this. "Perhaps this is a little like the other question, a little too delicate to answer." "Yes, *sir.*" "Then you haven't an opinion on the subject?" "Yes I have." "Well, put it some way." "Well, you can just say I think it is due to a lack of civic pride."

"Do you mean by that that you believe that the majority of the men and women of this city are not loyal to it?" "No, but I'll tell you: When this was a town of 100,000 every man here talked of nothing but Chicago; that's how it got its name, the Windy City. It's what made the city what it is; but you know as well as I do that there are people now who are making a business of knocking the town in as well as outside.

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Mr. John G. Shedd, ex-president of the Commercial Association, gave the following:

"Chicago is now one of the best cities morally in the world. It has its black spots; every large city has its dark places. But taken as a whole, Chicago is one of the most moral of our large cities. It has received in the past, however, many harsh criticisms; but as a city it is bold and outspoken, never having had anything to conceal. As in every large city it has at times been badly governed, and to the casual observer conditions sometimes approached the wicked; but the careful observer sees less drunkenness, less real vice and wickedness and more on the whole to be emulated than most large European or American cities.

"Given good government all the time, Chicago with her great agricultural and manufacturing surroundings is undoubtedly the best commercial center in this country for the young energetic progressive man to enter business. Its varied resources compel the title, 'The Great Central Market,' which has been so aptly applied to it by the merchants of the city, and most cordially acknowledged by its most energetic competitors."

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Mr. J. H. Schumacher, general superintendent of the Pinkerton Detective Agency is a man whose knowledge of conditions in the cities of the world is gained from actual observation, says:

"Years ago, Chicago was not the city it is to-day. There was much crime, many holdups and safe-blowings even in our downtown district. But conditions have been steadily improving until to-day we have a well regulated city, comparing favorably with the large cities of the country.

"The police department is remarkably efficient in that good order is kept, handicapped as they are. In numbers they are woefully small. The city of Havana, Cuba, has nearly if not quite as many as Chicago, and has only 300,000 people, one-seventh of Chicago, similarly even in Mexico. Large numbers are drawn to protect manufacturing interests, and the balance have to cover the greatest area of any city in the country.

"Chicago is not now the wickedest city, but is safe and well-regulated, and becoming more so every day.

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Mr. Ed. Murphy, warden of the State Penitentiary, says: "Why no, Chicago is not a wicked city, it has been redeemed. The fact that only about two-thirds of our prisoners are from Chicago, is an excellent showing. And the police are badly handicapped in numbers, too. The only trouble I can see is that Chicago has grown at a pace even too swift for Chicagoans."

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Father O'Callahan of the Paulist Fathers, whose work brings him continually in contact with the very worst conditions of our city, said that the worst he could say about Chicago was that it was a cross between a city and a border mining camp. This, though it is rather hard on Chicago, on the face of it really shows that the worst fault he can find with the city is its extreme youth, and he makes it appear like an overgrown boy who stumbles over his own big feet trying to follow the straight and narrow path.

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Mrs. L. O. Warder, presiding in the absence of Mrs. Stocking, superintendent of the Chicago Orphan Asylum, expressed her opinion of Chicago by relating an incident that occurred some time ago. She said: "Not long ago, among a party of ladies that I was showing through the institution, was a sweet-faced little old lady from Virginia who was visiting Chicago for the first time. As she bade me good-bye, she said: 'Mrs. Warder, I came to Chicago filled with stories of its being the wickedest city in the world. But if it is so, there is no place in the world where so much is being done to relieve that wickedness.'"

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Mr. John J. Badenoch was chief of police in Chicago during the time when the notorious "long and short men" were committing their depredations. He is retired now and has left public service forever.

His former service gave him the experience and his present life as a private citizen has given him breadth of vision, so he is now able to view the whole as a landscape, to take in the whole situation at a glance, and-he-need-not-be-afraid-to-talk. He is first and foremost a Chicagoan, but he knows our city's defects. He says: "Chicago is a great city, but not a wicked one. As to former conditions I will say that the city has improved wonderfully in the past few years, just as the world has been improving. In every city, however, there are and always will be districts in which there is wickedness. These places are always just between the business locality and the residence part of the city. They can be scattered, but they will always exist in every city."

When the interviewer asked Mr. Badenoch about the "long and short" incident, he inadvertently referred to it as a "reign of terror," and aroused Mr. Badenoch's ire.

"Reign of terror! Nonsense! We are having the same thing happen every day and we had for years before these men appeared on the scene. Now I'll just tell you why it was that we were three or four months catching those men. In the first place, they were wise. They would hold up a couple of places and go directly to their meeting place at a house on —— street, divide up and scatter, leaving town at once by a different route in time to escape the dragnet sent out after each holdup. Now when I tell you how we got them finally you will see how the police are hampered by the laws. They finally held up the offices of the New York Biscuit Co., large offices filled with clerks and bookkeepers, cashiers and private officers. It was pay day in the factory and they got a big haul. But while they held this great office force at bay with their Colt 45s' some of the men in the office had presence of mind enough to scrutinize them carefully. Just think of it! In broad daylight, entirely unmasked and in the heart of the city. Well, when I took these men through the rogue's gallery every one of them positively identified the photos of this gang. But I told them, 'You are mistaken, these men are now, every one of them, in the reformatory at Pontiac.' But to make sure I called up Major Clowry at the reformatory and he said,: 'Yes, these men are all here.' 'Well,' I told him, 'they are identified here as having held up a place.' He asked me to wait while he looked it up. He returned to the 'phone and said that the men were out on parole and had been for some time. Well, later they were under arrest and we had to go to the British possessions to get them.

"Now here's the worst part of it. It is a misdemeanor for the superintendent of the reformatory to inform the police when a man is let out on parole. Now *nineteen times out of twenty* when a man is taken for holdup it is found that he is paroled out of the reformatory, to which he was sent for the same crime.

"Now this thing will continue until either the force is made large enough to cope with this continued renewal of the ranks of the criminals or the laws are changed so that the holdup man gets

a heavy penalty and is obliged to serve it out." "Well, how about the case of the first offense?" he was asked. "Young man," he said, "not once in a hundred times is a man convicted and sentenced on his first offense. Just write that in your book." "Well, what is the reason that it is a misdemeanor for the superintendent of the reformatory to notify the police when a man is paroled?" "Just this: Charitable and well-meaning people believe that when a man is once sentenced and shows signs of reformation he should have the chance to reform, and they have heard stories of men trying to do right hounded by the police. Now that won't happen once in a thousand times, while the great majority are back again anyhow for the same crimes or worse. This is just one difficulty the police here have to contend with. Another is their lack of numbers, far below what they should be, and another is the lack of good vagrancy laws of some sort. This is the worst obstacle. When a well-known and habitual thief or crook is seen on the streets, instead of taking him in and putting him away and continuing this, making it too hot for him to stay here, it is impossible to touch him unless he is wanted for some particular crime. The man can be arrested and tried for vagrancy and held over. He gets professional bail and has some saloon keeper let him do a few jobs about his place, and then the saloon keeper testifies that the crook is in his employ. That's all. Now if we had a law by which we could send a man to the workhouse or out stone-breaking, it would make Chicago a very undesirable place for the crook to stay. But the indeterminate sentence and the parole systems are responsible for more crimes than all the other causes together and is responsible for 90 per cent. of the holdups."

"What do you think is the reason that we have so much labor trouble here?" he was asked. "That is a large question," he replied. "Well, do you think that the policy of past administrations in catering to the labor classes have had anything to do with it?" "I am hardly in a position to criticise the administration, but this I will say: that when labor agitators first really commenced active work in Chicago we were at the commencement of a great wave of prosperity, and conditions were such that great concessions were made by employers to the unions, whether just or otherwise, because they felt that they could not afford to be tied up at that time by running the risk of business stagnation. These conditions have encouraged the leaders to make ever greater demands." "Well, do you think that the practice of police in allowing strikers or their sympathizers to gather for the express purpose of interfering with people in the pursuit of their lawful business is due to a lenient spirit higher up?" He answered: "If any officer sees any man or group of men interfering in any way with any person or congregating with the intent of doing so, without interfering, he is guilty of neglecting duty and should be punished for it. And if any officer sees any man assaulted and makes no arrest until the man in self-protection resorts to violence and then arrests only the assaulted man, charges should be

A STRIKER IN DESPAIR. A KINDLY POLICEMAN TELLS HIM TO CHEER UP.

THE AUTHOR AND HIS SECRETARY TRAVEL FROM JAIL TO JAIL IN A JAIL ON WHEELS, STUDYING SOCIOLOGICAL CONDITIONS OF "WICKED CITY".

preferred against him by his accompanying officer so that he might be able to fully explain why he had failed to do his duty and thus exonerate himself or be properly punished for having failed to do so.

"With all due respect for the position of the mayor of the city of Chicago, the peace of the city has been destroyed, rioting has been of daily and hourly occurrence against citizens in the pursuit of their lawful vocations. I believe that his own appointees should be summoned before a police justice of the city. When the comfort, peace and prosperity of a city is interfered with there should be no temporizing on the part of the justices either. Fines of from one to five dollars for assaulting and beating a man to unconsciousness, and these paid by the unions, only tend to encourage this evil. They should be fined the limit and the maximum punishment should be a fine of not less than $500 or one year in jail or both. This would stop it.

"But I have a great respect for the Chicago police department. They are a brave and fearless lot of men and are eminently officered. They have done wonders in years past in doing all they have done to cleanse and purify our city when in proportion to our population they are weaker than any police force in the country. And the present chief is of great energy, absolute integrity and absolutely trustworthy in every way and an excellent officer."

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Mr. Whitman, who for twelve years has been in active charge of the Cook County jail, gave the interviewer the full benefit of his thorough knowledge and experience. He said: "Chicago is not a crime center now, and criminally is no worse than any other city in the country. There are very few habitual criminals at large here and criminality itself is on the decrease. The inmates of the county jail are principally young men who are just developing from the hoodlum class. This is a significant fact and shows that the worst conditions we have to deal with are those which make it possible for some boys to grow up knowing nothing but the vicious side of life.

"But while this and many other evil conditions exist here, as they do in every large city, Chicago is not blind to the fact nor unheeding. The juvenile court, the parental school, social and industrial settlements, parks, playgrounds and recreation places and other influences are being established in the slums, and these are all tending to elevate the youth morally and help to lead their steps away from crime and its consideration."

Mr. Whitman has established numerous innovations in the jail and one of them is a school for boys. All the boys from 16 to 19 years of age are at liberty to attend. Mrs. ——— has charge of

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NOTE—To Mr. Whitman is due the credit for having finally found a man to take up and push the work of starting the first juvenile court in the land.

the school and there is no guard to assist her and no compulsion is used. The boys work diligently and well and immediately show a desire to learn and an ambition to do better. Recently during two weeks' absence of Mrs. ————, the boys elected one of their number to lead their work, and Mr. Whitman says that in his daily visits to the school he never once found the least signs of disorder or negligence, and all showed their pride in being found doing the right.

"Now then," said Mr. Whitman, "if these influences were brought to bear before he reaches the age of crime, the next generation would be infinitely freer of criminals than this. Why, our very newspapers are a great factor in the making of criminals. I appreciate fully the value of the press in unearthing crime and the value of the information often given in its columns; but the detailed and magnified stories of daring crimes committed by would-be bandits appeal to the hoodlum class in such a way as to inspire them to attempted emulation.

"Another evil which comes very often to my notice and which has a very simple remedy, is the parole system of releasing prisoners which now obtains. When a man leaves the penitentiary at Joliet on parole he is allowed to go to just one place and that place is nearly always Chicago. He comes here equipped with a suit of clothes and ten dollars in cash. Now have you any idea how hard it is for an ex-convict to obtain employment? Well, it is next to impossible, no matter how worthy of assistance the man may be. And he is here in a big city friendless and alone. His ten dollars are soon gone and he is immediately thrown among evil companions, the only ones he can find, for the man must have companionship of some sort. The result is that in spite of all his good resolutions he is on the high road to becoming a confirmed criminal and of necessity.

"Then, too, every strike we have develops its quota of criminals. These continued and useless strikes are constantly forcing men otherwise honestly employed out of work, and what is more, keep them out of work when he and his family may be starving. Many a holdup man has been made by the desperation of his condition due to this evil.

"We have been getting back to causes, so let us look for the cause of this. Now the unions are powerful organizations and a very useful thing politically, and, recognizing the vote-getting power of the leaders of the unions, men high up in positions of trust in our administration have for years past given them ever freer rein until the climax of the past strike. But the firm stand taken by the present administration has effectually stopped the usual demoralizing and vicious features.

"No, our city is not clean yet, but every year sees a little of the smudge rubbed off and a bit more white showing through."

It is a significant fact that those men who are most familiar with the evil which exists in Chicago all go back of the evil and look to its cause. The result of this is that institutions have been organized for the elimination of that cause. One of these and one which is doing a noble work is the Chicago Boys' Club, which has for its superintendent Mr. J. F. Atkinson. This is a club of newsboys, bootblacks and street gamin, and it furnishes a place of recreation, industrial education and moral and mental improvement. In it are baths, games, reading and lecture rooms, and work and class rooms.

The boys may choose any of several branches of work: shoemaking, basket weaving, carpentry, drawing and others, and they are allowed the liberty of the other departments at certain times. Soon after the club was opened the boys showed such interest and enthusiasm and they came in such numbers that it was found necessary to limit the membership to boys under 14 years of age. And now less than half of those seeking membership can be accommodated. The following is an illustration of the work this club does:

Mr. Atkinson has conducted similar clubs in London and in New York. He says: "Chicago, while it ranks favorably with other American cities morally, is below London, and the reason for this is that London is not a city of politics, while Chicago is all politics. As to the criminal question, it is a fact that the majority of our criminals come from our street-boy class.

"Chicago has more newsboys, bootblacks and street arabs than any city in the world, and they are of a lower type. We have an excellent school system here, and I am not trying to discredit the fact; but while the policeman and truant officer are dragging the boys to school we can't drive them out. So I say that the key to the street-boy problem is industrial education. He is bright as steel, and quick as double-geared lightning. He knows nothing of law and order, nothing of decency, and he runs wild. He is the offspring of the riff-raff from all parts of the earth. He is brought up in foul, vicious, fetid atmosphere, and he has absolutely no moral sensibility. He does not know right from wrong. To him there is no principle involved in the act of theft. His ambition is to get his plunder and get away, and the one who gets the most and gets away is a hero. And they are all alike until we get them. And I am here to demonstrate the difference between dull book work, associated with girls, and compelled as with a club, and the method of treating the boy kindly and gaining his interest. Under this system and the good influences with which we surround him while here, the good in him gushes up like a fountain of clear water, and I tell you that out of these boys we are making doctors, lawyers and keen upright business men. A similar club in every ward in the city would practically eliminate the young criminal."

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Miss Jane Addams, who is the head of the famous Hull House, the greatest charitable institution of its kind in the world, refused

to be interviewed on the subject, saying only that in her opinion more harm had been done to Chicago by people making off-hand criticisms of the city and conditions existing in it than in any other way. As a reason for her refusal to make any statement she said that she thought no one had a right to give an opinion without first having looked up statistics and making exact comparisons. Considering her years of sociological study and her position as head of Hull House, the interview was disappointing; but her work deserves highest praise.

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In the foregoing we have given the views of men familiar with life in Chicago in all its phases, but they have all viewed it from one standpoint, that of the virtuous man. So in order not to overlook any view that might be beneficial or of interest, we decided that it was but fair to include among those interviews one at least from a man whose whole life has been that of an habitual criminal. His record shows that he is familiar with crime from his standpoint at least. He has served four sentences in the penitentiary at Joliet for larceny, robbery, burglary and murder. Besides this he has been convicted of crime nine times in the criminal courts in Chicago and admits that at least a dozen times he has been tried for crimes here of which he was guilty and not convicted, either for lack of evidence or for other reasons. In addition to this he has been convicted of crimes in St. Louis, New York and Milwaukee and has a criminal record in several other cities.

His record of non-convictions in Chicago is certainly a reflection upon either our police or our courts of the past, and he explains it fully. He says: "There is less crime in Chicago than in either New York or St. Louis; there is less gambling and there are no confidence rooms any more. But the police can't touch those of New York in efficiency." When asked how it happened that he had been arrested here so many times he explained it as follows: "Why, they never took me when I was sober. I was always drunk and somebody tipped me off." In reply to the question, "How did it happen that you were not convicted when you were tried those dozen or more times?" he said, "Why, in the police courts almost any man with a little influence in those days could have a case quashed for almost any crime." He was asked, "As a class, are the majority of the criminals here in Chicago professionals?" and said, "No, they are mostly young fellows and green at the business." Then he was asked, "Where do the real criminals make their headquarters." He replied, "Mostly in New York." "How do you account for this fact?" "Why, they only come west to make their money and go east to spend it just like anybody else that has money." "Why is this?" "Well," he said, 'a' man has more latitude here; it is easier to get off if you get caught." Then he volunteered the information that a man can be known by the police here to be a crook and walk the streets with perfect impunity unless he happens to be wanted, while in

almost any other city, in the east particularly, he would be taken in and given very short notice to get out of town."

His statements are somewhat contradictory, but they are food for thought at least and we have reason to believe that he is honest in them.

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Dr. G. Frank Lydston, prominent surgeon and eminent criminologist, is very radical in his views, but his remarks show that he has investigated this subject thoroughly. He says:

"Facetiously and otherwise Chicago has been said to be the wickedest city in the world. This is a bold statement and one difficult to substantiate, but there is enough evidence to support it. In a recent annual report from the State's attorney's office, it was shown that the criminal court of Cook County exceeded in volume of business any similar tribunal in the world. A few years ago the number of criminals arraigned in one year was nearly 200 in excess of the number arraigned in London. The labor troubles in Chicago have shown conclusively that a wholesome respect for law and order is not Chicagoesque, not that the same sort of disturbances which have occurred in Chicago have not and will not again occur in other cities. They are more marked in Chicago because it is the most American of American cities. Personally, I am inclined to believe that America at large is more inclined to turbulence than most of us are willing to admit. That Chicago is the storm center of the conflict between labor and capital is probably explicable by the dominance of political influences in the management or mismanagement of social disorders."

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Mr. Richard Carle, one of Chicago's foremost comedians, attempted very diplomatically to turn the interviewer over to his manager, but finally admitted himself that he thought Chicago is a very good place to live in. He said that disturbances of all sorts, criminal and otherwise, occur in other cities just as they do here, but the press does not make so much of them. In New York, for instance, they are absolutely suppressed. Chicago people like to tell on themselves, he says, and the press doesn't have any conscientious scruples about doing so either.

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Mr. Luther Laflin Mills is known throughout the country as an able legal adviser, a man of keen discernment and absolute fairness. He says:

"To a resident of Chicago who is familiar with its conditions of life the prejudice which is said to exist against it in other parts of the country—a prejudice arising from the lawlessness and social disorder which are assumed to characterize it—appears to be not only unreasonable but preposterous, in view of the city's history and

facts which exist to-day. Having lived in Chicago nearly all my life and having long observed its many social phases, I do not hesitate to say that there never has been a time during the last fifty years when it could not be compared favorably with any other American city in the character of its people and their regard for law and order. There is no community in the world which can boast more influences actively and aggressively civilizing and humanizing; there is none which has a more sensitive public conscience.

"It is true that Chicago, like all other large communities, has imperfections and characteristics to be criticized, and that reforms are demanded. It is true, also, that it possesses a citizenship whose remarkable reformatory tendency and power are recognized by thoughtful men throughout Christendom. The title of "The Wicked City," as applied to Chicago especially of to-day, has no justification, in fact, and is based upon an undue and unjust magnifying and sensationalizing of evil conditions whose virulence and extent are limited, and which, in no degree, constitute an alarming menace to the general safety of prosperity and happiness."

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Alderman Michael Kenna, otherwise known as "Hinky Dink," during a hasty interview just before his departure for Europe, said that Chicago is not a wicked city now, but on the contrary is one of the best regulated cities in the world, but that a great change had taken place in the past few years. Illustrating previous conditions he said: "Why, I have seen burly western cattlemen walking through our down-town streets, hand in hand and three abreast, each afraid to let go of the other for fear something might happen to him."

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Mr. Nubr, Austro-Hungarian consul, was diplomatic in his replies, but they are significant. When asked what he thought of Chicago, he replied: "I have no fault to find with Chicago and I am not obliged to stay here if I do not like it. I could have myself removed." "Then you find it a pretty good place to live in?" "Well, I have been here for several years and have just returned from an extended trip abroad and you see I have returned."

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Mr. Francis O'Neill (general superintendent of police at time of interview) is loyal to his city and its virtue. He has his grievance and he is justified in letting it be known. He says: "Criminally and socially, Chicago has shown a vast improvement in the past few years. A few years ago panel houses flourished, street walkers abounded and confidence men were not very rare. Criminals of all sorts were plentiful here. None of these conditions exist to-day. There are no panel houses, few street walkers and the heart of the city has been cleaned. In the past four years

there have been but two gangs of confidence men at work here and to-day they are all in jail. Why when I was in charge of the Harrison street police station, at one time I knew personally of twenty-two opium dens in one precinct alone. To-day you won't find an opium den running in the city * and the wineroom evil has been suppressed. Up to the time of the late strike, Chicago has been freer of crime than at any time in years. South Clark street and South State street, the old Levee districts, are now devoted to legitimate business.

"There are no real, habitual criminals who make their headquarters here. Our principle trouble is a floating population. They come here in the winter from all over the country, out of work, procure a cheap revolver and every once in a while go out and stick a few people up.

"In all its history Chicago has never had but four quartets of really bad holdup men, and it is interesting that they all were under twenty-five years of age and few of them had any previous criminal record, and they are all now either living or behind the bars.

"The penitentiaries of none of our neighboring states are far from Chicago and when men are released from them they invariably congregate here. Last year the county jail was crowded with just such men and the House of Correction was so full that hundreds had to be pardoned out in order to make room for newcomers.

"Now a certain amount of crime is bound to exist in every large city and we must have at least enough men to cope with this crime under normal conditions. Up to the time of the strike Chicago had 600 less regular policemen than she had on the rolls twelve years ago fewer than at any time in her history and with her greater population and area at that. Yet we maintained an orderly city. Here are some suggestive figures and they are authentic. These figures will show an interesting comparison:

"London, area 690 square miles, 17,000 police, or 25 per square mile.

"New York, area 317 square miles, 8,000 policemen, or 25 per square mile.

"Chicago, area 191 square miles, 2,316 policemen or 12.1 per square mile.

"London, 6,000,000 population, has 1 policeman to each 353 people.

"New York, 4,000,000 population, has 1 policeman to each 500 people.

"Chicago, 2,000,000 population, has 1 policeman to each 869 people.

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*The author and his secretary proved this fact. They searched the city for a month to get a snapshot of one and failed to unearth anything more than an enclosed bunk that some Chinaman used himself.

"But even working under this disadvantage we have a cleaner and more orderly city than any city of its size in the world.

"The police are constantly compelled to arrest men for all sorts of crimes who are either out of prison on parole or who have just finished a sentence. That shows that there is something wrong farther on. And one thing I know, and that is that the large majority of sentences given by the courts are not severe enough and the parole system makes that even shorter. Why over 20 per cent. of the men who are out on parole are back in jail again before their term is out. And it is not fair to the public at large to run a constant and useless risk of life and property and burden themselves with the cost of maintaining courts, jails and an immense police force simply for the purpose of re-arresting and re-trying bad men.

"Yes, Chicago has a bad reputation and it is no wonder. Certain newspapers are particularly responsible for it. Reporters come to the hall and in the stations over the city and ask for nothing but scandal and graft exposures and absolutely refuse to publish anything else. Other papers over the country copy and the farther they get, the worse they grow. The general tendency is sensational and it is doing Chicago an irretrievable injury.

"Here is a sample of one that came in this morning and our files are full of just such. The first is a clipping from the ——— and the other is the official report of the case.

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"The great merchant prince, Mr. Graeme Stewart was in here just before he was taken ill and speaking of the harm a certain press was doing the city, said he believed steps should be taken to put a stop to it.

"Any report which goes out to the effect that the Chicago of to-day is disorderly or a dangerous place to live in has no semblance of truth. We have now a good, clean, orderly city and the best and most energetic city in the world in point of active, effective reform in its political and social morals."

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The social conditions of Chicago will compare favorably with those of any other large community, and yet, "In one year 70,000 persons have been arrested in Chicago. In one year there have been 17,000 boy prisoners in Chicago. Statistics show that eighty-five per cent. of the juvenile criminals in Chicago have had no religious training."

(*Bishop Coadjutor C. P. Anderson.*)

"Formation is cheaper than reformation." We discuss at length the tariff question, the traction question and the question of finance, but what question equals that of the salvation of Chicago's 8000 news boys, her 2000 store and office boys, her 1000 telegraph messenger boys, her scores and hundreds of waifs, strays, sleep-outs, etc.?

"I'M COUNTIN' MY MONIES."

CHILDREN OF THE "SLUMS."

These boys are victims of circumstances over which they have no control. They naturally gravitate into "Darkest Chicago" where the cheap hotels and lodging houses abound. In that district red faced men crowd the saloons and hover about the doors; dissolute women stare brazenly into one's face; the air is heavy with the fumes of stale beer; the laugh of the harlot mingles with the ribald songs and cursings of the half drunken men at the bars and the card tables; cheap theaters and low concert halls occupy buildings which ought to be used for more legitimate purposes. In that district passion runs riot; dissipation everywhere; sin everywhere. The wages of sin is death.

In 1901 a movement was begun which was in response to a widespread and ever increasing demand that something should be done in behalf of the ever increasing army of waifs and strays that abound in "Darkest Chicago." This movement is but the logical result of a profound conviction that good influence should be brought to bear to effect the future moral and religious life of this imperial city. That the work is being done may be seen in the fact that the first night our Boys' Club rooms were open three boys took advantage of the opportunities afforded them here. During the year ending December 31, 1904, three years later, we enrolled the names of 1738 boys in the same club rooms and had an aggregate annual attendance in all departments amounting in round numbers to 21,500. Our Club rooms had been open less than six months when it became apparent that we could not accommodate the oncoming multitude of poor, ragged, foot-sore, tramp children who represent the waste material of our slums, so we decided to admit only boys fourteen years of age and under.

Industrial training in connection with Boys' Club work is the key that is to unlock the street boy problem, but owing to a lack of room we are accommodating less than fifty per cent. of the boys who seek admission to our industrial departments. This waste material can be and is being reclaimed as may be seen in the case of a boy found in December, 1903, sleeping in a dry-goods box in Market Street. He was brought to us. We gave him a bath, put clean clothes on him and found him employment. To-day he is making a splendid record working his way through college. Another boy found on South Canal Street amidst junk shops, saloons, freight houses, etc., is now taking a course in the Art Institute where he is showing marked ability in free hand drawing. These are only samples of many cases which might be cited.

Quoted from letter from J. F. ATKINSON,
Superintendent, Chicago Boys' Club.

Sheriff Barrett says Chicago is not a wicked city now. It has been wonderfully cleaned up in the past few years. This, he says, is due wholly to the efficiency of the police, and that the majority of holdups are due to drunkenness on the part of the victims and

their being in places where they have no business to be. (That is hard on some of the men who have been held up here.) But the bad name Chicago bears is partially due to certain papers for the good that they have done in their exposures. He says that New York and London papers do not publish the class of matter that fills some of our papers. He believes the greatest evil we have here is its being the center of unionism as it is; for it is the strongest union city in the world. But even during the great strike there has been less crime than during the same months of the year before.

Judge Smith of the Appellate Court says: "I have lived in Chicago for forty years and I have never had the least trouble. It is impossible to compare Chicago with any other city in the world. None has become so great in so short a time; none is so mixed as to population; and none has had so many difficult conditions to meet and so little experience in the manner of meeting them. If any other city in the world had grown as rapidly, the same troubles would have come to it but in a lesser degree and it is questionable if they would have been so well overcome. Chicago is located in the center of the country and is a sort of half-way place for criminals. I believe that there is no real criminal in the country who has not at one time or other been here.

I was judge of the criminal court for a good many years and I have had as many as forty murder cases in one year; but this number was far in excess of the number tried by any other judge that year. Now we have a much smaller percentage of convictions in our criminal courts than they have in, say London, and may be in New York. But in England the courts have full, unrestricted power while here not only will a jury never convict a man of crime unless he is proven guilty without a doubt, but our courts were involved in a whole mess of political intrigue. There is, however, more permanency in the courts of older communities; even New York is better managed in this respect, and judicial administration is more substantial and permanent.

In the police department it is the same way; some officers are afraid of political influence higher up. If the police had a fair chance, I think they would do excellent service and would be a first-class body of men if they were not continually interfered with by some scallowag at the top. The whole department is juggled by the head officers. But even considering these things, Chicago is a splendid and a powerful city and it would bear no such reputation as it does now, were it not for our very loyal press. Every bit of wickedness that occurs in the city is published. Nothing is suppressed. Other papers copy and what is the result? It has borne the name "Wicked City" for years.

But Chicago is now a first-class city and we are fortunate in having a predominance of aggressively moral people.

The new name we have for it — City Beautiful — fits it surely. Yes, I think the intention of Mr. Stevens to prove the city redeemed

in all but the name, is a very creditable one. How is the world going to know of its redemption unless told of it? He deserves the good will of the press and every reader."

Mr. Robt. E. Burke has for years been identified with politics in Chicago and has served his city in many capacities. He says: "Chicago has reasons for being one of the wickedest cities in the world instead of being, as it is now, one of the best of them. It is made up of people of races from all over the earth with almost every religion and creed in existance represented here and it is surprising that it is not more wicked than it is. There were some pretty bad spots. There were tough districts sandwiched in between such as "Little Hell," "Hell's Half Acre," and the "Lava Beds."* But these places are all cleaned out now and there is not a really tough or dangerous neighborhood in Chicago to-day.

"But we have a most excellent police force. They have a difficult task to perform, for they are far from being strong in numbers. We have now about 2,300, but we should have 5,000 or at least 100 to each ward. They have about 7,000 saloons to keep in order; if about 400 to 500 of these were wiped out however, their task would be easy. Then every fall there is a general influx of unemployed, many of whom are criminals by nature or they become criminal of necessity. This is due to Chicago's geographical location. Then the police were handicapped by the courts and the lax administration of justice. Fines were remitted, criminals were either pardoned or let out on parole. This causes contempt for the law not only in the criminal himself but in would-be criminals. It is a bad practice and very harmful.

"Then I have seen many times police justices hurry through their dockets in the most perfunctory way. One case after another would be brought up, the charges read and the prisoner fined ten dollars and costs and told to step aside with no attempt at proper investigation or trial. The courts themselves were at one time partially responsible for most of the crime here.

"But the city is not wicked now and no one need ever fear personal or financial injury if he conducts himself properly."

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Lieutenant Madden, acting chief of detectives, says that the only trouble with Chicago is that it has grown so rapidly and of course the criminal element has grown proportionately, but that the hard name it bears is not warranted. That while there were really more criminals here than in any other city of its size was due to the fact that it is a sort of a half-way station and that it is this reason alone that makes this the case. But that a good vagrancy law would rid us of fully fifty per cent. of them. While street walking has been minimized it will break out occasionally in spite of all that can be done. Concert halls and places of assignation are practically closed. There is no gambling in Chicago ex-

cept, of course, little poker games which are bound to exist. The methods of conducting our penitentiary and reform schools are the cause of the continued holdups. He says that a man can have been arrested twenty times for holdups and then on the last sentence be out again in eleven months. But if the police force had good laws to back them up, there would be very little crime here and Chicago instead of the name it bears might be called the Holy City.

Mr. W. S. Jackson, president of the Chicago Board of Trade, treats the subject broadly and though his criticism may be somewhat harsh, yet in every instance, he brings up a redeeming circumstance. He says:

"The lax administration of state and municipal statutes, particularly those relating to the protection of persons and property and the maintenance of public order has given to the city an unenviable reputation.

"New enterprises, calling for the investment of capital, have been frightened away and serious injury has thus been done to our commercial interests. This state of affairs, emphasized as it is by the assaults and disorder attending labor strikes and their pernicious influence upon our public schools, I think is largely due to the financial inability of the city to provide adequate police protection.

"While there is and always will be waste and extravagance in any politically governed municipality, Chicago has been wonderfully free from any grave scandals affecting the disbursement of its revenues; its lack of income is organic and relief can only come with an enlargement of its charter powers. Unfortunately this condition has served as an invitation to many representatives of the criminal class from elsewhere and burglaries and holdups have become numerous. Detrimental as such things are to the public welfare, the most serious consequence is in the alarming disregard for law. We are pressing through a trying period of stress and economic change; the good people of the city are greatly in the majority and there is abundant promise that our trials are transitory and that good will come out of them. Already the indications are apparent.

"As to crimes concerning moral turpitude, Chicago with its great heterogenous population I believe is much better than many other of the large cities. The pulpit and press in the last five years have done much to create a standard in public sentiment that has caused decided improvement, and Chicago in this regard will not suffer by comparisons with any other great city. Chicago with more than two million people has, perhaps, fewer millionaires than any other city of equal population; it is from center to circumference pulsing and throbbing with commercial activities and yet in its charities it is beautiful, beneficent and grand."

Captain Adrian C. Anson, ex-captain of the Chicago Baseball Team and now city clerk, has not yet become accustomed enough

to holding office to submit gracefully to being interviewed. But his one remark is significant: "I'll not leave Chicago on account of the crime here."

During a conversation with Senator Toy of Andover, S. D., (in Mr. Stevens' office), he was asked, what is the opinion of the people of the Northwest regarding Chicago as a "wicked city." He quickly replied, "Chicago has the name "wicked city" in our section as well as many others visited in my travels. But personally I fail to see it in that light. For thirty years I have been visiting Chicago every season and have never been molested in any way by business bandits or thugs or courtesans of the streets. I see no wickedness, and all my visits here are stored away in my memory as just so many more pleasant epochs of my life. I have been treated like a prince of royal blood by every one I came in contact with from shoe shiners to merchant princes (in a business way) and from affable hotel clerks to eminent statesmen. No sir, I fail to see where it got its name "wicked city." I would rather bring up a child in Chicago than in any of the small cities. Everyone is busy here in some way and they keep out of mischief. The smaller cities are worse in comparison."

Mr. B. R. Cahn, president of the Chicago Stock Exchange, said: "I am not in a position to discuss Chicago as a "wicked city," because I personally have never come in contact with any of it. I have read much in the papers of Chicago's wickedness, but have no personal knowledge of any. Wickedness or evil conditions of any sort on the stock exchange is absolutely unknown."

Judge Brentano says, "Chicago is no more wicked than any other large city in the world and is much less so than many. London, Paris, and Vienna are all of them much worse. Crime exists everywhere and is, if anything, now less widespread here than in most large cities. I believe that certain phases of crime and vice run in a nearly fixed proportion to the population and this proportion certainly is not exceeded here. Criminals and vicious people of all sorts are like the poor: we have them always with us."

Mr. L. W. Messer, general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, gave the following: "Relatively I believe Chicago to be neither better nor worse than any other city in this country. The same forms of vice exist in every large city and if anything, are more marked in the eastern cities. In Boston even I have seen more vulgarity and drunkenness than here in Chicago. And in the cities of New England in the street cars and stations and public places of all sorts one hears commonly more low, bad conversation among the average citizens than here. This seems to me to be an indication of a bad moral condition that we have not here.

"In New York especially the social evil is much more bold and open than here, and there they have a type of population that is lower than anything ever seen here.

"Chicago is certainly improving. It was not so very long ago that Chicago was a frontier town with all its accompanying vices. But these have been gradually disappearing. If there is an excess of crime here it is, I think, due to the city's youth and rapid growth. Up till recently Chicago had not adjusted itself.

"Holdups in number and seriousness are not as bad as they are made to appear, and had we an adequate police force of equal efficiency, they would be able to cope with our worse evils successfully. The police are to be greatly commended upon their conduct of the recent strike. There has been much laxity in suppressing the violence attending it however, but this is, I think, due to political influence. In the presecution of such cases, too, the justice courts have been responsible for much of the trouble by failing to levy sufficient penalties and thereby encouroging vice.

"There are many causes for vice in large cities and the same holds true in Chicago, but the one I believe to be the most deplorable is the low theater and playhouse. On one Sunday night I had my men go to them all and there were 17,000 people in attendance. They were all packed, and principally by young men and boys; the younger the average age, the bigger the crowd. But these fortunately are now being cleansed.

"The cause of Chicago's bad reputation is certainly one due to undue publicity by the press, emphasizing sensationalism. Exaggeration of evil conditions by rival cities though has had much to do with it. There is a rabid prejudice in New York against Chicago and throughout the entire country there is a marked tendency to recognize the bad and fail to recognize the good for commercial and sectional reasons."

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Wm. Jennings Bryan sees a great future for Chicago. (Quoting from letter to the author), he says in part:

"I am not sufficiently acquainted with Chicago and other cities to compare them from the standpoint of vice and crime. I have always been impressed with its advantageous position and with its possibilities for the future. Its citizens have shown an independence in voting which indictes an appreciation of the responsibilities of citizenship.

"I am very much interested in the experiment about to be made in municipal ownership and am gratified to see Chicago a leader in the movement."

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Dr. W. M. Harsha, an eminent life saver of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, College of Medicine, University of Illinois, Department of Surgery, says: "Wicked city *it was* and wicked city it is called. But every city has a wicked side and naturally the larger the city the larger the element of wickedness. 'Opportunity is writ large' in a great city and like the rain from heaven comes to the just and the unjust. Much of the seeming goodness of peo-

ple in smaller communities may be due to less opportunity and to the restraining influence of the more general acquaintance of the people. Instance the wild times many of these people indulge in when in the city away from these restraining influences; also witness respectable Americans from city or country when abroad — in Paris for instance — where you may see them visit places mention of the like of which at home would shock them. In the city the man with wicked impulses gets away from people who know him when he turns the corner; and it is this fact which attracts many of the worst people from the smaller communities to residence here. It is true the large city also attracts many of the best and brightest people. The worst element hopes to get lost while the best often gets 'found.' A large part of the wickedness of any city is maintained by the aid of and for the delectation of the visitor. Chicago is not as bad as it has been painted. Our press has perhaps been inconsiderate in making public the worst side of our civic life and the press away from here — especially the Eastern press — has misrepresented us egregiously. A patient of mine returning during the recent teamsters' strike from Philadelphia received from the papers there the distinct impression that it was unsafe for him to go from the railway station to his home. General report of us, away from home, is exaggeration gone wild. It has been charged against unions and political workers that they hire professional sluggers, and it has been charged that wealthy individuals and corporations have hired professional 'agents' to hold up the whole community when a franchise or other end was desired; but the signs of the times are that the people are getting sufficiently enlightened to stop all this sort of wickedness and Chicago will yet emerge a great as well as a decent city."

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Lady Helen Forbes, says: "Chicago girls are too wise."

NOTE—True, they are wise, but they turn their wisdom to good account in all directions as a rule. It is also a protection (to young girls especially) from prowling wolves.

Kang-yu-wai, a great reformer and Chinese statesman, says, "That our vim and "New Ideas" would revive China. He would send the children to schools and colleges here if he could."

NOTE—Chicago's death rate is lowest now of any city in the world.

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Sir F. Bucharest says: "Europe is indebted to Chicago for some of its most beautiful and talented ladies upon the stage."

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Joseph Lannin, an eminent judge of Sunnyside, Wash., says: "Chicago, it is true, was a very wicked city. In fact, it has that reputation even now, I believe, in all parts of the world; but in my opinion Chicago is redeemed in all but the name. I think Mr.

Stevens' work proving the city's redemption, should have the hearty support of the press and every person interested in making Chicago the "city beautiful," as he calls it.

"The facts widely published would soon change the views here in the great West as well as in the East.

"Talks with students of sociological conditions from every foreign country proves that the title of the book is a very appropriate one indeed. The impression that Chicago is the wickedest city in the world is universal. I believe the press and the Commercial Association of Chicago are in a position to do more toward this end than books of this order, but everything of this nature helps and the book I believe will be a power for good."

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Percy Vincent Donovan, the English novelist, says: "Chicago is now one of the greatest cities of America. It is more like London." He once said, Chicago was a dirty wilderness of rotten wooden houses on streets like ditches whilst a maze of electric wires and scrambling, money-mad people made the lake look like a trench in front of a great army.

The English parson, W. Kirk Bryce, at a banquet of the Sons of St. George, said, "Chicago is now one of the greatest cities in the world."

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Thomas Lawson, of frenzied finance fame, says that (metaphisically speaking) the house of the Chicago people is on fire. But the flames will be extinguished and the structure as well as the inmates will be saved.

NOTE—If this is too copious for the reader's comprehension, Mr. Lawson will explain to all through the press if you write him.

J. G. Hudson, an English educator of London, says: "Chicago is the greatest city in the United States and the schools are the best in the entire world. The Chicago women's clubs were a great help towards this end."

NOTE—This is true and they deserve great credit. Still there are 60,000 children deprived of any opportunity to obtain an education in Chicago alone. This is a very small average (great as it seems) compared to other cities of the world. Will interested readers kindly tell us how to benefit the 60,000 poor little mortals. The author, 2 Aldine Square, Chicago, has a "plan" exchange ideas on the subject and form some practical plans for helping all the worthy poor of Chicago.

NIGHTLY RENDEZ-VOUS OF STREET BOYS. SNAPSHOTS TAKEN AT ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

AN EVERY DAY SCENE ON STATE STREET.

Marian Shuflin in *Chicago Record* says:

The heart of Chicago is going out to her "bad boy."

In a dozen ways her sympathy for him is taking concrete form and there are being woven a dozen practical plans to help him along the road to good citizenship. For half a century the city's attitude toward her dependent and delinquent boys might be likened to that of a widow with many children to support toward the one that gave her the most trouble—she loved him, but was so busy earning the family bread that the annoyance from his peccadillos smothered, for the time, any show of maternal affection. Chicago, having acquired her commercial competence, now has time to take up the problem created by her bad boy, with the leisure and sympathy necessary to his reformation.

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Charles A. Stevens says:

State street, Chicago, is a wondrously beautiful thoroughfare. In it lies the heart of the most attractive commercial body, for so limited a space, in all the world. New York, with its scattered stores, cannot even so much as produce a good imitation. Paris show windows and contents of establishments run more to colors, while London's houses and streets ever are gloomy, not only with displays, but exteriorly; those who parade on sidewalks are stupid appearing as compared to State street and what the street holds.

One begins at Lake, and, looking down to Congress, sees monuments of Chicago's commercial greatness, so strong and so big that almost any one of them is so great that, if torn away, the Western world miss it. And yet State street is but one of a multitude of arteries that feed the brain and muscles of this wonderful giant by the lakes. But it is the one splendid, beautiful, shopping, trading avenue which has given fame to the West. One hears of it so far away as Arabia.

The street now is at its best. The beautiful days send thousands to it. It becomes the city's popular show ground. In it is a vari-colored, flashing, bright-eyed world of good nature, of fashion—men with money, visitors in delight, women dressed in all the shades of the sunrise pink, the noonday blue and the sunset red. Chicago would be famous if she possessed no other exhibition of greatness and beauty.

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Alexander Revell says:

Chicago is the center, the commercial hub of a universe in which you could plant Germany, Austria, Holland, Belgium, Great Britain and Ireland, France, Spain, Norway, Sweden, Italy, Greece, Portugal, Switzerland, Turkey and Denmark. Does the average mind ever stop to contemplate the width and area of this country?

Courtesy of J. Evans, Chicago Examiner.

Investigation by Chief Collins into the sending of young women to Chinese harems has revealed the fact that for years Chicago has been a recruiting station for such traffic. A number of North side divekeepers, it is said, have grown rich in the trade. The chief has determined to stop the traffic. He announced to-day that he would drive the ringleaders out of town.

"I do not want Chicago to be the recruiting station of Chinese harems," said Chief Collins. "I intend to drive the ringleaders out of town."

Chief Collins received his first information that Chicago was supplying women for Chinese ports from James L. Rogers, American consul at Shanghai.—*Courtesy of Chicago Journal.*

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NOTE—The British consul, Alexander Finn, advises his country to follow Chicago's lead. Is this not significant of its rapid growth to supremacy over all cities of the world?

Consul Finn Reports to His Government the Opportunities Are Large if American Methods Are Followed.

"Use American methods; advertise as extensively as American manufacturers do; establish agencies in Chicago."

This was the advice given to British manufacturers by Alexander Finn, the British consul, in his annual report to his government. He declares there is a great unexplored field for British manufacturers in Chicago and urges them to seize the opportunity. For the purpose of building up this trade the consul announces he is ready to receive names of persons in the united kingdom wishing to export to Chicago. He offers to put these merchants into correspondence with importers in this city. He urges, however, that for the British manufacturer to meet with success in the market he must adopt the active methods used by the Chicago competitor.

"The American believes in advertising," he declares, "and uses it to the utmost. It is impossible for the British manufacturer to hold his own, to say nothing of increasing his trade on this continent, unless he adopts the same system as his rivals."

Consul Finn speaks glowingly of many phases of Chicago life and attempts to correct the impression that Chicago is a wild and woolly western town.

"A great deal is published in the papers in Europe and America, about Chicago," he says, "tending to make people think the correspondents of these papers wish to create the idea that they are living in a wild western town, whereas there is no place where so little drunkenness is seen nor where the people are more able to provide the necessaries of life without appeal to charity."

Courtesy of Chicago Daily News.

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Writing the *Tribune,* Jules Huret, a well-known French novelist visiting Chicago now terms it a city of wonders. He says:

New York and Chicago are two rival cities and it is the New Yorkers who have transmitted to Europe their prejudices against Chicago, with the result that when a person in Paris wishes to speak of a person who is intrusive and without manners of education he says, "He is a pork merchant from Chicago."

Furthermore, the New Yorkers have represented Chicago to us as a hideous city—a type of an uninhabitable city. I find that both the adversaries and the defenders of Chicago have exaggerated a little and that the inhabitans of the said cities of the east are hardly justified in their severe criticism.

In that city of Chicago, which we are told is peopled exclusively by the vulgar, I have met more amiable men and have received more charming aattention and witnessed more true politeness than in New York. In fact, I discovered in the home of one of the millionaire brewers of Chicago the most exquisite urbanity and refined hospitality.

I believe one could not find in the aristocracy a nature more really refined, more discreet, or more generous than that of M. James Deering, one of the proprietors of the famous agricultural implement manufactory of Deering & Co., the greatest of its kind in the entire world. I beg his pardon for saying this so publicly and brutally. But I am proud of my discovery because it permits me to correct the false opinions of the American people which prevail in Europe. That a man polite and sensible as he could exist in the terrible world of business is consolation for some of the failings of America and ought to reassure us of the possibility of a civilization less sharp, less brutal, more delicate, and more refined.

I have never seen in any other city such intensity of movement and of noise. Neither have I in any other city received an impression of prosperity so immeasurable and so grandiose as in Chicago.

In Chicago, it must be confessed, there are some places on the borders of the river which in appearance suggest the suburbs of hell.

Within two steps of this hell Chicago has Lake Michigan. The principal hotels, the Auditorium and its annex, are built on the lake front. This is called a lake; it is a body of water 580 kilometers long—the distance from Paris to Bordeaux—and 175 kilometers wide—the distance from Paris to Chalonssur-Marne—and its depth in some places is as much as 275 meters. The tempests on it are as severe as those in the open sea.

A large avenue runs along the lake front and some beautiful parks are there. The promenade there is exquisite, for there is always a fresh breeze and the view of the boundless water and the great ships on the horizon adds to the magnificence of the scene. I saw some private residences, some of which are exceedingly handsome, as that of M. McCormick, who married a daughter of M. Rockefeller, who bought him a dowry of $3,000,000, only: that of Mme. Potter Palmer, whose niece a few years ago became the Princess Cantacuzene-Speranski.

Some clubs are installed on the lake front where the people go to take boat rides and at night to flirt in the light of the moon to the music of the waves. There is no lack of young people, for here we are far from New England.

Chicago, doubtless, feels that it is not big enough, for the municipality is making land in the lake. Little by little the lake is filled in with earth taken from other parts of the city and the avenue which borders it is widened. This is quite a practical idea. In a few years they will have a new quarter of the city on the land which they have made.

Chicago has four or five times the area of New York. Its population is 2,250,000, and I believe that it has one street twenty-two miles long. This street is called Western avenue; it extends through the city from north to south. This avenue contains an electric car line, but when one considers the stops that are made it must take all day to make a journey from one end of the thoroughfare to the other. In that respect Chicago holds an uncommon record.

On arriving in Chicago—it requires as least half an hour for an express train to travel the distance which separates the extreme suburbs from the central station.

If one takes seriously the judgments and ironies of the New Yorkers one would expect to find in Chicago only the daughters of butchers and coal dealers. However, about 10:30 in the morning, the time when most of the women can be seen in the streets, a promenade in Michigan avenue is a charming surprise. Among the trees and on the greensward hundreds of young women in elegant costumes, flowery hats, or even bareheaded, can be seen promenading and laughing, carrying under their arms some books bound together with a leather strap.

Such an air of health and of the joy of life is seen in their rosy cheeks and their laughing eyes that it is difficult for one to refrain from turning and looking at them again. But the men, the young men, who meet them, scarcely notice them. How can such beautiful flowers flourish in such a dusty city?

"It is the air of Lake Michigan," I was informed.

Professor O. B. Hutchins of Boston, Mass., says: "Chicago has the name here of being the wickedest city on the globe. Foreign visitors to Boston from all parts of the world claim that Chicago is believed to be the wickedest city and is termed such in all lands. I understand by the best of authority that Chicago has or is being redeemed. If this fact can be fully established to Americans alone it will be a wonderful help to this great and beautiful city of the middle states commercially as well as in all ways."

"N. B.—I believe there are very few Chicago residents who know how their city is looked upon by the outside world; we are too busy building it up and fighting evils to ever remember the 'bean bakery' of the East, if it was not for Lawson's 'trimming' of the 'poor kings of finance.'"

Henry Broulund, ex-vice-consul, Paris, France, says: "The name "wicked city" does not fit Chicago as I see it. But it bears a reputation to fit this name in all parts of France, England, and Australia that I have visited. If desired to tell a discordant acquaintance to go to hell in a polite manner, they immediately said, 'Monsieur, you go to Chee-cau-go.'"

Prince Henry of Prussia says: "Chicago is indeed a great city. It is the malestrom of the States'. Centered midst a churning sea of humanity. If the ladies and gentlemen I met were a representative class, Chicago as a whole would impress me as being more cultured than we are given to believe in our country. Many of the ladies are beautiful. Many of the boulevards and residences are grand. Mrs. Potter Palmer's mansion is a veritable castle comparing very favorably with those of Europe. The lake seemed from this point very beautiful. The great parks are a blessing to the poor and furnish pleasant drives for the rich.

"I think your city is misjudged in many things by those of the outside world who are obliged to depend upon hearsay as a basis for their impressions."

THE AUTHOR AT HOME WORKING HARD TO PROVE THE REDEMPTION OF "WICKED CITY".

TYPES OF INTELLIGENT AND BEAUTIFUL FIRE HORSES IN ACTION.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT PASSING THE OLD CITY HALL ON THEIR WAY TO SAVE LIFE AND PROPERTY.

A THRILLING FIRE SCENE. A WOMAN HANGING FROM WINDOW LEDGE FAR ABOVE THE STREETS.

POOR CHILDREN'S PLAY GROUND IN THE SLUMS. A VACANT LOT CARPETED WITH REFUSE AND FILTH.

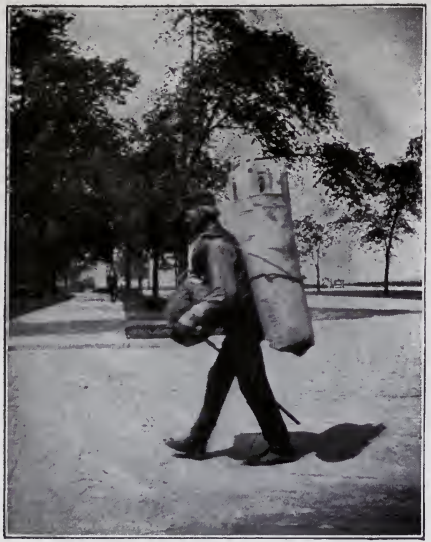
LIKE A PICTURESQUE SPOT IN SICILY.

FORTUNE'S SMILE.

THE WANDERER'S HOME: "HINKY DINK'S" PLACE.

SISTER TO THE OX.

MISFORTUNE ON WHEELS.



"BROTHER TO THE OX."
AN AGED WOOD GLEANER OF STREETER'S DISTRICT.

JUST ARRIVED.
A COUNTRY YOUTH PREPARED TO GIVE
BATTLE TO THE GREAT MYSTERIOUS CITY.

A FLOATING GAMBLING PALACE.

A WORD ABOUT GAMBLING AS THE AUTHOR SEES IT.

The worst kind of gambling has been entirely done away with. There are two kinds of gambling, one is a curse and the other is a blessing. This class is of a purely legitimate character based upon fair business principles, many of the gamblers being gentlemen of refinement and good family connections. Their acquaintances extend largely among the well-to-do citizens, who can afford to loose.

These clubs are patronized by merchants, attorneys, doctors, publishers, reporters, military men, successful authors, and artists, real estate men, capitalists, brokers, financiers, bankers, politicians, aldermen, police officials, judges, residing consuls, residing and visiting nobles, congressman, senators, etc. The only game operated by these clubs is the great national game of "draw poker." The game is of such an interesting nature that it throughly concentrates the over-taxed mind, giving it a complete rest from all business, social, political and domestic cares. Consequently to the brainy man of means it is a harmless pastime and a blessing (to the above class more especially); the over taxed business man, plays more for this complete mind rest than for gain.

They are very conservative as a rule but seldom expect to win and seldom do. To the idle rich it keeps them out of more serious mischief which might be detremental to others. This phase of gambling ex'ists in all cities and always will. The police have more serious evils to look after which takes up their entire time and attention.

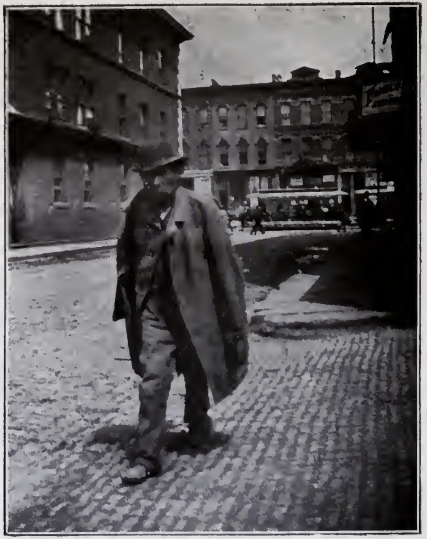
In order to stop gambling of this nature it would require a police force seven times as large as it is at present, and the entire force would have to be detailed permanently upon this one phase of the so-called evil.

The class of gambling that is a curse to women and innocent children as well as mankind are the open *variety games* run by unprincipled black legs retired con'men and a low order of shoe string (pickers) of the cheap sport order. This class are not recognized by a real sporting man as gamblers. Strange to say you will find a greater social distinction between gamblers than exists in the so-called society and the outcasts of the street; for them there is some compassion while on the other hand there exists nothing but contempt. The *"sure thing"* gambling proved to be a stigma upon real gambling. Strong forces have been marshalled to put it down with the aid of the poker club men themselves. The police, newspapers and citizens entirely suppressed it. This has been a great help towards Chicago's redemption.

The poor clerk and working man find their way home with a lighter heart and heavier pocket and happy faces greet him. What a blessing this is to them and what a curse it was when the roll of the wheel or throw of the dice sent him home in the early morning, with a heavy heart and empty pocket. This class of gambling is operated by a class of gamesters who distress a multitude of poor wage earners for the sake of an easy living and the mania for being classed as sporting men. They hang on the ragged edge of poverty merely realizing results that could easily be exceeded by most any legitimate vocation, a vocation whereby no one would be distressed, no mother weeping over the absent husband or the little one's feverish wail for bread. No duping the dupes of their week's wages before it reaches the landlord, grocer and baker. No face turned towards suicide bridge. No feet turned from the home of want and misery to drag the shattered mind and aching body to the foul river. No hand guided to self destruction or beating the ones he loves in fury at the just complaints, or to thieving for bread or begging of same, or to the wine that drowns his sorrows, or no hand raised at the bar of justice, or no face framed behind the iron bars, no "huntching" or "bunching" or "foreflushing" to "trim" a "guy" or raise a wife's cry. No gray hair to dye, no luck to try, no reason to lie, no conscience salve to buy and where a dollar can be honestly earned and well spent. Gambling is a blessing when it is not a curse. Gambling in Chicago is not a curse because the curse does not exist. The curse has been driven out by the help of the so-called curse that is being held up as a curse by those who do not understand the situation. Question? Which of the two is the worst:— The

"Uncle" that dodges his taxes, or the "ante" who taxes his "stack" of poker checks every "deal." The tax dodgers are about the only criminals left in Chicago. If they would "ante" up all they have been "shy" on for many "deals," it would buy an extra "stack" of policeman, to protect the tax-payers as well as the poor from thugs and murders who spring into life from the very youths that brush elbows with them every day upon the street or cars. Furnish a fund to organize a club for criminals and would-be criminals, get them "bunched," and then give them a square talk, give them a square job at square wages, give them a square meal, and a square chance and 99 out of 100 will square their elbows and point their nose towards a square future. Take the 1 of the 100 (if he won't be square when he has a good chance) throw him in a cell and throw the key away. Then every body is safe. The one in jail should have a chance if he will promise to take the job waiting for him at good pay and good treatment. In order to furnish jobs for the great army of criminals etc., a great factory should be founded by the rich of our city. The work should be light and agreeable. The profits should be shared by every employe up to a certain per cent., above that should go to the poor families, who have way-ward sons and daughters, to be used for the purpose of bringing them back to the influence of home-life and the benefits from the great factory, brought back from the gates of hell, from the gates of prison, from the horror of poverty, from the gates of ill fame to the gates of this great factory which swing open to welcome a new partner among the thousands of other partners who all own a partnership interest for life if they do nothing decidedly wicked, in case of which they forfeit their interests for a time or for life according to the offence. The devilment in these brothers and sisters of ours should not be bottled up entirely to start with, pull the cork and let it escape in "homeopathic doses." Don't try to choke them with dry tracks or flowery speeches. Have a chapel in the building, have a reformed criminal preach, who can still swear a little as well as deliver an oration. Three glasses of beer should be served each person (that desires same). The sermon should be split up in these acts, rag time music, skirt dancing etc. between acts, cuspidors supplied each seat, smoking and chewing allowed, swearing allowed between acts. Silence during sermon. A sermon by some of our great ministers once a month would be a good plan. Have beautiful music, illustrated songs and moving pictures of Christ's travels among the criminals and poor; etc. etc. No smoking, chewing or swearing *this day;* reform them by degrees; eventually cut it down to two Sudays *without* and two Sundays of the month *with* it. Then to three Sundays *without* and the one Sunday with; always keep one Sunday *with* for the new partners of the great concern drifting in over the course of time and for those who will not wholly reform, but all should be at liberty to attend any meetings they choose. This is an incomplete thought roughly sketched. But it is the only sure way of reforming the criminals

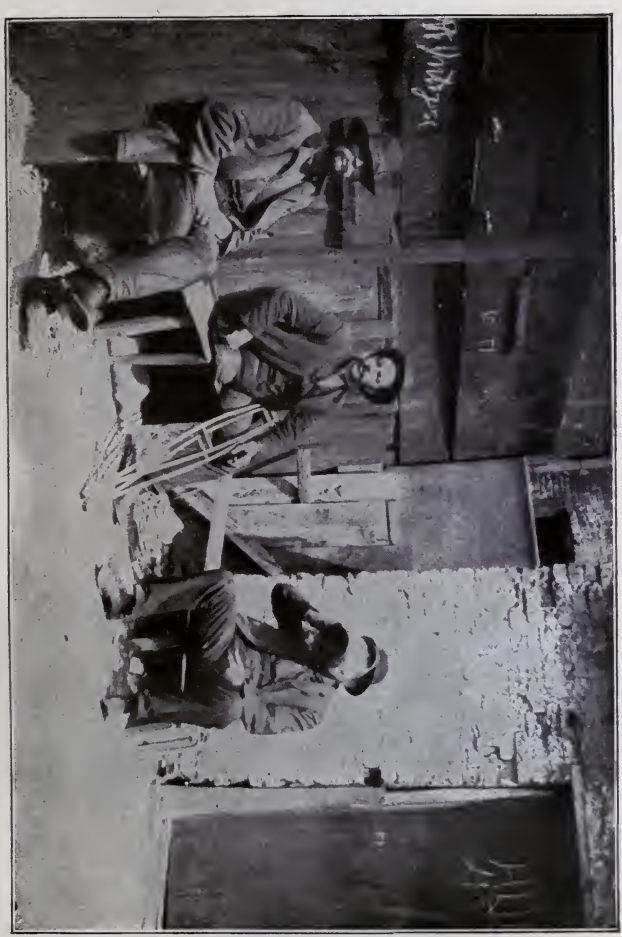
A TYPE OF WOMAN WHO LIVES BY GLEANING CIGAR STUMPS FROM THE GUTTERS.



A MILLIONAIRE IN DISGUISE.
KEEPING THE MOTHS OUT OF HIS OVERCOAT IN SUMMER.

PLAYING ON THE VERGE OF HELL.
THE START.

TASTING HELL'S BROTH.
FROM PLAYGROUND TO GRAVE.



FROM PLAYGROUND TO GRAVE.

PALACES IN THE "RED LIGHT DISTRICT."

TYPES OF RESIDENTS OF THE "RED LIGHT DISTRICT."
FROM PLAYGROUND TO GRAVE.

THE FINISH.
SUICIDE BRIDGE, LINCOLN PARK.

A TENEMENT HOUSE. IN PLACES LIKE THIS THE AUTHOR FOUND AS MANY AS ELEVEN PERSONS, COOKING, EATING, SLEEPING AND LIVING IN ONE ROOM TWELVE FEET SQUARE.

or keeping them out of mischief. I hope this budding thought will bloom in the minds of the rich and powerful citizens of Chicago. At least we should all do all we can for the poor; poverty is the curse that breeds more criminals than inclination.

N. B. If the reader desires to help the poor of Chicago in some way write or call upon the Author of "Wicked City," No. 2 Aldine Square, Chicago. There exists a practical plan whereby all classes of the poor can be benefited at little cost to the more fortunate. It is a NEW IDEA, investigate it.

WICKED CITY REDEEMED.

Chicago at one time justly earned the name of being the wickedest city in the world. It was a black spot upon God's green foot-stool, a spot that God had seemingly withdrawn from. A spot, upon this rolling ball of fire, smothered by fifty miles of earth in all parts except under this great city, where (it would seem) was so thinly crusted that smouldering hell's fire forced its way through to fuel the furnaces of evil then existing. Possibly you investigated the sociological conditions as they were then and are one of the many citizens who realized that this great hot bed of evil was burning the brand Wicked City deeply upon its walls to be read by the envious world, watching its growth with jealous eyes. If so your heart was saddened, your peace of mind destroyed, and civic pride humbled to the dust, that lay along the streets and by-paths of your investigations, dust that was swept by the courtesan's train and pressed by the heel of the thug or the confidence men of high and low life. You probably buckled on your armor and fought for your city's redemption with the rest who possesses the necessary intellect which embodies keen perception as well as fair intent, strength of purpose, a heart full of love and consideration for all living things though ant or man, woman or child, no matter how lowly or highly stationed in this world of strife for glory, gold, or the grace of God, imbued with enough civic pride (if a citizen of Chicago) to feel interested in its welfare.

If you could follow us through the beautiful city of to-day, you will see the results of your labor towards redemption. You will find conditions quite different, even better than you could possibly expect. Living right in the city, you even do not realize it. You are fighting the old impression, still fighting the few old evils that do exist with even greater strength. Outsiders do not have the opportunity to judge conditions like yourself so let every public spirited citizen get up and blow his horn good and loud. When the city was of only one hundred thousand population and even more wicked than it is to-day, we all brayed so loud that it got the name of "windy city," but now we speak in awed whispers of Chicago, the wicked city, while the outside press comes out in bold headlines voicing the sentiment of the outside world. Ashamed of the name windy city that you had earned for your beautiful city,

you dropped the horn and hardly a toot has been heard for it since. It still bears the name of "windy city" but even outsiders realize that it ceased to warrant the title after you laid down the tooting machine to pick up the "hammer."

You hammered your unjust critics into the belief that your city is not a boyish, prattling thing full of much self praise but a world metropolis full of hell and hardened in crime.

There was a certain time when politics were so rotten that an honest man would not enter the field, men were afraid to enter certain business callings on account of the stigma cast upon same by business bandits.

On account of the hard name the city had gained for itself, the outside merchants were afraid to come to Chicago and trade. The stockmen never got any further than the yards and the farmer did not come to Chicago at all unless to camp upon the outskirts. You could travel the down-town districts for weeks and never see a sun faded whisker or a tanned nose.

Chicago has positively been redeemed but the outsiders as well as many of its citizens do not realize it. Tell them of it, now is the time to toot some facts into the ears of the world and dispel these erroneous impressions. Blow your trumpets with civic pride, for it can be justly done.

Chicago is redeemed in all but the name as the following pages will prove beyond doubt. The hatches of hell have been spiked down by the sinewy arms of law and order, spurred to heroic effort through civic pride.

The hangman's noose will dangle idly in the air and the jails will be turned into school-rooms for the few criminals left. If you want to gamble in the new Chicago, you will have to go upon the floating palace of the lake, or gambol with the Harrison Street Billy Goat.

You will clearly see that Chicago is now safe to purse and person, if you are to follow the ramblings of our pen and feet as we wander in and out through streets, alleys and by ways of the once wicked city.

Bent upon our journey, we leave the home comforts for the streets and soon desert the pavements for a passing street car bound for the city's center. Nothing came under our notice worth recording (except the attempt of an obese lady to step off the moving car backwards with the usual results,) until the crowded conveyance reached Twenty-Second Street and was crossing Michigan Avenue. Here a wild-eyed auto fiend, (being chased by mounted police for exceeding the speed limit), drove his machine into the air and landed on us with all four wheels. The usual crowd of curious people gathered, the promptness of the Police Patrol, the wreck wagon and ambulance service was evidenced by their quick appearance upon the scene. In exactly two minutes after they came clanging down the street, the injured were being whisked away to a hospital, the offender off to jail, while the wreck wagon

had freed us and was speeding from the scene, the crowd melting away quickly as it had gathered. The promptness and efficiency of the accident services speaks plainly of one phase of Chicago's improvement. As we touched the old red-light district, upon rounding into Wabash Avenue, the great changes made in this notorious street was plainly evident to the observer of years past and to-day. It has been redeemed and redeemed thoroughly. This street was one of the slimy arms of the great crime octopus, wallowing in the heart of the city, (Custom House Place, Boiler Avenue, So. Clark St., Plymouth Court, State etc.) From this bodied cesspool of crime branched forth many arms feeling their way into even the respectful sections as they grew in strength and length year by year, chaining the lovely city in an iron grip of social vice and crime of all descriptions. Segregation was tried with fair results but the dumpings of the World's Fair strengthened the body and sprouted new arms which crept up the boulevards as well as other sections as the moral ax of the aroused citizens severed the arms of social vice which was stealthily creeping into their streets to the very door steps, wrecking the peace of homes as the glare and blare of a genteel vice arm of this great octopus of crime proselyted their young from the paths of virtue.

Wabash Ave. was the gateway through which the great south side residents passed to and from business, theatres, trains, boats and etc. The social evil overflowed the street, and seeped into the renting properties of beautiful Michigan boulevard and lower Indiana Ave., which became known as the haw-patch. Wabash and State became known as hell's divide, levee, black belt, forming one great toll-gate of social evil etc. Thousands of young men and

A GLIMPSE OF THE CUSTOM HOUSE PLACE OF TO-DAY. BUT A FEW YEARS AGO, KNOWN 'THE WORLD OVER AS THE FILTHIEST SPOT ON THE GLOBE; THE WALKS FILLED WITH WOMEN DAY AND NIGHT IN ALL DEGREES OF ATTIRE

girls passing through these districts fell into the dragnet snares of the gambler, harlot, pander, confidence man, pick-pocket, hold-up thugs, dive keepers, murderers etc. The price of toll was often paid to the thug with death, to the harlot and pander with loss of honor, to the confidence man and gambler with the loss of fortune, which often drove them to "suicide bridge." Many a rich man's daughter or her poorer sisters the beautiful working girl, were enticed into gilded palaces of shame, paying as toll the price of honor and sometime death in the cruel waters of the nearby lake. The main approaches to the business center of the north and west sides were somewhat similar. The conditions throughout the entire city at the time, (when Chicago justly earned in all parts of the world the title of wicked city) were too horrible to relate in detail, hard as it is to guide your pen around facts which came under the author's and his secretary's notice while studying sociological conditions in high as well as low circles. Many of these cold facts would tarnish the name of men and women of wealth and high social standing, who have reformed and are now leading a useful, pure and peaceful life, midst family and friends. Hundreds af the middle and lower classes have redeemed themselves also and are now living good, clean lives, many are in business for themselves, and many others are holding positions of trust, loyal to all, and proud of their redemption from crime. Many young people, especially girls, are drawn into crime or forced into it from circumstances over which they had no control, low wages, love of dress, possibly a sick mother, younger sisters and brothers to care for, and upon the other side the golden tempter, a designing department head, floor-walker or well-to-do customer, the factory foreman, or office employer. Many of these victims are merely children in years whose innocence was their greatest weakness and only sin. Hundreds of these white slaves held their positions at the price of honor in order to furnish the necessities of life and add extra comforts for the invalid mother or babes of their humble homes. The knowledge of the many cases which came under our notice were sad, tipped shafts of sorrow. Weak men and willing women constitute another sorrowful evil but the unwilling white slave is to be pitied above all, especially those who were decoyed by the thousands from all parts of the United States, Canada and Europe, to a life of shame through false representations by the hundreds of white slavedealers who infested Chicago during this time. These slave traders grew fat and prosperous off of the sale and earnings of these sisters of misfortune, one dealer alone would have as many as five located in different sections of the city, trading virtue for the gold he would collect from them daily, each happy in the believe that she alone was the love of his false heart. In the meantime his handsome face and polished manners were winning others from the path of duty. These would be supplied to the houses of ill fame at so much a head; here they were loaded with debts for clothes, fines, etc., and held slaves to payment or prosecution.

Many country girls were lured to the wicked city through ads promising lucrative employment. They were then tricked and conjoled or drugged. A high spirited girl who fought for honor sometimes escaped the net but more often was tricked to the great North West to become slaves to the will of rough miners, lumbermen etc. Once corralled in one of the so-called dance halls of the new country, they found it impossible to escape; such places were well guarded day and night. They were tricked to this place by an apparently sympathetic woman (an accomplice of the white slave dealer who pretended to rescue them from the Chicago fiend who in reality obtained a better price for these beautiful slaves in the new market of this lawless country). The horrors of this terrible life to a girl of refinement is easy to understand, some die of a broken heart or brutality which they are forced to endure until death relieves them or they can effect their escape. The bones of many girls were found buried under one of these places in Washburne, Wis. Often girls, as young as twelve years, were decoyed from France to the gilded palaces of shame that then existed in Chicago in great numbers. Dr. Peters of Wabash Ave. and Twenty-Second St., called our attention to one of these unfortunates, who had succeeded in escaping after three years of slavery. She was a physical and mental wreck and had lately attempted suicide because her sisters shunned her. Aanother case of his was that of a once beautiful child, favorite daughter of a well known minister of Michigan. This innocent child of fifteen was inveigled to Chicago and betrayed by one of Chicago's most prominent business men (at that time). As her beauty began to fade from constantly knawing remorse, she was cast penniless upon the street to starve or join the ranks of her fallen, money trafficking sisters of shame. She drank to drown her sorrows and in time became a bloated, coarse looking wench, full of running sores and poisonous blood. Lower and lower she sank until her moral senses were dead and the filthiness of her actions surpassed that of her person and its rag bedraggled covering. Three times she attempted to rob herself of the last thing that she possessed, *life*. As the doctor gently lifted a corner of the sheet, we saw that her last attempt had proved successful; the sight that greeted us would prove a valuable object lesson to the watchful father or a careless girl.

Truly the price of sin is disaster and premature death as the story proper contained in this book will prove beyond a doubt if read carefully and understandingly. The knowledge possessed by even one of the many physicians of the author's acquaintance in Chicago, would fill a larger book than this with tales that would wring sympathy from the heart and tears from the eyes of the reader. Girls entering Chicago are now perfectly safe from harm.

During our verifying investigation of conditions as they really exist now, we found all depots supplied with sweet-faced, keen-eyed rescue ladies who watched every strange girl arriving in Chicago, until assured that they are safe from the evils every large

city possesses to some degree. We have dwelt some time on this particular evil of white slave traffic, etc., as we earnestly desire to benefit those who lack experience and are liable to sin from ignorance of any great city's pitfalls and its general wicked ways. In order that they may avoid danger, it should be plainly pointed out enabling them to recognise and avoid it, abling them to protect themselves from the many pitfalls dug along the pathway of the young girl or boy. These pitfalls are often glazed over to appear harmless as the path their feet have pressed in safety. It is the duty of every father or mother to point out these pitfalls along life's pathway; it is the young people's right to know. If they do not they are liable to be smothered in the arms of the devil himself in the guise of respectability. If this happens without their being fore-warned they should be pitied instead of censured.

After three months of the most painstaking and rigid investigation by the author, his secretary and others (interested in sociology and the welfare of this once wicked city,) we are pleased to be able to report that the city is redeemed in all but the name. We sincerely hope that our endeavors will help the public to see Chicago in its true light.

We have done what we can in our small way and now leave the real work of showing that the Wicked City is redeemed to the all powerful Chicago press and its public spirited citizens whose voices reach the world through its columns.

The press is a power for good if used for same.

We found the body of the great crime octopus dead and only here and there a bit of waning life in its once powerful arms.

We found the following list of evils suppressed or driven out and one thousand extra police will be added to keep it down and out; and with the gates guarded the name Wicked City will soon fade from its walls forever.

The child slave dealers, the Italian fagans, the schools of crime, the shoplifters and their devices, fake detective agencies, the phony jewelery salesman, the diamond sharks, the street and park beggars, the Chinese fan-tan games, trick slot machines, sweatshop evils, the poor children, conditions as they were and as they are today, the con man in politics and business, the woman window tappers, the police protection evil, municipal graft, justice shop graft, the strike graft, the anarchists and socialists, three card monte and shell game, the confidence men of the trains and depots, underground dens and their ratpits, the steamboat gamblers, holdup women, negro wenches and white, the confidence man in the pulpit, the free love cults, spirit fruit, etc., the electric saddles etc., of the racetrack, the injured husband racket, gouls of the cemeteries, street fakirs, give away games, etc., the hotel thieves, the rosin-fingered pickpockets, the white decoys of the brutal negro, negro confidence men of the parks, confidence men of the street and office, the tunnel disasters, the explosion on the lake front, the green goods game, the dollar stores, representation game, betting on height of Masonic

Temple, also waiting to see it turn around, sale of temple, mock cigar auctions, etc., mock sale of furniture in houses fitted up for the purpose, exorbitant loan sharks, lawyers, doctors, spiritualists, mediums, tailors, theaters, old park, etc., panel houses. opium joints loaded crap games, stud poker, roulette, brace faro bank, wire tapping, employment agencies, marriage bureaus, mail order schemes, real estate schemes, mining stock schemes, get rich quick schemes of all kinds, low saloons with knock out drops annex, stalls, etc., women paid by the day to sit for company in concert saloons, marriage of colored men to white daughters of old soldiers who fought and died to liberate the black slave, the fence for crook's plunder, mischief making hen parties, mormon elders, men of affairs, the lax marriage and divorce laws, mind readers, nightly promenades of the youthful, jail deliveries, insuring innocent boys and girls and murdering them for insurance, bank check kiting, carrying fire-arms, winking at crime, free love, extermination of the horrible Italian Mafia society, heinous crimes of the brutal rape fiends of society, hinges of hell, infamous street walkers, impudent street gamins, incompetent officials.

The go-between of judges and criminals.
The jury fixers.
The fake massage parlors.
Fortune tellers, etc.
The fake clothing store.
The beer selling dance hall evil.
Thugs at the polls.
The fake ballot boxes.
Theft of same and the bloody fights often ending in murder.
The franchise limitations.
Gift from a practical Christian.

The narrow-minded church organizations who would not accept gifts from Christians who died in great theater fires.

Criminal negligence of theater fire traps.
The improvement of same today, etc.
The fake cob-web wine merchants.
The fake antique dealers.
The fake dealers of pictures by old masters.

The dishonest pig-dealers who buy filthy animals after death by cholera and selling meat to smaller dealer who innocently deals this poisonous cancer growing flesh by the pound to the poorer classes who are seldom able to afford higher class meats for the lean men and children.

The collar and cuff fake banks who rob the poor workingman and girl of their hard earned savings.

Fake horse sale marts.
Fake coal dealers.
Short weight schemes.
Collecting payments and absconding, etc.
The dead horseflesh dealers who furnish cheap restaurants and

free counters of low saloons, also shipping it to foreign countries for canned meat.

The foreign fortune hunter vampires.
Hotel holdup fakes.
Adulterated food bandits.
Fake insurance companies preying upon the ignorant scrub women, etc.
Fake plantation companies preying upon the middle class.
Commission merchant graft.
Barbershop holdup game.
The cigarette evil.
Fake restaurants.
Obscene shows.
Pool and billiard sharks.
Cuban cigar fakirs.
Trade journal fakes, (out of business with one exception).
Cheap wholesale house fake.
The patent thief.
The society thief who steals his way into the prestige through misleading statements, etc.
The bucket shop graft.
The street sandwich sign nuisance.
Spitting nuisance.
Receiving dens of smugglers.
Receiving dens for opium.
Imitations of imported goods.
Train robbers' retreat.
Forgers' retreats.
Blackmailing papers.
The loop gang.
West and north side gangs.
The drugstore fakes.
The fake express orders jobbers.
Express package delivery fakes.
Gangs of counterfeitors.
Corrupt government officials and employees.
Assignation houses.
The mortgage foreclosing fakirs.
Skin games in museums.
Subscription fakes.
Band of porch climbers.
Band of break-o'-day milk and paper thieves.
Band of professional blackmailers.
Band of river pirates.
Band of land pirates.
Nameless evils too wicked to publish even in "Wicked City."
Opium fiends.
Opium dens.
Cocaine fiends.
Gold nugget scheme.

Gold brick scheme.
Sale of lewd pictures and photographs.
Sale of evil literature.
Obscene pictures in the penny slot machines.
Private nurses for illegitimate children.
Intoxicated children.
Corrupt jail guards.
Corrupt judges of election.
Manufactury and sale of burglar's tools and fake gambling devices.
The theater, hotel, and lodging house fire trap.
The pool rooms.
The grade crossing where hundreds of lives have been ground out. (Grieveous shame.)
Sure thing gambling.
Gin drinking house wives.
Jury bribers.
Corrupt court officials.
Fake bondsmen, etc.
The merchandise installment order.
Fake trusts.
Fake picture enlargement concerns.
Corrupt inspectors.
Fake building contractors.
The all-night saloons and wine rooms.
Fake bargain ads.
Improvement in bridewell and jails.
Improved water service.
Improved street service.
Improved buildings.
Street cars manners.
The frosty circle of church supporters.
The broadening views of prelates and their flocks now welcome the sinner in the house of God.
Insults to the noble prison and slum workers.
The great charitable institutions for the old and the feeble, the young and the needy.
Schools and playgrounds for the poor.
The homes for fallen women, etc.
The improvement of hospitals, nurses and physicians.
The feathered-brained carpet knights of society.
The highway robbers.
The anonymous letter writing fiends.
The assassination of public officials, etc.
God's word divided by God's word dividers.
The different religious denominations that so confused the sinner looking for comfort and seeking the grace of God.
The tin stared, shake down, jimmy milk weed detectives.
The fake jury service, etc, etc.

This partial list will give the reader some idea of the evils a great city has to contend with, and the credit it deserves for sweeping crime from its streets, alleys, byways, and buildings. It is of course to be admitted that even the cleanest of housewives will some time overlook a stray bit here and there. It is possibly so in this case, but the present administration housewife and her co-operatives are swinging the moral broom with strenuous hands, and the final "redding" up will leave no crime remnants within its gates.

MERCHANTS' SIEGE WITH BANDITS.

Names of some of the merchants and others who suffered at the hands of bandits during a "carnival of crime" in Chicago. Bandits mentioned in story known as the "long and short man" were mainly responsible for the holdups, robberies and murders in all parts of the city during one of these epidemics:

NOTE.—The mystery surrounding the killing of one brave merchant cleared up by story beginning on page 17.

Thomas J. Marshall, 378 W. Madison St.
L. Klein, 14th and Halsted St.
John Bowman, 1084 W. 12th St.
St. Nicharls & Co., 300 W. Lake St.
R. E. Morris, Tea, 165 Blue Island Ave.
Joseph Modeika, 603 S. Jefferson St.
W. S. Johnson, 121 Dearborn St.
Packing House Market, 880 W. Madison St.
Meine & Hinkle, Wells and Indiana St.
Medical Mission, 45 Custom House Place.
Cafetarie Catering Company, 46 Lake St.
Peter Ackerman, 337 W. Madison St.
Ruppert's Shoe Store, 106 Harrison St.
Postal Station, 578 N. Clark St.
Metropolitan "L" Station.
Feldman & Cohen, 10 Rush St.
A. V. Lane, 12th St. and Wabash Ave.
W. H. Bender, 123 Chicago Ave.
Adolf Gaul, Drugs, Clark and North Ave.
Concordia Cemetery.
Oughton's, drugs, 63d St. and Madison Ave.
Larrig's Oyster and Chop House, 351 W. Madison St.
New York Biscuit Company, Morgan and Randolph St., $2,000.
John McHale, 113 Erie St.
W. G. Stuart, 741-47th St.
H. F. Myer, Fullerton and Clybourn Aves.

MERCHANT IN THE HANDS OF BANDITS.

C. M. Robinson, 187 N. Clark St.
J. O. Reilly, 154 S. Morgan St.
S. H. Heim, Rush and Ohio St.
J. C. McClelland, 159 Van Buren St.
Dabawskis, 26-28 Hickory St.
E. A. Grannies, 158 N. Clark St.
J. H. Herron & Co., 160 S. Water St. (Commission.)
Fred Pfeiffer, 701 S. Wood St.
Dr. Kinkons, 279 Grand Ave.
H. Glamaarn, 2883 Throop St.
Wm. Burdett, 54 S. Water St.
L. W. Schutte, 906 Wilson .
Ewards Pharmacy, 564 W. Harrison St.
Gus. Rheil, Franklin and Jackson.
John Caryer, High and Blue Island.
C. R. Brocket, 1664 N. Halsted St.
Bell & Devin, Taylor and Jefferson St.
Sam Luccit, 207 39th St.
Adams St. Pharmacy, 175 Western Ave.
Thos. W. Sweerey, 626 W. Harrison St.
Alois Kabat, 518 W. 18th St.

HOW THE OFFICERS SOMETIMES TRAVEL THROUGH CERTAIN DISTRICTS IN TROUBLESOME TIMES.

Micheel Simmons, 5th Ave. and Harrison.
Williams & Coverts, 7040 S. Chicago Ave.
Sam Golden, 98 Harrison St.
Joseph Koldt, 892 Milwaukee Ave.
Shermen & Walters, Lake and State St.
Hotel Legrand, Wells and Kinzie St.
Union dental College, $1000,00 "Holds ups, held Up."
E. O. Love, 154 Throop St.
Theodore Magdine, robbed of trousers while walking on street.
Durand & Kaspers Co's. Union and Lake St.
John Bredin & Co., $2300, 19 63rd St.
Mrs. A. W. Eaton, held up in front of Inspector Shacks' Office, N. State and Chestnut St.
John Rikce, robbed and thrown in the river.
H. Grover, 266 State St.
Aswald Scheutoff, 42-48 Wentworth Ave.
H. L. Van Glahn, 91 Clark St.
H. L. Flower, 86-88, W. Madison.
Street Car State St., Harmon and Peck Court.
A. Boenert & Co., Steamship Agency, 92 La Salle St., $2,000.
Fred Schefflers, 567 S. Morgan St.
J. Mayer, W. 14th Pl. and Newberry Ave.
A. M. Levy, 362 Wabash Ave.
Hanus Martin, banker, 295 W. 21st St.
H. Schoemaker, 299 Wells St.
H. B. Hartman, 1793 Western Ave.
Curry & Algers, 393 S. Clark St.
At Sub-Treasury, Pat Broderick, Wm. Skakel & Co., 48 Dearborn St.
Beck Bros., 308 N. Franklin St.
Joseph Williams, 97½ Van Buren St.
Martin Hamilton, 113 W. Ontario St.
L. Morton Ballerd, N. Y. Wallace Mill.
W. P. Burnhart, 1434 Michigan Ave.
Mrs. J. J. Carrol, 906 W. Adams St.
Stephen Levandowskia, 3201 Laurel St.
Miss Minnie Mukler, 388 E. Chicago Ave.
J. E. Pierce of Charlevoix, Mich.
Evanston Country Club.
Dr. A. F. Olds, 309 Euclid Ave.
P. Elwell, Center and Austin Ave.
Mrs. Florence H. Prost. Auditorium Hotel.
Mrs. May Kinsley, hotel, 56 May St.
Mrs. James Jackson, 419 Randolph St.
Andrew Dabawski. 2628 Hickory St.
Dr. J. Lidas, 279 Grand Ave.
W. G. Clemons & W. G. Duffirldof of Wilkesbarre, 47th and Cottage Grove Ave.
Guests of Auditorium Hotel.
Alderman Gazzello.

Charles Scharenburg, chief of River Forest police, held up and robbed of money, star and club.

James Brothers, 5825 S. Halsted St., $500 and fired building.

Abe Sheppard, Wm. VanOrnum, bookmakers, $1,440.

Max Cohen, 3404 Forrest Ave., $1,500.

Western Foundry Company, 36-40 S. Albany Ave., $1,600.

Famous Restaurant, 51 Halsted St.

I. C. Ticket Office, 60th St.

H. C. Wagner, Albany and Colorado Ave.

S. Olson, N. Lincoln and W. Ohio St.

Dan Beardon, 1832 Washington Ave.

Moses Marion, 8 Rush St.

Fred Zielers.

Charles Schimmel, 1087 W. Van Buren St.

Jos. Hannis, 48 Chicago Ave.

Emil Schwensen, 84 Huron St.

Howards, 33d and State St.

Julius Hermenn & Co., Masonic Temple.

Otto Micharls, 35th and Kinzie St.

Great Western Ry., Maywood Station.

Pete Brossman, Commission Merchant, 115 Exchange Building, $3000.00.

Ald. Buck McCarty.

J. H. Dalhen, 413 Jackson Boulevard.

Held up Wentworth Ave. car, crowded, daylight.

Henri Kling, (German Count), Lorengo Mabes, (supposed prince of Naples.)

F. G. Partridge, 2819 Indiana Ave., $1000.00.

Soldier, 15th Inf., held up in Custom House Place.

John Hurth, Miner, held up near 400 Clark St.

John Murphy, 725 Root St.

Held up in mid air, Jos. E. Spanheimer, Rep. of Wagnar Palace Car.

Co in elevator, $512.00.

Post Office, Auburn Park.

Dr. R. A. Miley, 3301 Halsted St.

F. B. McMillin, 101 N. State St.

Christ Schultz, Clark and 12th St., $3500.00.

J. Kun, Nathan & Fisher, Van Buren and Franklin St.

Mrs. Ellen McIlroy, $1200.00, 205 Congress St.

Mrs. W. E. Blair, 432 S. Oalkey.

Safety deposit Vaults, Chamber of Commerce Bldg. Diamonds $8300.00.

Chas. Moran, theatrical man, $1000.00, 14 Clark St.

Mrs. D'Alville, 1240 Michigan Ave.

Prof. Gray and E. Gray, $2000.00.

A. J. Graham.

Frank E. Zahner, 30271-2 S. Park Ave.

Leopold Wall, 508 37th St., $1000.00.

Matthias Dicker, 219 Division St.
Stanley Clayhomer, 3214 Laurel St., shot by masked robbers.
M. G. Dealy, 791 W. Van Buren St., attorney.
Albert Elston, $458.00.
Street Car, Wentworth Ave., F. M. Carsley, $1,600.
Henry Schiffler, Manager of the Monaco gambling hall, and four men escorts, also Mayor of Minonk.
Kittie Wells, one time dubed "Queen of the Levee."
P. S. Schmann, 129 W. 51st St.
Edward Pickard, Ass't. City Auditor., 305 La Salle Ave. Held up and shot.
Mrs. Zimmermen, 3412 Wabash Ave., Jewelry, $1,800.
J. W. Colton, Plymouth and Taylor St.
John Kipper, 337 5th Ave.
J. C. Vanderpose, 4904 Princeton Ave.
Cisero & Proviso, Archer Ave. cars, 12th St. trolley.
Cisero & Proviso, again in two days, and again two days later, 6 times in a month.
James Schneider, 5901 Halsted St., and hundreds of others too numerous to mention.

Some of the other stores that suffered losses during the great carnival of crime were: Marshall Field & Co., Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., Chas A. Stevens & Bros., Mandel Bros., The Boston Store, The Fair, Rothschild & Co., Siegel, Cooper & Co., etc., etc. Some of the largest and best protected stores in America.

NOTE—Medical experts claim that during the great carnivals of crime there were 5,000 insane people at liberty in Chicago. Due mainly to the enormous strain of commercial competition and nervous dread.

A death every fifteen minues.
A murder every seventy hours.
A suicide every eighteen hours.
A serious accident, necessitating nurse's or physician's care, every four minutes.
A fatal accident every five hours.
A case of assault and battery every twenty-six minutes.
A burglary every three hours.
A holdup every six hours.
A disturbance of the peace, to attract attention, every six seconds.
A larceny every twenty minutes.
An arrest every seven minutes and thirty seconds.
A fire every hour.
An arrest for drunkenness every fifteen minutes.
7,000 policemen were being kept busy day and night.

City Statistician Hugo S. Grosser says that the streets of Chicago were during the epidemic of crime "a veritable battlefield, bloody as any of the battlefields of war."

352 persons were killed and 3,716 injured in accidents in 6 months.

NOTE. The Author in his story speaks of an underground den. Could this be it?

Mattie Lee, 150 Custom House Place, has been frequently raided and the police have always wondered why they never found inmates at home. Reports of robberies have prompted the raids. Another raid was planned. Detectives Woolridge and Schubert who carried the warrant found the house deserted as usual. Before going to the doors, they had stationed officers outside and no one was seen to leave. A search of the house was then made, and a secret middle room was discovered, also a trap door in the floor, beneath it was a dark passageway leading under ground, from this the officers traced a tunnel extending 200 yds.

(*Chicago Herald.*)

Tillie Beekson, Cashier at Kliens, says of the short man: "I saw that his eyes and hair were brown, I remember too that I thought what a horrible face he had, he was very dark, and his face was covered with blotches" .....
It was the short man with the blotched face who grabbed the money from the cash drawer, while the tall, thin man stood on guard with two big revolvers. .....

(*Chicago Chronicle.*)

J. O'Conner, (Rupperts) says: "The taller of the two men was very light complexioned, about 24 years old, wore dark clothes of good material, a stiff hat and a white linen collar. The short man was about 27 years old, 5 feet, 5 or 6 inches and chunky build. His complexion was dark, and there were pimples or pock marks all over his face."

(*Tribune.*)

NOTE. This description fits the bandits who figure in the story beginning on page 220, Part II.

The American famous man hunter of Kansas' wild days says crimes of forty nations are rampant here.

"Bat" Masterson, who declares Chicago to be the wickedest city in the world, speaks as an expert on the subject of wickedness.

As Sheriff on the Kansas frontier between '76 and '81 when the "bad man" was in his glory and the Colt's revolver upheld the majesty of the law, he gained lots of insight into the ways of the wicked.

BUSINESS LIFE IN THE GHETTO, BARRELS AND BOXES FOR COUNTERS, THE SIDEWALK AND STREET FOR FLOOR.

THE WHITE WOMAN'S BURDEN.
YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL ITALIAN WOMAN BEARING A LOAD ON HER HEAD

CHIEF "SHORT MAN," "RED CLOUD," ETC. VISITING CHICAGO ACCOMPANIED BY COWBOYS.

LADY BARBERS, A UNIQUE BUSINESS PLACE NEAR THE CITY HALL.

A LIFT BRIDGE AND SWINGING BRIDGE IN ACTION.

A CHUNK OF CHICAGO ATMOSPHERE.

A SUNDAY CROWD AT A PLACE OF AMUSEMENT.

FOUND HANGING HIGH ABOVE THE STREET. AN INCIDENT OF TROUBLESOME TIMES.

L. M. Smith, well-known banker and broker, was preparing for a southern trip. He was necessarily brief and to the point regarding his views of Chicago.

Chicago was a wicked city? Yes. Chicago being redeemed? Yes. Chicago to become the greatest city in the world? Yes. Business bandits weeded out? Yes. That Chicago has the most rapid growth of any city? Yes. That under the circumstances it is being well governed? Yes. That the social side of Chicago compares favorably with other cities? *Yes, indeed.*

Gordon Strong & Co. operate one of the most unique buildings in Chicago. It is a gold and marble monument of Chicago's rapid growth. The business districts having become so conjested that the idea of erecting one street above another, hundreds of feet in the air was practical and necessary. These streets of marble in the air were planned and built by Gen. Henry Strong, one of the heroes of the Civil War. Mr. Carey, the manager, informed the interviewer that hundreds of sightseers from all parts of the country visit the building daily out of curiosity.

The Republic Building is only a fair sample of what is being done towards making this a city of wonders.

CRIME EXPERTS TELL THE "AMERICAN" HOW TO MAKE CHICAGO A BETTER CITY.

Commissioner Bingham, New York—Honest men in office and honest men under them is the general rule for the formation of an ideal police force.

Director Moore, Pittsburg—The first thing necessary is a man who is fearless and capable at the head of the department. He should be given full power and not be hampered by political influence or any other consideration.

Superintendent M'Quaide, Pittsburg—In Chief Collins Chicago has one of the most able men in the country, and if the people of Chicago and the officials of the city will stand by him he will make it the cleanest great city in the world.

Chief Delaney, Denver—All ex-convicts should be closely watched. Once a week the city should be given a thorough cleaning by the dragnet, and all who could not give an account of themselves should be vagged.

Chief Taylor, Philadelphia—Make the beats shorter and increase the force of detectives in the crime center districts.

Lieutenant Miller, Milwaukee—Give orders to throw into jail every well-known crook that can be found in the city. Send him to jail for vagrancy.

AS VIEWED FROM THE OUTSIDE.

Young and McCombs, merchant princes of Rock Island, Ill., when interviewed by secretary said: We are heartily pleased to hear of Chicago's redemption. We believe this voices the sentiments of all the merchants in all parts of the country. It is a fact that many have been timid about visiting the Great Central Market in the past. This book proving Chicago's redemption will become a power for good. And Mr. Stevens, the author, certainly deserves the highest praise from the two millions of residents of Chicago as well as the thousands of outside merchants who prefer Chicago as a trading point. We are in a position to know positively just how Chicago is viewed by the outside merchants and others. It has been viewed by all as the wickedest city in the world, and an unsafe city to visit. We are two of a few who know of the redemption from personal observations, and the facts recorded in this work should be brought to the attention of the millions, who still believe Chicago the wicked city. Let the voice of the Chicago citizens (who know of its redemption) be heard through the all-powerful press, it will draw thousands of people and add millions of dollars to a city now destined to become the Ideal City of the World.

NOTICE

Prize offers pages 37-345.

The time allowed the reader in which to find the well hidden words and sentences will be three months from the time he or she buys this book.

The prizes will be awarded at any time the reader sends correct solutions.

You will be very lucky or unusually keen if you find some of these hidden sentences and words. Apparent errors in punctuation and phraseology may help to hide them well.

Examine every scrap of reading from cover to cover. They might be staring up at you from these very lines.

You can visit the places where the prizes are to be put on exhibition, if still there you yet have a chance, no matter if you are late in getting the book.

Everything fair and simple.

You will own them if you earn them and you will certainly earn them if you ever own them, for you have no easy task. Address all communications to

Private Secretary, 2 Aldine Square, Chicago.

THE OLD HISTORIC HARRISON ST. STATION, AND A SAMPLE OF DETECTIVES AND OFFICERS.

BATTLING FOR REDEMPTION.

CITY BEAUTIFUL.

Like a dream
  But yesterday night
It does seem,
  Was the Red Man's last fight.

Yet, from Indian band,
  From custom old and brave settlers few,
From wooded slumber land
  A great and beautiful city grew.

A city full of wonders,
  A city full of push and vim,
Reviled by jealous Londoners,
  Skepticism and witty criticism being the world's whim.

CHORUS

Keep on a going,
You will beat old London town;
Keep on a growing,
And you will be wearing the crown;
The crown that fits the greatest city of all, etc., etc.

With modest condecension,
We checked our just pride,
And our beautiful city ceased to mention
Until a new hobby the skeptics began to ride.

From scandal perches they did bawl,
Wickedest city in the world;
Branding it deep upon our city wall
The fading name "windy" smothered by the new one hurled.

Spurred on by civic pride,
We buckled up our armour
And against the devil did ride,
Driving him back to regions warmer.

We won a great battle
Fighting for our city's good name;
We silenced the world's prattle
And put the slanders to shame.

From wage earners to prince of finance
Went up a battle-cry fearful,
Went up the battle lance
That won the name, CITY BEAUTIFUL.

A world metropolis today,
Greatest city of the Nation;
Bravely fighting its way
To just appreciation.

The old names are fast fading away,
CITY BEAUTIFUL takes its proper place,
And upon the city walls it will forever stay
A world's beacon light, A TRUTH TO FACE.

CHORUS

Keep on a going,
You will beat old London town;
Keep on a growing,
And you will be wearing the crown;
The crown that fits the greatest city of all;

The crown that fits its merchant princes;
The crown that fits the safest city of all;
The crown that fits its honest wage earners;
The crown that fits the cleanest city of all;
The crown that fits its honest politicians;
The crown that fits the most hospitable city of all;
The crown that fits the loyal press;
The crown that fits the richest city of all.

The crown that fits its millionaires and the poor as well;
The crown that fits the swiftest growth of all;
Its building being but a night's fancy and the strenuous work of a day
Compared to the dear old mother cities across the briny way.

The above ode to Chicago by the author of "Wicked City," is dedicated to the members of the Chicago Commercial Association.

This association deserves much of the credit due the great army of sturdy knights who took up the lance in defence of Chicago's good name.

They will not loosen a buckle until the fact of its redemption is known, recognized and accepted by the people of the great outside world, who are not here to judge and see for themselves what has been done and what is being done to keep Chicago as holy as it is beautiful.

The followin speeches (in part), delivered by its la president and the city's mayor were warmly accepted as the sentiment of the members and guests at a banquet lately held in the Auditorium.

MUSIC STARTS FESTIVITIES.

There was lively music prior to the delivery of the speeches. Professor Johnny Hand was the directing genius, his piece de resistance being "Stein Song," which he inaugurated by leaping onto a chair with a half-filled stein in one hand and a baton in the other. The audience responded lustily, much to the leader's joy. The applause was so sincere that Mr. Hand ordered for an encore "The Good Old Summer Time."

Those at the speakers' table beside Toastmaster Shedd and Mayor Dunne were the following:

Rt. Rev. C. P. Anderson.
Judge Jesse Holdom.
Lafayette McWilliams.
J. M. Johnson.
J. V. Farwell, Jr.
E. D. Hulburt.
Frank B. Noyes.
J. S. Seymour.
J. H. Calhoun.
A. A. McCormick.
C. A. Stevens.
C. A. Goodnow.
J. Harry Selz.
George H. Crosby.
Joseph Basch.
Isaac Keim.
B. M. Hanney.
M. B. Starring.
T. E. Mitten.
Franklin MacVeagh.

E. A. Bancroft.
A. M. Compton.
J. W. Scott.
J. E. Wilder.
E. G. Foreman.
W. . Wilson.
D. R. Forgan.
W. J. Harahan.
H. W. Seymour.
Leigh Reilly.
A. Wygant.
Erskine M. Phelps.
A. L. Baker.
Frederick Herman Gade.
Arthur D. Wheeler.
T. K. Webster.
John R. Thompson.
Frank Wenter.
Dr. Paul Carus.
Robert W. Gertz, Boston.
Henry A. Ware, Boston.
Emil A. Gertz, Hanover, Germany.

John G. Shedd presented the several speakers. His opening speech was directed to the Mayor of Chicago, who sat at his right.

"We are here to-night, happy and unanimous," he said, "to light new and vestal fires upon the altar of Chicago, every worshiper dedicating his homage to the past, his hope to the future, and his unconquerable will to the work of to-day."

HOPE IN CIVIC VIRTUES.

A few moments later Mr. Shedd turned to the mayor and said:

"Therefore to you, Mr. Mayor, and to all your worthy successors, we now offer the sympathy of all Chicagoans who believe that not in partisanship and spoils, but in the three civic virtues preached by President Roosevelt, in honesty, courage and common sense, lies the hope of our great cities and of a greater Chicago.

"Although we speak in forty-four tongues, yet is the tower we build no Babel, for out of confusion cometh unity. This tower set four squares to all the best that blows is a new world citizenship wrought of two score peoples harmonized in 300 public schools, and taught to intelligently and patriotically seek the practice and ideals of liberty, equality and fraternity."

Mr. Shedd was applauded when in speaking for co-operation between business men and the city government he said:

"In co-operation we shall have perfect urban transportation, business men, business methods and business results in the city hall; charter improvements leading toward economy, order and justice; the elimination of partisenship of all kinds in school administration and the expansion of the schools as academies of commerce."

The Mayor of city beautiful said:

"I am pleased to be present and to meet so many of my fellow citizens who stand high in the commercial world of the City of Chicago. Next to his country, every citizen dwelling in a city should have the particular interests of his city at heart. And I have yet to meet a Chicagoan who is not proud of his city—proud of its present and hopeful and sanguine of its future.

"We are met to-night to consider primarily what is for the best interests of this great and growing city. What are its draw-

backs, if any, and what measure we can devise and further to insure its future development and prosperity.

"Chicago, in my judgment, is the greatest city of America, not in population nor in wealth, but in energy, activity and vitalized ambition in both commercial and economic directions. It is the nerve center of America, from which pulsates and throbs the advanced thought and energy of the American people.

MANY CLASSES FOUND HERE.

"It is a city of palaces and hovels, a city of churches and of charnel houses, a city of millionaires and mendicants, into which has poured the children of every race and clime upon earth, and it has been rapidly assimilating all classes of people into good American citizenship. It is the theater of political action. It is the center of political economic thought. It is a city of courage and determination.

"We all love Chicago and heartily wish for its future prosperity and development. You men, leaders in the commercial world of Chicago, are anxious to attract to it the trade and commerce of the Northwest, and I am heartily desirous, and I know the officials of the City of Chicago are equally desirous, of aiding your wishes in that direction, and no stone will be left unturned to assist you in benefiting this city which we love and in which we dwell.

"We should encourage in every possible way the holding of commercial, fraternal and other conventions in this city. We should advertise the advantages and resources of our city in every possible direction. Because of our magnificent location in the center of the Northwest, because of our magnificent railway and water facilities, we ought to be able, and we are able, to sell merchandise of every character in this city upon as economic a basis as any city in America."

A complete list of the guests at the "Mayor's Dinner," given by the Chicago Commercial Association, follows:

A.

Adam, A. B.—Edson Keith & Co.
Adams, J. M.—Art Bedstead Company.
Adams, P. W.—Art Bedstead Company.
Anderson, W. G.—Juergens & Anderson.
Armbruster, F. P.—Burley & Tyrrell.
Audebert, E. A.—Audebert Wall Paper Mills.
Ash, M. L.—Kuh, Nathan & Fischer.
Austin, M. B.—M. B. Austin & Co.
Adams, J. L.—H. O. Stone & Co.
Allen, Bert A.—Curtis H. Allen.
Allen, Charles B.—United States Rubber Co.
Ackers, T. B.—Shoe and Leathern Association.
Aishton, R. H.—Chicago and Northwestern Ry.

B.

Baith, L. L.—Edward Hines Lumber Company.
Babcock, A. J.—Manning, Maxwell & Moore.
Baker, Alfred L.—Alfred L. Baker & Co.
Baker, W. N.—Trout Hardware Company.
Bales, Fred T.—Lord & Bushnell Company.
Barker, W. G.—Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co.
Barbour, F.—Critchell, Miller, Whitney & Barbour.
Barlow, H. C.—Chicago Shippers' Association.
Barness, James M.—Marshall Field & Co.
Barrett, R. B.—Barrett Bindery Company.
Barnhart, Kenneth—Marshall Field & Co.
Barrett, M. L.—M. L. Barrett & Co.
Bass, P. D.
Beachel, Charles F.—Sewall-Clapp Mfg. Co.
Becker, B. F.—Becker-Mayer & Co.
Becker, A. W.—Becker-Mayer & Co.
Beifeld, A.—Beifeld, Hirsch & Kline.
Benjamin, E. O.—Roth Brothers & Co.
Bennett, N. J.—159 LaSalle street.
Bennett, W. N.—Cotton Belt Lumber Company.
Burns, John E.—John E. Burns Lumber Company.
Buerger, Arthur—Schoelkopf & Co.
Bredemeier, E. W.—E. D. St. George Mfg. Co.
Berg, John—John Berg & Brothers.
Barnett, M.—Joseph Phillipson.
Boyd, Henry—Shoe and Leather Association.
Baifre, George P.—Shoe and Leather Association.
Brown, R. D.—Shoe and Leather Association.
Bernard, W. A.—Shoe and Leather Association.
Burt, A. G.—Shoe and Leather Association.
Bradley, F. J.—Shoe and Leather Association.
Barnhart, Morris.
Butler, J. Fred.
Bryan, W. C.—A. C. Becken.
Becken, A. C.—A. C. Becken.
Bent, Charles A.—George P. Bent.
Benzinger, A.—The Hub.
Best, A. Starr—A. Starr Best Company.
Biggs, F. H.—Nonotuck Silk Company.
Black, S. H.—Bauer & Black.
Blackman, H. E.—The John Davis Company.
Blount, F. M.—Chicago National Bank.
Blum, Simon—Blum Brothers.
Blum, Julius.
Brenner, Nathan T.
Bobo, John L.—John L. Bobo & Co.
Bobo, Fred M.
Bode, Frederick—Gage Brothers & Co.

Burton, Charles G.—National Electric Company.
Brauer, Paul.
Brauer, Casp.
Brede, M. L.—Albert Pick & Co.
Breining, J. C.—Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co.
Brintnall, W. H.—Drovers' Deposit National Bank.
Brigham, Edmund D.—C. & N. W. Ry.
Brown, E. LeRoy—S. S. Page.
Brown, Charles E.—Central Electric Company.
Brown, John H.—Gutta Percha and R. Mfg.
Brown, W. F.—E. L. Hedstrom & Co.
Bruce, C. A.—Miller & Hart.
Buchanan, W. W.—Baker-Vawter Company.
Budinger, F.—Keith Bros. & Co.
Buel, M. P.—E. S. B. Co.
Burke, E. A.—Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co.
Brown, W. H.—Sturges & Brown Mfg. Co.
Bush, William H.—William H. Bush & Co.
Bush, J. M.—Acme Mfg. Co.
Buttolph, R. B.—W. M. Hoyt Co.
Buttolph, A. C.—W. M. Hoyt Co.
Buxbaum, E.—Kuh, Nathan & Fischer.
Byles, L. M.—Nelson Morris & Co.
Byrne, J. P.—Lyon & Healy.

C

Castle, Charles B.—American Trust and Savings Bank.
Cheney, J. T.—Burley & Tyrell.
Cleney, J. E.—J. W. Sefton Manufacturing Co.
Conway, E. S.—W. W. Kimball Company.
Craig, C. F.—Metropolitan Savings Bank.
Carpenter, Benjamin—George B. Carpenter & Co.
Cahn, S. B.—H. F. Hahn & Co.
Covert, Rev. W. C.
Cunningham, Frank S.—Butler Brothers.
Creelman, F. E.—F. E. Creelman Company.
Cook, W. C.—Western Trust and Savings Bank.
Combs, P. W.—Audelbert Wall Paper Mill.
Colvin, Edwin M.—W. F. Hall Printing Company.
Cleveland, J. M.—Cable Company.
Cox, A. F.—Teno Mfg. Co.
Coleman, W. O.—Burley & Co.
Colbert, D. V.—Miller & Hart.
Cofran, J. W. G.—Cofran & Dugan.
Coey, Grant—Hettler Lumber Company.
Cloft, Clement—Sewall, Clapp Mfg. Co.
Chester, H. W.—Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co.
Charles, J. J.—Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co.
Case, E. B.—Moore, Case, Lyman & Herrick.

Crampton, R. L.—National Bank of the Republic.
Casey, E. L.—Herman H. Hettler Lumber Co.
Carr, C. M.—Joseph T. Ryerson & Co.
Cahn, Morten D.—Benjamin R. Cahn.
Cahn, Benjamin R.—Benjamin R. Cahn.

D

Dair, C. E.—Rothschild Company.
Davis, S. S.—Inter. Shirt & C. Company.
Day, Chapin A.—M. F. & Co., wholesale.
Denvir, J. F.—Becker, Mayer & Co.
Defebaugh, J. E.—American Lumberman.
Diggles, J. W.—Diggles & Gordon.
Dixon, George W.—Arthur Dixon Mfg. Co.
Dodge, O. D.—P. G. Dodge Lumber Company.
Dodge, E. F.—P. G. Dodge Lumber Company.
Drain, C. L.—Marshall Field & Co.
Drake, L. M.—Critchell, Miller, Whitney & Barbour.
Draper, H. L.—Cable Company.
Duncan, James W.
Duncan, John A.—Hollis & Duncan.
Dunn, W. P.—W. P. Dunn Company.
Durand, Elliott—Heath & Milligan Mfg. Co.

E

Eastman, Robert M.—W. F. Hall Printing Co.
Ebeling, George—Gage Bros. & Co.
Eden, W. L.—Paul Brauer.
Ederheimer & Co.
Edwards, J. T.—L. Gould & Co.
Eitel, Emil—Hotel Bismarck Company.
Eitel, Karl—Hotel Bismarck Company.
Emmerich, E. E.—Charles Emmerich & Co.

F

Fay, John B.—A. C. McClurg & Co.
Fenton, W. T.—National Bank of the Republic.
Ferguson, Louis—Chicago Edison Company.
Field, Stanley—Marshall Field & Co., wholesale.
Finn, Joseph M.—Albert Pick & Co.
Finnigan, R. J.—Joseph Stockton Company.
Fisk, H. S.—Dry Goods Reporter.
Fisher, C.—Juergens & Anderson.
Fitzgerald, H. J.—Fitzgerald Trunk Company.
Fleetwood, Stanley—Fleetwood & Pellet.
Fleishman, M. S.—M. S. Fleishman Company.
Flershem, W.—Lapp & Flershem.
Floersheim, Jacob—J. Floersheim Company.
Florsheim, M. S.—Kabo Corset Company.

Ford, W. J.—Burley & Tyrrell.
Foreman, Edwin G.—Foreman Brothers' Bank.
Forgan, D. R.—First National Bank.
Foster, Charles K.—American Radiator Company.
Francis, P. D.—Trade Periodical Company.
Francis, William—Francis & Nygren Foundry.
Frank, David—Albert Pick & Co.

G

Gale, George C.—Peninsular Stove Company.
Ganaghu, T. F.—Ganaghu Brothers.
Gatzert, August—Rosenwald & Weil.
Gauger, John A.—John L. Bobo & Co.
Gault, A. E.—Schultz & Hirsch Company.
Gerould, F. W.—A. G. Spalding & Brothers.
Gertz, Emil—Cable Company.
Gertz, R. W.—Cable Company.
Gilbert, James H.—Metropolitan T. and S. Bank.
Gilmer, Thomas L.—Sewall-Clapp Mfg. Co.
Gould, Frank—Le Gould & Co.
Gradwell, Ricord—Oliver Typewriter Company.
Grady, J. E.—Oliver Typewriter Company.
Grammen, G.—New York Central Lines.
Graves, A. M.—Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co.
Greer, Frederic—Harvard Electric Company.
Groth, M. A.—Mahin Advertising Company.
Guise, A. C.—Mahin Advertising Company.
Gunther, C. F.—C. F. Gunther.
Guthmann, Richard—Richard Guthmann Trans.

H

Hagan, H. M.—Johnson & Tomek.
Hahn, Harry W.—H. F. Hahn Company.
Hahn, H. S.—H. F. Hahn Company.
Hahn, E. J.—H. F. Hahn Company.
Budinger, T.—Keith Brothers & Co.
Hanck, C. E.—Francis & Nygren Foundry.
Harahan, W. J.—Illinois Central Railroad.
Hardin, John H.—F. A. Hardy Company.
Healy, C. F.—N. K. Fairbank Company.
Hebard, Frank—Hebard Van Company.
Hener, August—A. S. Klein Company.
Herrick, Charles E.—Ellsworth & Cross Company.
Hewitt, W. H.—Pitkin & Brooks.
Hester, Stephen.
Herzog, L.—Lyon Brothers.
Hill, E. K.—Heywood Bros. & Wakefield Co.
Hill, C. H.—Heywood Bros. & Wakefield Co.
Hines, Edward—E. Hines Lumber Company.

Hirsch, Morris—Beifeld, Hirsch & Kline.
Hirsch, S. J.—Hirsh, Wickwire & Co.
Hoefeld, Albert—Albert Hoefeld.
Holden, J. E.—Marshall Field & Co., retail.
Holloway, H. G. —James S. Kirk & Co.
Howell, William—Burley & Tyrrell.
Howell, C. D. E.—Illinois Brick Company.
Hurlbut, Charles J.—H. W. Rogers & Bro.
Hypes, W. F.—Marshall Field & Co.

J

Jacobsen, R. C.—Jacobsen Publishing Company.
Jakubowske, Karl—M. S. Fleishman & Co.
Jenkins, George R.—George R. Jenkins & Co.
Jenks, Parker A.—Hollis & Duncan.
Johnson, W. H.—Anchor Line.
Johnson, J. M.—Gould Lines.
Judson, W. B.—American Lumberman.
Juergens, W. M.—Juergens & Anderson.

K

Karpen, Adolph—S. Karpen Brothers.
Karpen, Solomon—S. Karpen Brothers.
Kawin, M.—Kawin & Co.
Kayser, Charles W.—Joseph Wild & Co.
Keefe, D. G.—Cable Company.
Kellogg, J. L.—Shoe and Leather Association.
Kelsey, M. N.—Baker-Vawter Company.
Kelsey, P. T.—Baker-Vawter Company.
Kent, H. R.—Fort Dearborn National Bank.
Kerrigan, P. B.—Shoe and Leather Association.
Kerstein, J. M.—Shoe and Leather Association.
Kilbourne, L. B.—C. H. Weaver & Co.
Kimball, A. S.—Shoe and Leather Association.
Kimball, C. N.—W. W. Kimball Company.
Kimball, R. E.—Rathborne, Hair & Ridgway.
Kimball, W. G.—Pittsburg Plate Glass Company.
King, A. N.—Shoe and Leather Association.
Kiper, Herman—Shoe and Leather Association.
Kiper, Charles—Shoe and Leather Association.
Kirschberger, W. A.—M. Born & Co.
Kline, Samuel J.—B. Kuppenheimer & Co.
Kline, Sol—Beifeld, Hirsch & Kline.
Kline, A. S.—A. S. Kline Company.
Kling, Leopold—Kling Brothers & Co.
Kohn, Isaac A.—Selz, Schwab & Co.
Kroeschell, William L.—American Can Company.
Kuh, J. S.—Kuh, Nathan & Fischer.
Kuhlmey, Albert—Shoe and Leather Association.

Kuhlmey, Albert—A. Ortmayer & Son.
Kundstadter, A.—Kunstadter Brothers.
Kuppenheimer, L. B.—B. K. Kuppenheimer Co.
Kuppenheimer, A. B.—B. K. Kuppenheimer Co.

L

Lamb, C. S.—Pittsburg Plate Glass Company.
Lance, L. C.—Simmons Manuf'g. Co.
Lawton, L. C.—Duck Brand Company.
Schman, William.—Gage Downs Company.
Lederer, W. D.—Lederer Brothers & Co.
Lovering, Mortimer—Mallory Com. Company.
Levy, S. H.—Shoe and Leather Association.
Levy, Larry—Sturm, Mayer & Co.
Lincoln, George E.—Mergenthaler Linotype Co.
Loper, Charles D.—Mullen & Co.
Lord, D. M.—Metropolitan Trust and Sav. Bank.
Lowe, Willard W.—Electric Appliance Company.
Lusch, H. B.—Continental National Bank of Chicago.
Linn, Frank—Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co.
Lyon, Cooper—Cleveland Faucet Compnay.
Lyon, Mark T.—Lyon Brothers.
Lytton, Henry C.—The Hub.
Lytton, George—The Hub.

M.

McLauchlan, A. C.—Shoe and Leather Association.
MacNiven, H. E.—Joseph Stockton Co.
McAdow, F. H.—Staver Carriage Company.
Marks, C. V.—Shoe and Leather Association.
McBride, William—Shoe and Leather Association.
McBride, G. J.—Summer, Jones & Co.
McClary, H. C.—Fairbanks, Morse & Co.
McCorkle, J. H.—Janeway & Carpenter.
McFuen, W. R.—Bartlett Manufacturing Co.
McFarland, Henry J.—Shoe and Leather Association.
McMillan, W. J.—N. K. Fairbank Co.
McRoy, George G.—A. B. Adam.
Mallen, H. W.—H. Z. Mallen & Co.
Manchee, O. A.—L. Gould & Co.
Mann, J. P.—Morris, Mann & Reilly.
Mansure, E. L.—E. L. Mansure Co.
Merchant, S. F.—Pilcher-Hamilton Company.
Marimon, Frank—Sheldon School.
Marks, Kossuth—Critchell, Miller, W. & B.
Marsh, Charles A.—Mr. Defebaugh.
Masters, E.—Rathbone, Hair & Ridgeway.
Mathews, Al—Cumner, Jones & Co.
Manns, J. E.—Schwarzschild & Sulzberger.
Maxwell, Charles E.—S. A. Maxwell.

Maxwell, Edward E.—S. A. Maxwell & Co.
Mayer, Morris—Sturm, Mayer & Co.
McLeish, Andrew—Carson Pirie, Scott & Co.
Michael, John C.—John C. Michael & Oaks.
Miller, G. S.—Shoe and Leather Association.
Miller, Maurice—Shoe and Leather Association.
Miller, B. C.—Critchell, Miller W. & B.
Miller, John G.—John G. Miller & Co.
Miller, Fred H.—Kehm, Fietsch & Miller.
Miller, W. H.—Miller & Hart.
Miller, W. E.—Fairbanks, Morse & Co.
Moeng, E. D.—Paul Brauer.
Moody, F. K.—Pilcher-Hamilton Company.
Mooney, W. C.—W. W. Mooney & Sons Co.
Moore, W. S.—W. S. Moore & Co.
Morris, Harry—Morris, Mann & Reilly.
Morton, A. H.—Sturm, Mayer & Co.
Morrow, Charles B.—Great Western Fix. Wks.
Muller, Lewis G.—Northern Bank Note Co.
Murray, Joseph E.—Butler Brothers.
Musgrave, Harrison—Musgrave, Vroman & Co.

N.

Neilson, J. D.—Shoe and Leather Association.
Nind, J. N.—Trade Periodical Company.
Northop, C. T.—Northrop Com. Company.
Noyes, LaVerne, W.—Aermotor Company.

O.

Osborn, C. D.—C. D. Osborn Company.
Miller, Eugene C.—Osgood Company.
Otis, Joseph E.—Western Trust and Savings Bank.
Owen, Jas. R.—Morrison, Plummer & Co.
Owen, R. W.—Shoe and Leather Association.

P.

Page, S. S.
Page, Cecil—S. S. Page.
Palmer, Dudley C.—Percival B. Palmer Company.
Palmer, P. B.—Percival B. Palmer Company.
Paullin, George W.
Peck, C. M.—"Strahorn."
Pellet, Clarence S.—Fleetwood & Pellet.
Pennington, F. K.—Oliver Typewriter Company.
Pettibone, Amos—P. F. Pettibone & Co.
Phelps, R. C.—Shoe and Leather Association.
Pick, Albert—Albert Pick & Co.
Pierce, F. W.—Manhattan Electric S. Co.
Pirie, J. T.—Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.

Porter, J. M.—Porter & Berg.
Porter, Washington—Majestic Building Company.
Powers, Harry J.—Powers Theater.
Powers, F. A.—Union Wire Mattress Company.
Powers, W. P.—Union Wire Mattress Company.
Powers, O. M.—Metropolitan Business College.
Powers, W. S.—Wilson Brothers.
Pratt, J. F.—Smith-Wallace Shoe Company.
Prochnow, R. F.
Proctor, J. L.—Shoe and Leather Association.
Pyatt, J. E.—E. P. Reed & Co.
Pinkham, J. B.—Chicago Evening Post.

R.

Raff, H. D.—Shoe and Leather Association.
Ralston, J. C.—Beckley-Ralston Company.
Raser, W. S.—Swift & Co.
Raymer, Walter J.—American Tin Company.
Reilly, Leigh—Chicago Eveing Post.
Reilly, F. O.—Morris, Mann & Reilly.
Reiss, H. D.—Albert Pick & Co.
Robertson, D. C.—Miller & Hart.
Robertson, T. E.—Hoffheimer Soap Company.
Roessler, Carl—Kaiserhof Hotel.
Rose, Edward—Edward Rose & Co.
Rosenthal, B. J.
Roth, John C.—Congress Hotel Company.
Roth, G. A.—Roth Brothers & Co.
Roth, Charles H.—Roth Brothers & Co.
Rudhart, R. P.—E. L. Mansure Company.
Rudolph, Franklin—American Can Company.
Rubovits, Toby—Toby Rubovits.

S.

Scheidenhelm, F. J.—American T. and S. Bank.
Schell, R. L.—Shoe and Leather Association.
Schlesinger, B. F.—Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
Schmidt, John A.—Metropolitan T. and S. Bank.
Schnadig, J.—B. D. Eisendrath & Co.
Schnadig, E. M.—Charles Emmerich & Co.
Schofield, John R.—Butler Brothers.
Schmering, J.—Otto Young & Co.
Schroeder, George—James S. Kirk & Co.
Schweitzer, Sam—Stern, Mayer & Co.
Scott, John W.—Carson Pirie, Scott & Co.
Scott, F. H.—Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
Scott, Robert L.—Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
Seaman, George W.—Bermingham & Seaman Co.
Seaman, Halleck S.—L., I. and Minn. Ry.

Selz, J. Harry—Selz, Schwab & Co.
Shalek, James A.—Atlas Brewing Company.
Shaw, Frank S.—Cable Company.
Shelden, George W.—G. W. Shelden & Co.
Sherman, E.—Guthman, Carpenter & T.
Sherman, Roger—W. M. White Company.
Shine, Joseph—Shoe and Leather Association.
Shurtleff, W. C.—Morrison, Plummer & Co.
Sidder, A. J.—A. J. Sidder Company.
Simonds, Alvan T.—Simonds Manufacturing Co.
Simpson, James—Marshall Field & Co., wholesale.
Skinner, W. E.—Union Stock Yards.
Skinner, George R.—Skinner Brothers.
Skinner, E. M.—Wilson Brothers.
Slaton, George W.—Charles H. Mears & Co.
Smoal, Hubo W.—John Davis Company.
Smith, Henry T.—Bradner Smith & Co.

T.

Thomas, E. S.—Shoe and LeatherAssociation.
Thompson, W. M.—Kelley, Maus & Co.
Thorn, Frank—Marshall Field & Co.
Tiffany, L. L.—O. W. Richardson & Co.
Teste, William H.—Jenkins, Kreer & Co.
Tomek, F. F.—Johnson & Tomek Company.
Town, D. E.—Chicago Evening Post.
Traner, F.—F. Traner.
Trowbridge, C. M.—Burley & Co.
Trout, George M.—Trout Hardware Company.
Taber, F. N.—Shoe and Leather Association.
Taft, James—Taft Brothers.
Teich, Max—Kaiserhof Hotel.
Terrell, Alfred—Simmons Manufacturing Co.
Thomas, John W.—Royal Trust Company.

V.

Vehon, Morris—Royal Tailors.
Vernon, David—Commercial National Bank.
Vierbuchen, William C.—Chicago Hotel Company.
Vopicka, Charles J.—Atlas Brewing Company.
Vorce, H. T.—Chicago Evening Post.
Vroman, Charles E.—Murgrave, Vroman & Lee.
Vawter, William—Baker-Vawter Company.

W.

Walker, S. L.—Gage Brothers.
Wagner, George—Gage Brothers.
Watson, T. A.—Watson-Plummer Shoe Company.
Watson, George E.—G. E. Watson Company.

Webster, D. F.—A. L. Webster.
Webster, G. A.
Webster, A. L.
Webster, T. K.—Webster Manufacturing Co.
Weil, L.
Weinberg, A.—Beifeld, Hirsch & Kline.
Wentz, H. B.—Beacon Falls Rubber Shoe Co.
Wentz, A. D.—Beacon Falls Rubber Shoe Co.
Wetmore, F. O.—First National Bank.
Whiffen, Wilson T.—Peninsular Stove Company.
Whitaker, J. O.—Whitaker Manufacturing Co.
White, James.
White, R. S.—American Steel and Wire Co.
Wickwire, E. L.—Hirsh, Wickwire & Co.
Wight, A. M.—Rathbone, Hair & Rigdway Co.
Wilbur, L. J.—Joseph Shine.
Williams, George J.
Wilson, L. I.—Wilson Brothers.
Wood, John H.—Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
Woodcock, L. T.—Marshall Field & Co., retail.
Woodcock, Judge J. M.
Watt, James R.—John G. Miller.
Wilbur, S. B.—Trout Hardware Company.
White, Edward—Great Central Market Magazine.
White, P. T.—Otto Young & Co.
Wilder, E. P.—Wilder & Co.
Wakeman, F. S.—Cleveland Faucet Co.
Webb, George D.—Conkling, Price & Webb.
Young, Edward C.—Belding Brothers & Co.
Weaver, C. H.—C. H. Weaver & Co.
Winslow , W. H.—Winslow Brothers Company.
Wygant, A.—United States Express Company.
Wiley, Fred L.—Becker, Mayer & Co.
Wheeler, H. A.—Credit Clearing-House.
Waldeck, H.—Continental National Bank Co.
Winheim, O. C.—Burley & Co.
Wilk, F. L.—Union Trust Company.
Warren, Frank—Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co.
Whipple, C. B.—Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co.
Whitlock, S. J.—Belding Brothers & Co.
Warner, Ezra J.—Sprague, Warner & Co.
Walliser, H. F.—E. L. Mansure Company.
Wiehe, C. F.—Edward Hines Lumber Company.

Courtesy of Record Herald.

President Theodore Roosevelt says: "Study high ideals; follow them." That these words stripped of all sententious phrases and brought to bare facts are bearing fruit here is evidenced in many ways. As a representative sample of the enterprises based upon high ideals Chicago society has become interested in the uplifting

TYPE OF MUSIC HALL PATRONIZED BY SOCIETY.

A TYPE OF MENDICANT.

of the stage. One of the most magnificent theaters in this world will be the result—a dream of art, a virtual paradise, constructed for absolute safety. Upon the stage none but the very best companies will be allowed to arch an instep or droop an eye-lid. Any company who is favored with a call to this stage will forever wear the badge of ability and respectability.

The idea is a good one. Not only will it be a pleasure and a benefit to the better class of playgoers, but it will help to elevate the entire theatrical world. It will be an incentive for the players to elevate themselves and their plays to the high standard desired by the broad-minded and generous public who admire refinement as well as pathos; morality as well as wit and beauty. The author was informed by Mrs. S—— K——, a society lady of the northside, that it was rumored Mrs. George B. Carpenter, president of the Woman's Club, was the originator of this "new idea" plan for following high ideals in uplifting the stage. It is truly a practical plan and will undoubtedly be a success morally, socially, and financially. But no matter who promotes its final success after the thought has been given birth, the originator deserves the credit and much praise. The enterprise is favorably accepted by the wealthy public.

Many of our influential men are interested in this stupendious venture. The names of some are given below. This list was handed to the author's secretary and is believed to be clipped from the *Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Messrs. and Mesdames:

Edward S. Adams.
Arthur Aldis.
J. Ogden Armour.
Edward E. Ayer.
F. R. Babcock.
W. Vernon Booth.
Orville E. Babcock.
Alfred Baker.
Hugh T. Birch.
Arthur Bissell.
Edward Blair.
Watson Blair.
Joseph T. Bowen.
A. A. Carpenter, Jr.
George A. Carpenter.
W. J. Chalmers.
Bruce Clark.
J. L. Cochran.
R. T. Crane, Jr.
H. P. Judson.
Edson Keith.
W. W. Keith.
Garfield King.
J. W. Kendrick.
Bryan Lathrop.
Dwight Lawrence.
Robert Lovett.
Honore Palmer.
Joseph M. Patterson.
Charles A. Plamondon.
Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor.
Samuel Raymond.
John S. Runnells.
Martin Ryerson.
H. G. Selfridge.
A. A. Sprague.
A. A. Sprague, II.
John E. May.

Mesdames—
Wilward Adams.
W. W. Kimball.

Messrs.—
Curys H. Adams.
Daniel H. Burnham.
Charles E. Fox.

R. E. Janney.
Charles M. Leland.
Sidney C. Love.
Frank Manley.
Frederick McLaughlin.
George F. Porter.
Clive Runnells.
Harry Rubens.
A. H. Weber.
J. Griswold Coleman, Jr.
Henry Dibblee.
A. B. Dick.
James H. Eckels.
Granger Farwell.
Marshall Field.
John V. Farwell, Jr.
Stanley Field.
Carter H. Fitzhugh.
Albert Goodrich.
F. Herman Gade.
Preston Gibson.
Edward Craft Green.
William Holabird.
Harold A. Howard.
Richard Howe.
C. L. Hutchinson.
Augustus N. Eddy.
Hugh J. McBirney.
J. Medill McCormick.
Stanley McCormick.
W. D. McClintock.
H. M. McIntosh.
Franklin Mac Veagh.
Arthur Meeker.
A. B. Newell.
Frederic T. Norcross.
William R. Odell.
Herbert S. Stone.
H. D. Sturtevant.
B. E. Sunny.
Francis Taylor.
Russell Tyson.
George E. Vincent.
Warren M. Salisbury.
Willoughy Walling.
B. M. Winston.
Lawrence Young.
Emmons Blaine.
George E. Adams.
James Deering.
William B. Hale.
David B. Jones.
Joseph Leiter.
Benjamin Marshall.
Robert T. McGann.
Potter Palmer, Jr.
H. H. Porter.
Edwin Stanley.
Charles F. Wacker.

CHILDREN LEND AID TOWARD MAKING CHICAGO "THE CITY BEAUTIFUL."

Chicago's crusade for beauty has found a new phase—it is making poets of the school children. A few years ago, when it was quite the fad to say unpleasant things about Chicago, to talk of its dirt, its noise and its general ugliness in a kind of hopeless way, a few of the loyal men and women of the city got together and decided that Chicago with its natural facilities for beauty should be beautiful. Municipal art leagues and committees were formed, the Chicago branch of the National Outdoor Art League added its efforts, the club women, ever responsive to these things, joined hands, and year by year their efforts have left their imprint.

The accumulations of many years could not be put aside in a few months, but they have worked slowly and surely, and this year, when Arbor day arrived, it found not only the elders but the school children eagerly awaiting an opportunity to add their share toward the general beautifying of the city. This enlistment of the interest of the children—the beginning at the bottom of things with a view to future Chicago and its citizens—is due to the efforts of the club women who have worked for some years through the medium of their art committees in bringing new and natural thoughts of beauty of surroundings into the school life to the teachers who have given unceasing efforts to aid the good work, and to the Outdoor Art League, with its offspring, the Ceres Circle, formed by Miss Jennie Maxwell and other West Side daughters of wealth and leisure a few years ago.

CHILDREN WORK FOR BEAUTY.

Of all these forces the Circle, the last and youngest, is most local and interesting because it was a pioneer in the movement for securing the active interest of the school children. The young women of the Circle started with the schools of the West Side. They secured a number of printed pledges, the signer promising to aid in the work of the city beautiful by keeping loose papers and refuse from the streets as far as individual effort could avail. The schools were visited, the idea was explained to the children, they responded with enthusiasm, and boys and girls alike set about to help in the crusade. The success of the undertaking in the West Side schools encouraged the young women to spread their efforts to the other schools of the city, and to-day a majority of the school children are enlisted in the city beautiful army. The climax of the year comes on Arbor day, with Decoration day a close second, and the efforts of these school children at the recent Arbor day planting should be of great interest to every loyal Chicagoan.

Through the efforts of the Chicago branch of the Outdoor Art League, of which Mrs. William Frederick Grower, well known in club circles, is president, an order went forth from the board of

education to the principals of the public schools that Bird and Arbor day should be observed in every one of the 300 schools of the city. Arbor day chanced to fall on Good Friday, and for this reason the celebrations were scattered through a great portion of a week.

ENTHISIASM OF A SCHOOL.

One of the first to respond was the Forrestville School at Forty-fifth street and St. Lawrence avenue. This is one of the model schools of the city, and both teachers and pupils find great pride in keeping it so. The walls are hung with many reproductions of the masterpieces and several originals, including a painting by John Johanssen, a recent purchase of the children themselves. The principal, Miss Holbrook, and her corps of teachers, are among the most enthusiastic of the city beautiful workers and last year they made a beginning by beautifying the only planting space available—the girls' recreation ground. The Outdoor Art League was called upon for assistance and did the first planting in April of last year, the children furnishing the Arbor day literary programme.

This year the teachers and children furnished their own trees, vines and programme, without assistance. The programme was unique. A general idea of the day's meaning was given the children of the advanced grades, with the request that each should write a wish or an essay or a bit of poetry or prayer concerning the observances of the day. The first planting was done in the morning by the tiny folk from the kindergarten, who planted a mountain ash and a bunch of lilies of the valley, singing an reciting their little verses as the things were put in the ground. During the afternoon these little ones appeared in pairs, each pair bearing a small tub of water with which they solemly watered their trees and flowers. Then they arranged themselves on the stone coping to watch the rest of the programme.

EXERCISES ON ARBOR DAY.

In the afternoon 1,300 children marched from the front entrance to the girls' playground, carrying flags and school banners and handfuls of flowers, each one taking some part in the exercises. When the planting time came the programme included the burying of a bottle at the foot of the tree, containing the names of the little planters and their wishes for the life of the tree. Four of the rooms clubbed together and purchased a beautiful specimen of the hawthorne tree.

The wishes, original with the children, and the bits of verse and composition show what Chicago may expect from its future citizens. Little Miss Florence R. Myers wrote:

MY WISH.

May all the people happy be,
Who helped to plant this hawthorne tree.
I wish that Forrestville may grow in beauty,
As this tree doth grow in size.

Edna Kantrowitz of the same room wrote a lilting bit of verse for her wish, entitling it "The Charm":

PICK UP WASTE PAPER.

While this programme was being carried out at the school the Clean City Club, organized by Mrs. Harriet Taylor Treadwell from the pulpils of the eighth grade, of which she is teacher, were busy on the vacant lot at Forty-fifth street and Cottage Grove avenue. The club members are pledged to assist in the improvement of conditions in the neighborhood, and, like the Ceres Circle children, pick up waste paper, from disfiguring other people's property as well as their own, and keep off of lawns.

Compositions were written with the city beautiful as the topic, and some of these are worth publishing for the benefit of the elders. Henrietta Sayre of room 1, grade 8, writes:

The cry of the popular universe is now the welcome of the beautiful and the quest of the sanitary. We with "the courage that gains and the prudence that keeps what men strive for" are the ones who, taking up the cry, must press onward to victory. The little things and daily unnoticed acts of the people are what make our streets dirty and the atmosphere one mixed with flying particles of caramel wrappers and old newspapers. Garbage, too, is a never-ending source of annoyance; not through its own fault, perhaps, but through the fault of those who afterward grumble over the high taxes and a superfluity of "cleaning-up societies." Step by step, though, through the effort of each man and woman, we are becoming the "city beautiful" and the "city clean" of the western world, and if some obstinate creatures persist in thwarting our enterprise we must not become discouraged, for Rome was not built in a day.

Comes an echo on the breeze,
Whispering through the dusty trees,
And its urgent tones are these:
"Burn up papers, plant new trees,
Put your garbage in your cans;
Force expectoration bans!
Keep the billboard out of sight:
Shun the wrong and do the right,
So our great commercial tree
Standing guard the inland sea.
May rejoice with you and me,
That we've brought it up to be—
The City Beautiful!"

TREES CALL FORTH POETRY.

Two more examples of the result of the "city beautiful" teachings are found in the "prayer" by Lucile Kline, which is a little gem, and Frances Prendergast's "Plant We a Tree".—*Journal.*

The President tips his hat to Chicago and says lofty ideals are the proper thing.

Names of some of the loyal citizens who entertained the President. In thanking him for the tribute to our beautiful city they voiced the sentiments of a multitude of wage earners and others.

Charles H. Wacker.
Gov. Charles Deneen.
C. F. Gunther.
A. L. Baker.
A. J. Earling.
E. B. Butler.
Col. Walter T. Duggan.
H. G. Selfridge.
Dr. Alexander Lambert.
Senator A. J. Hopkins.
L. A. Ferguson.
H. A. Strohmeyer.
Robert J. Thorne.
A. Cowles.
Slason Thompson.
E. F. Carny.
R. R. McCormick.
C. H. Conover.
Murray F. Tuley.
Frank B. Noyes.
Victor F. Lawson.
Charles G. Dawes.
A. A. Sprague II.
Judge Kohlsaat.
James B. Forgan.
J. J. Mitchell.
Frank H. Jones.
Byron L. Smith.
J. L. McGrew.
M. C. Latta.
David R. Forgan.
R. W. Patterson.
Graeme Stewart.
Frank O. Lowden.
E. A. Hamill.
Franklin MacVeagh.
J. H. Eckels.
Cyrus McCormick.
H. H. Kohlsaat.
F. H. Tyree.
E. A. Potter.
J. G. Thompson.
F. W. Gerould.
I. G. Elliott.
A. D. Wheeler.
J. E. Monk.
T. W. Robinson.
Darius Miller.
R. H. Donnelley.
W. C. Thorne.
Vernon Booth.
H. Gilette.
C. L. Bartlett.
J. V. Farwell, Jr.
William Loeb.
Edward Bancroft.
Marshall Field.
Marvin Hughitt.
Walter H. Wilson.
A. A. McCormick.
J. M. Dickinson.
A. G. Blair.
Judge Sol H. Bethea.
W. L. Brown.
T. E. Donnelley.
H. P. Judson.
Arthur T. Aldis.
C. H. FitzHugh.
Mr. Sutton.
John Maynard Harlan.
J. M. McCormick.
R. King.
C. M. Dawes.
W. S. Warren.
Delavan Smith.
H. N. Higinbotham.
D. B. Jones.
Dr. G. Isham.
F. C. Farwell.
A. M. Day.
J. G. Rogers.
H. H. Martin.
B. E. Sunny.
T. E. Mitten.
Fred. W. Upham.
J. Blabon.

H. Lloyd.
Fred A. Bangs.
Rush C. Butler.
Arthur B. Cody.
Albert E. Crowley.
A. D. Curtis.
J. E. Defebaugh.
George W. Dixon.
William H. Eagan.
William G. Edens.
Robert S. Iles.
Thomas D. Knight.
E. C. Lindley.
Chauncey W. Martyn.
George W. Miller.
Frank I. Moulton.
Edwin A. Munger.
Robert McMurdy.
M. W. Pinckney.
James T. Plumsted.
William J. Pringle.
Henry W. Price.
Emil C. Wetten.
R. T. Thompson.
George Merryweather.
Marquis Eaton.
Emil C. Wetten.
H. J. McBirney.
William Kent.
J. O. Hinckley.
B. A. Eckhart.
W. O. Coleman.
J. F. Harris.
Harold F. McCormick.
G. A. Carpenter.
B. Carpenter.
Arthur Dixon.
Ralph C. Otis.
Joseph E. Otis.
Sol A. Smith.
W. B. Smith.
George A. Mason.
Harry L. Prescott.
Henry R. Rathbone.
John T. Richards.
James Jay Sheridan.
Andrew R. Sheriff.
Mors O. Slocum.
Frederick A. Smith.
Fred. W. Upham.
Roy O. West.
Lloyd Bowen.
W. E. Clow.
H. J. McFarland.
G. B. Swift.
Clayton Mark.
Col. E. G. Halle.
E. C. Brainerd.
Laverne W. Noyes.
J. T. Harahan.
W. A. Angell.
R. W. Cox.
J. C. Shaffer.
Roy O. West.
W. C. Boyden.
Samuel Insull.
W. G. Beale.
Harry Rubens.
Peter Schuttler.
R. Ortmann.
F. C. Bartlett.
J. C. Hutchins.
W. J. Pringle.
Chauncey Keep.
H. R. McCullough.
W. A. Fuller.
Enos M. Barton.
J. C. Patterson.
A. C. Anson.
F. K. Copeland.
Charles H. Thorne.
E. C. Wetten.
Thomas Carey.
Charles Werno.
J. W. Eckhart.
E. G. Foreman.
Julius Rosenwald.
Charles U. Gordon.
Theodore K. Long.
Gale Blocki
Graeme Stewart.
Judge F. Q. Ball.
Judge A. N. Waterman.
Judge O. H. Horton.
Judge Elbridge Hanecy.
Judge Jesse Holdom.

Dr. J. B. McFatrich.
Dr. C. L. Barnes.
W. F. Knoch.
Arnott Stubblefield.
Walter Fieldhouse.
Harry V. Wood.
Linn H. Young.
James J. Healy.
Oliver Sollitt.
E. D. Brothers.
W. S. Kies.
W. T. ApMadoc.
D. L. Ettelson.
Warwick A. Shaw.
William L. Rohrer.
Arthur Dixon.
L. K. Torbet.
B. W. Snow.
Isaac M. Hamilton.
George Edmund Foss.
Martin B. Madden.
W. W. Wilson.
James R. Mann.
LeRoy T. Steward.
F. E. Coyne.
Clare E. More.
Henry E. Weaver.
George E. Shipman.
J. M. McConahey.

Notice to Readers

If interested in prize contest look for the hidden words and sentences.

See Pages 37, 113, 345

The prizes will be awarded promptly upon winners sending letter or pages containing his or her correct locations marked

Names of the prize winners will be given in Mr. Stevens' next book, "City Beautiful," sequel to "Wicked City."

"WICKED CITY"

Continued From Page 36

"*As the chimes told the hour.*"

CHAPTER IV — Continued.

now?" The snaky, shifty eyes of the other, which had been weakly traveling in every direction but that of the speaker, were brought to bear fully upon the eyes opposite. They showed interest, but not recognition. "No, but dem lamps of yourn seems kinder like I'd seed em afore, but I don't twig yer." The other sat back in his chair with a quiet smile of satisfaction on his Spanish countenance, fingering his glass thoughtfully, while his companion watched him with a puzzled look on his cunning, crafty features. "Well, it is best so. I was here with a friend of yours once, and I thought you might remember me, but as you don't it doesn't matter. I am from your friend 'Butch.'" His listener stirred uneasily. "Ye know me, then?" "Yes, I know you and the criminal record you left behind you in the States, from the guy you croaked on the 'levee' in Chicago, to the 'clock job' you done here." As he finished his companion was pale to the lips. "Who, who—" "Who told me this?" you would say. "Why—my friend,—" As he spoke he leaned over the table and whispered a name in his trembling listener's ears. As he did so, a relieved expression overspread his features. Rising, he extended his hand. "Give us yer mit, 'pal'; if he spieled to yer about me and de ticker, you'se are of the right sort, for he knows his man, he does. Yer lamps are dead ringers for hissen. I did spiel to meself onc't 'at dere werent a guy in the world with a pair like 'em. Where is he? It's been about a pair o' years since I done biz for him. He is de right sort, and would never give a pal away. I would walk out and give him me joint if he wants it." "Yes, I guess you would have to if he said so," replied number "49." "He don't want your joint, but he does want what coin you got in the till, and all the long green stuff you got in your leather, so dig up. Come, hurry about it." "Yes, but where is he? You ain't tipped his cover yet." "No, nor am I going to, either. He is near by, and if you don't want to stake him to the coin you got, I will see that he takes you at your word of a few moments ago, and make you stake him to the whole thing, 'booze, grafters' and all—so dig up." "Well, I ain't got much wid me, but he is welcome to wot I got." As he spoke he drew a long leather book from his inside vest pocket, and extracted a ten and five pound note. Handing these over, he then made for the outer room, stopping behind the bar he touched the "no sale" button on a heavy register, and securing the contents returned to the room they had left. Counting this out on the table he shoved it towards number "49" with a look and action as much as to say, "Well, you see I am a good fellow, anyway. Let's see—fifteen pounds, and this is four pounds lacking a shilling—about nineteen pounds." "It is not enough you will have to frisk that 'leather' again." "Wot yer given us? Didn't you see me give yer all the coin in de joint? Wot er youse looking for, anyway?" "Well I am looking for some more of that green stuff you have planted in that leather." With a long face and sullen air he brought the book to light and handed it to number "49," who, inserting his fingers in the different compartments, found one 50-pound note and two twenty dollar bills in American money. "Ah, this is the real thing, as fine as split silk and twice as good.

I thought you was holding out on me. You ain't under cover with any more, are you?" "No, and that coin dere ain't mine either. But long as it reaches me friend, and 'e gets de good of it I ain't a kickin; but it's on the dead, 'pal,' that last coin was left me by a 'flash cove' wot I know." "Well, just tell him to take it out in 'booze,' for he will never get another *flash* at this." As he spoke he withheld the money and passed the book back to its owner. "I will stake you to that, and when you get it full again I will come around and see you: meantime, *your friend* says that you should not by any means lose the clock, so good-by, I am off." "Well, I see you are dead next to me friend's 'biz,' so we'll drink 'is health. Here is your glass." Taking the proffered glass in his hand number "49" looked at it thoughtfully for a moment and replaced it upon the table saying, "No, 'pal,' I will not take any chances on you—by the way, that makes me think. Trot out there and bring me a small portion of the knock-out drops you carry, your friend might need them." "Certainly 'pal,' I will cut anything in two wit 'im I've got—even my interest in heaven." "Well, your interest and his, too, in that region would not be very great, so dodge along there and get what I want; I must blow out of here at once." "Wot's yer hurry?" "Well, your friend may get tired waiting for me. As he spoke that satirical smile was to be seen a moment only, for when "Butch" returned with the sleeping potion which they termed "knock-out drops," his face was as unreadable and impassive as ever. He was a clever actor and not once did the keeper suspect that his mysterious customer was the friend spoken of. "Thanks; now then if you will get behind the bar and look your prettiest, I will loosen up a little and buy a drink for the house." Passing into the outer room the same motley crowd of poor humanity was to be seen—immorality and weakness on most every face, unless it was a "live" one, as they termed a greenhorn who was ready to be jollied into spending his money for drinks and other favors. "Happy Sal" had one of this latter class in tow, and was in her element, a cigarette between her teeth and the rest of the pack on the table alongside a glass of 'alf and 'alf, which she occasionally sipped, removing the cigarette to do so, then blowing through her nostrils the smoke she inhaled, adding nail after nail to the coffin that was soon to hold her dissipated remains. Throwing a handful of coins on the bar, he invited them to drink. There was a rush. "Happy Sal" in the lead, pulling her companion along with her, fearful she might lose him, probably without the chance of replacing him with one of his like upon such a rainy night. Watching this sickening sight of greediness for a moment, he threw another handful of coins over the bar and made his way out. As he trudged along on his way back to the strand he muttered—"Well, if he did not recognize me no one would; the test satisfies me. I will have to go back and get that clock if he has not blowed it before this. I wonder how the Governor is enjoying the narrative of my life and the crimes. Crimes? Why, I never committed any, unless it was a crime to get 'Butch' to swipe that mysterious clock from Gordon's lawyers,

every person, whether he be a plebian or prince, has a right to his own opinion. Maybe others would call it a crime to kill the shark that ruined me, but I don't. I would do it over again under the same circumstances, and as for hitting that poor Jehu a rap over the head, I hated to do it, but it was a case where I had no choice—and, by the way, I must make another call and blow these togs. Dorris shall never know of my imprisonment until the clock ticks off the mystery it holds, and every chance of winning her love has flown. Then, and only then, would I welcome crime as a refuge to drown my sorrows and eke out my revenge on the critical world." Thus excusing his faults to himself, and mentally figuring on the fickle future and the possibilities it held for him, he hurried along, still retaining that artificial stoop of his generally upright and military figure, his disguise was good, but would they recognize the storm clothes he wore as belonging to the cabman? No, he had calculated on that as he walked down the strand where he had passed hundreds similar to the one he wore. Feeling safe from recognition, he slackened his pace and cast his eye about for a cafe. While enjoying a hasty lunch, he overheard a conversation between a man sitting at the counter on one of the high stools and another that had just entered. "Hoi, Baker, 'ow's tricks. Well, oie caught a couple of rainy weather floats at a good fare. 'Aye youse 'eard the news? No? Wot's off? *Wots off* you soi? Well, it's prisoner number "49" wots off, and the governor is clear off 'is 'ead. Fatty just took 'im over to Scotland Yards, and 'e 'ad a roll of paper wot 'e called a confession, telling about it. Oh, 'es away off 'is 'ead, the Governor is." Paying his score and leaving them to pick this bit of news to pieces, he quietly dropped into the street and pursued his way with that same cynical smile playing around his lips. The Governor is off 'is 'ead ,is he—I thought he would be when he read that star effort of mine. I have tried my hand at most everything, but never have I tested my ability in a literary way. Sometime I will try my metal. I want a taste of everything this life offers. I wanted a taste of prison life—well, I got it—more than a taste, I am thinking; almost a mouthful. No more treadmills or cranks for me." Still musing, he found himself at the entrance to the underground; here he met two "Scotland Yard men" coming up. As he passed them he caught the words, "'Tis a ten to one shot 'e don't get hout of London." "Talking about me I guess. Well, I will give them better odds the other way—a hundred to one that I do." Reaching his destination he made his way to the street and discovered that the rain had almost ceased. Glancing at the unfortunate cabby's watch, he found that it was 8:15. Striking off at a brisk walk under the dripping trees that lined the footpath, he halted in front of an imposing edifice, set far back and surrounded by a beautiful yard, full of nature's growth, assisted by artificial designs of art in the way of flowery pathways and fountains, which sent their sprays heavenward to mingle with the slowly falling raindrops. Contemplating this scene a moment, he turned into the grounds, so generously open to the wayfarer or visitor, and made his way toward the

house and up the marble steps toward two monstrous weather beaten statues of the knights of old, which had stood for centuries guarding the massive doors. "I see by the papers that Gordon is away, and old Giles is probably asleep, so I will enter by my key if it is still in its old hiding place, and not eaten up by rust for want of use. Stooping and removing a small fragment of slab that formed the base of the statue on the right, he inserted his arm up to the elbow, and brought forth a rusty key. Replacing the piece of slab, he carefully inserted the key in the lock and entered—a dim light burned in the magnificent hall. Listening intently he mounted the stairs and passed into a handsome suite of apartments. "Yes, these are Gordon's old rooms. Now then for the wardrobe, and we will see if I am in luck again. I am. He has left many of his clothes behind, shoes and all. Guess he thinks he has a cinch on coming back and taking possession this fall. *Well, we will see.* He always was a good dresser, and as we are about the same build I think I can get a fit." He hastily attired himself from head to foot, crossing to a handsome full length mirror that met the ceiling, beautifully carved in gold leaf border. He turned in all directions and surveyed himself critically. "I don't like that tie very well, but it was always his favorite color and style." Noticing an old traveling case he threw some extra linen in it with a few more handkerchiefs and ties. Slipping out into the hall and cautiously down the thickly carpeted stairs he was just about to let his hand fall on the door knob when it fell to his side instead; and there was an expression of surprise upon his face and a whispered curse bubbled from his clinched lips.

The silence was broken by the chimes of a clock. Led by the sound, he crept forward and entered a beautiful library upon the left. True to his conjectures, he found the mysterious clock (supposed to be in the keeping of the repulsive "Butch"). As it ceased telling the hour, he speedily unloaded a portion of the articles from the large suit-case and replaced them by the clock, which bulged the sides somewhat and proved quite heavy as he slipped out of the door and down the marble steps. Butch had proved a false guardian, but chance had placed the clock in his possession without further trouble. A gleam of satisfaction lit up his face as he elatedly followed his habit of communing to himself.

"Now for the new world where I can work out my destinies until this wonderful piece of mechanism gives up the secret the old gentleman's most peculiar will claims it holds. At times I almost doubt the existence of anything of the kind, and I hardly believe Gordon places any great confidence in it, for if he did, he would not leave it with a deaf old man as its only protector. Well, the time is drawing near when we shall know all. If I had anything to leave to my heirs, I wouldn't tie it up for three or four years in an old clock. By jove, it is getting heavy."

Hurrying along, he reached the path under the trees in the highway and soon found himself nearing the business portion of the

city. At Great Ormand street he hailed a passing two-wheeler for Euston Station. As he leisurely walked into the waiting room, it would be hard to recognize in this cool, calm, well-dressed, Spanish-looking gentleman, number "49," the convict for whom a large reward had already been posted, making a stronger incentive for the already zealous officers of the law, who were watching every means of exist from London. Selecting a good cigar at the stand he proceeded to enjoy it while watching the hurrying throngs collect for the outgoing train; among them were many detectives who scanned the face of every new arrival as they were dropped by a cab or appearing from out the gloom on foot. The poor and rich alike made for one point—jostling one another, although twenty minutes before the train was scheduled to leave. Killing the time as best he could over a bottle of ale and some shrimp, he then selected a handful of cigars to smoke on the journey. Seeing that the old case and its precious contents were safely aboard, finished up with a stroll about the platform. More than twenty pairs of keen eyes belonging to the London sleuth inspected him closely, but failed to see anything that would warrant even the merest suspicion that he was other than what he seemed—the quiet, polished gentleman of leisure, or a traveling man who represented some wealthy firm or wholesale dealer. Little knots of men were discussing the latest news and one was referring to a placard which described the escaped convict in every detail as the prison authorities knew them, offering five hundred pounds for his capture.

Boarding the train, he quietly perused a paper while rolling on to freedom. Although careless of the past, he was wide-awake to the future. Arriving at the steamer without mishap, he deposited the clock on the table of his stateroom and set it in motion after noting the time lost, then went below where he was soon deeply interested in a hand at poker, and passed the time in this way and divers others until New York was sighted after six days of churning through the green billows. He was cool and keen in every sense, active and on the alert as they steamed up the harbor, guarded by the ever diligent goddess of liberty, who cast shimmers of light over sea and vessel. At the dock off Clarkson street, the "Umbria" unloaded her human freight, bound for so many different destinations; some had friends who gathered around and bade them welcome, hurrying them away in comfortable carriages to a more comfortable homes, while there were others unceremoniously hustled down the gangway to be swallowed up in the great city without the price of a night's lodging or meal to begin the battle of existence in a new land. Some were met by officers in blue who gave them a warmer welcome than they desired, a welcome they had feared, but tried to avoid, a welcome that landed them in the tombs. Number "49" did not contemplate a reception of either kind, and was right in his surmise for he passed down the gangway among the last that were off without

adventure. Many New York and Chicago detectives thronged the warf but after a sharp glance, they paid little attention to him. Accepting one of the many vehicles offered, he was driven to a hotel on Broadway near Trinity Place. A day in New York, a visit to a few places of interest and he was off for a wicked city, the center to which every class of humanity in the world gravitates—the evil and the good, the rich and the poor, the great and the lowly. The moment he struck the streets of Chicago, he decided that it was at least a wide-awake city. The activity and alertness shown by the commonest pedestrian convinced him of the fact.

Locating a desirable hotel with club rooms attached, he found himself among a fashionable set, enjoying the games while others were refreshing themselves at the bar which was a handsome affair behind which was a dispenser of the beverages who was in keeping with it and the other surroundings. He ordered a glass of wine which was served with such rapidity, deftness and cleanliness that it really made the drink seem more pleasing to the taste. While slowly sipping this, he took in with a critical eye every detail of his surroundings, even to the pictures that adorned the walls. The dispenser apparently was very popular with the patrons of the place who seemed to be well bred, well to do, clever men of the world. Inviting the dispenser to join him in a drink, they were soon in conversation which led to the question of gambling, and Chicago's reputation for wickedness in general, a reputation that has reached all corners of the globe whether merited or not.

"You say there is a law against gambling here?" "Yes, there is a law and it is pretty well enforced too. The Inspector and his men are very vigilant, but still it is impossible to suppress it entirely for there are gambling houses running in this city. Do you indulge at all in that kind of diversion?"

"Oh, yes, I sometimes do."

"Well, you seem to be a stranger in Chicago, so I will put you next to a few of them and their locations, but you will find it hard to gain admittance for some are without protection."

"Without protection? I hardly understand the meaning of the word as you have applied it. Oh, on a second thought, I believe I follow you. You mean that there are some favored few who have some influence or 'pull' as you Americans term it, with the police and are allowed to run wide open without fear of interruption or arrest. Is that not it?"

"Well, you have a plain way of putting it, but that is what some or in fact the majority believe it to be, but if you should do me the honor by asking my opinion in regard to this 'protection' business, they all take—just excuse me a moment, here comes Mr. ——— one of the proprietors and a good fellow too. He is a boy that can tell you more about gambling in Chicago than I can." Smoking and drinking, the talkative keeper continued the conversation where they left off. "We were speaking about gambling in Chicago as you came in, Mr.——— and I was just remark-

ing to this gentleman, Mr.——ah! yes, thank you, Mr. Robert Long, that this "protection" the gamblers are supposed to have is a myth. I do not believe that the police give any of them absolute protection from arrest while carrying on their business. Don't you think that they give their players to understand that they have protection from arrest in order to give them confidence, allay their fears and hold their game?"

"Well, that is a question that is many times asked and as many times given up, Fred, the same as I will have to give it up this time. There is one thing that I do know, that the club room we furnish for our guests to sling the pasteboards around in, is never molested, and I am sure that the Inspector and his representatives have never handled any of our money in exchange for what you call "protection." I think the keeper of a house where you have to cater to the public as you do in the hotel business, should be entitled to devote a portion of his hostelry for the diversion of his guests. Would that not be your opinion, Mr. Long?"

"Yes, that is my opinion exactly. I surmise then that you sometimes indulge in the national game under your own roof?"

"Well, yes, I quite often take a hand, but only with the guests. No outsiders are allowed in the room set aside for that purpose. Most of my guests are speculators and Board of Trade men. The transients are mostly the better class of traveling men or couples visiting Chicago on their honeymoon. We have some very nice guests that are stopping permanently with us. Such as Mrs. ——— also Senator D's widow and Prince ——— and his charming American wife, and others. By the way, you will excuse me, I am expected to escort a lady to the opera and it would hardly do to be tardy. You will find Fred a sociable fellow and I will leave you to his tender mercies. If conversation and drinks run out, get him to tell you some of his experiences in wicked Chicago." Warmly shaking hands, he passed rapidly out to keep his engagement.

After listening to many tales of Chicago by the keeper, Robert made some other inquiries regarding the hotel and being well impressed determined to make it his future headquarters. He therefore, registered and was shown his apartments. His precious burden, the clock that had ticked its way across the ocean was his first care. From the window of his sitting room he noted Chicago time by a large clock in the tower of a beautiful structure opposite. Soon the mysterious clock from London was striking the hour on a Cathedral chime which was modulated to such a fine degree as to sound like the sweet notes of far away music. As it ceased and the last chime vibrated on the air and gradually died away, a clear toned bell tolled the day of the month, while the minature figures of a bridal party passed from a minature castle on the right along a little rustic pathway and entered a miniature representation of St. Paul's Cathedral? As the last figure disappeared, soothing strains of music could be heard lasting fully a minute. So it ticked on all unconscious of the great

part it was to play in many lives. After a good rest which refreshed body and mind, Robert Long paid his respects to his acquaintances of the evening, after which he hunted out Chicago's most stylish tailoring establishment. Here he left his order and the following day found him attired with clothes that fit his well proportioned figure to perfection. During the intervening time he replenished his scanty wardrobe with other necessary articles of wear, and stepped out into the thoroughfare, once more in appearance similar to his former self before his prison experience, but with a heart more steeled and hardened toward the finer feelings which prevailed in his younger days. As is was, he passed for what he seemed to be, a well dressed, well bred gentleman of means, unassuming and reticent, cool and collected. But this exterior hid a smouldering volcano of fire and passion which if led to the surface by the chance hand of fate, would scorch and wither unblemished lives as ruthlessly as a prairie conflagration licks up tender grass along its pathway.

"Now I guess my 'front' is good enough and I will look up Dorris—bless her image. She is the only thing on this earth worth a thought. I wonder if she has changed any? I know I have. I wonder if she will notice it? It don't seem possible that I am the same being that I was when I first knew her. Why I would not even have taken the name of the Lord in vain. But now, there does not seem to be any thought in my mind that there is a God, except when I think of her sweet face, and as it is a face of a goddess, it naturally makes me think of the possibility of a God somewhere or somehow in connection with her. If I win her love I might accept God. It is possible that she is married after all, but if so, it could be only lately for the directory gives their names as 'Mrs. Waite and Miss Waite, Sunnyside.' I will quickly settle all doubts."

He was soon speeding toward his destination as stated in Chapter I. No. "49" purchases a Chicago paper and while scanning its columns is somewhat surprised to discover the following notice among the personals:

"Any person knowing the present address of Robert E. Long, who left his home, 2112 —— St., London, England, about three years ago to visit Paris and last heard of there, will receive $2,000 reward. Communicate with Gordon Long, Palmer House, Chicago, Illinois."

CHAPTER V.

THE BROTHERS MEET.

"Two thousand dollars, eh? Well I will just postpone this visit and take that two thousand dollars myself. It's a bright idea, I will do it." Leaving the train at the next stop, he returned to the city's center. In a second hand store on the "levee" he purchased an old suit of clothes and returned to the hotel. Affecting a slight stoop and halting step, he presented himself before one of the porters of the Palmer House and notified him in slum dialect to tell Mr. Long "dat dere is a guy out in front wot wants to see 'im." Pressing back against the building in the shadows cast by the great pillars, he watched and waited for the appearance of his brother, his body in repose, but his mind working and active, wide-awake to possibilities and the chances he was taking of being recognized. Soon a tall, well-built man appeared and advanced with a quick, rapid step, looking in every direction with eyes eager and piercing in a way similar to Robert's own.

Discerning the dark figure in the shadow he inquired: "Did you wish to speak with me, my man?" His voice was eager but kind and musical.

"Be yuse de gent wot advertised in de paper to-day?"

"Yes, I am the party; can you give me the information I wish?"

"Well, dat wos wot I came 'ere to do if yuse was on de square and means wot you say in de paper. I wants de money, cash down, or I don't turn a wheel, and a rig is wot we need."

"Very well, you shall have it. Engage a hack while I step into the hotel to replenish my purse for I seldom carry that amount with me."

He soon reappeared with a light spring overcoat buttoned over the $2,000 added to the usual amount carried. A close inspection would also show that it was buttoned over something else, a light pocket revolver. He seemed to be no fool, this pleasant-faced man, for he had prepared himself for emergencies. Stepping into the hack, they were bowled along, but not towards Robert's hotel. For while Gordon was absent, Robert had ample time to press an extra fare into the cabman's hand with instructions to drive around the city in any direction he wished until just after the tower clock struck the hour, then drive to the hotel. Following out these instructions, the vehicle at last drew up in the shadow near their destination. Gordon stepped out followed by Robert who pulled the slouch hat he wore more firmly over his face, hiding his eyes as they struck the glare of light. They soon found themselves before

the door of Robert's apartments. Unlocking this, Robert tiptoed lightly into a dim room with pretended caution, as though in fear of disturbing a sleeper. He had acted his part well, his brother not once suspected the ruse.

"Now den, boss, jes give me de money an I will send Robert Long to yuse. See?"

"Yes, I see. Here is your money as I agreed. Now send him out, but if you play me false, I—"

"Sh—, not so loud," his guide cautioned with a peculiar look in his more peculiar eyes. "I knows me business, I does."

Tiptoeing to an inner door he cautiously opened it and passed from view. Gordon made for the door by which he had entered and glanced along the hall to see if there was a door opening from the room his contductor entered. Finding this to be the case, he kept his eye on it and listened for further developments. Hearing voices, one of which seemed to be in anger at being aroused, he seemed more assured, but still kept a close watch.

Stilling the mysterious clock for fear it would give warning of its presence, Robert went through the sham performance of awakening somebody, changing his voice to suit. Meantime he removed every vestige of the swarthy, dark appearance of his face and hands. Inspecting his altered appearance in the mirror and being satisfied that Gordon could not recognize him as the companion of his long ride, he opened the door with head half turned giving some order to the imaginary valet or porter, then bringing his piercing eyes to bear on his visitor, he started back with an exclamation of well-feigned surprise. What followed has been given the reader in opening chapter, so we will pass on to the end of this strange meeting and follow Gordon as he departs with bowed head and puzzled brain.

* * * * * * *

Gordon passed out and down the marble steps and struck the street along which he hurried with downcast head and blurred eyes, sick at heart, for this noble man had loved his brother and playmate from boyhood's earliest remembrances with a deep affection, having a manly respect for his superior goodness.

"Yes, there is a change in him, and a great one, too; but I failed to notice it at first. Oh, God, that this should be! I see it all now, and he loves Dorris, sweet Dorris. But I am afraid it is a passion and not a love for her, not the pure holy love I would offer her. Ah, if it was only a real love, my brother, instead of a passion that would burn itself out in time and leave her only the shell that holds it, blackened and charred and useless, I would say—yes, I believe I would leave the field clear for you; but no, oh no, what am I thinking of? I could not, I never could give up the hope of winning her, not even for him. I would willingly give all I possess, or all my chances of future possessions, to bring back my brother to me, for I still love him as a brother should, though he has no love or friendship in his heart for me. Anyhow, I am sure he does not love her as I do or he would not have spent the last

two years on Spanish lands when she was all this time in America. No, his love for her can not be what mine is. I feel justified before God in pleading my love at her feet, if the clock proves that I have a right to lay my love at the feet of any pure girl. Well, this horrible suspense will soon be over. It was fortunate that I found Robert just at this time, time for the ceremonies to be gone through with on the first of May in the presence of our lawyer who still holds the will and key. It is a strange will and certainly most unjust, for it leaves the illegitimate son a pauper, and—and a jest for the idle scandal mongers, with which this great world is so infested. It leaves the unfortunate one only a blackened name to begin the world with. Our father seemed to love us both during his life, why was he so unjust to the innocent at his death? I know he died of remorse for his early sin. If he had left the property and income to the son of his sinful lust, it would be more like justice. Well, it is a puzzle that few could figure out. If the property falls to me, I will share it with Robert, but, ah, I forget. It is so situated he could not leave it to any illegitimate son, neither can we share it for it is entailed." Thus ending his musings, he straightened his shoulders and quickened his pace with the air of a man prepared to look the world in the face, and unflinchingly meet the fate it held in store for him. The walk and cool air cleared his brain. He began to glance around and wondered why he had not thought of taking a cab. As if in answer to his thoughts, a voice from the street hailed him. "Ain't you going to ride back, Mister?" Turning, he discovered a hack, which had been following.

"Why, yes, certainly, I had forgotten the hack as well as your fee, but drive me to my hotel and you shall have double your fee for my absent-mindedness." Arriving there, he alighted. While paying the hackman, Gordon looked sharply at him. "Now, look here, my clever friend, if you will tell me why it only took about one-third the time to come from the L——, that it did to drive to it, I will double that fee you have in your hand. Now, the truth, man, why is it, can you explain it and earn this?" (Tossing in the air three silver dollars, one after the other as he spoke.)

"Well, I don't know as there is any harm in telling you." The hackman's eyes glistened greedily as the silver pieces fell one on the other, giving out a merry jingle which suggested many extras for the little ones at home. "You see it was jes' this way: While you wus inside, the gent with the wicked eyes told me as I wus to drive around the city till the tower clock struck the hour, then I wus to drive straight to his quarters and he would give me two dollars extra. He gave it to me and I done as he told me to. See?"

"Yes, I see; but did you see this man come out while you were waiting?"

"No, he did not come out as I see."

A moment later Gordon was sitting in his quarters, his brows knit in deep thought, but the silver pieces were keeping up their merry jingle in company with the rest of a good evening's work in

the Jehu's pocket, while a contented smile played over his weather-beaten countenance. The poor hackman was the happiest of the three main actors of this evening's tragedy-comedy play in the city of wickedness.

DORRIS.

The next day dawned fine and clear and there was the smell of spring in the air as Robert stepped off the accommodation at Sunnyside and struck into the path that led to the beautiful river. Following this for some distance along its banks, he came in sight of a most picturesque scene of nature and habitation. The smoke was lazily curling up from the chimney of a small, but well preserved, snug looking cottage with Gothic roof and Venetian blinds, around which grew a great profusion of trailing ivy. The cottage itself seemed a portion of the landscape which was beautiful in the extreme. The surroundings were in keeping with the house which stood amid this wooded scenery some distance from the banks of the stream, not so far but the rippling music made by the water forcing its way over the rocky bed could be heard. An arbor of wild grape vines lead from the rear to a little summer house by the river, built of rustic limbs gleaned from the woods. A swing of heavy ropes was idly swaying between two large trees which were like the rest of high nature, just budding out to keep in form with the green grass at their feet. A small boat was gently tugging at its tether, caused by the action of the passing water. There were also rustic seats under the great trees, dotting the shore and park which gave all an inviting look. This scene in all its details spoke of peace and happiness, for who could be otherwise than at rest and happy, if he were at peace with himself and the great world in a spot like this. But Robert noted little of this, only in a quick, rapid glance around, which seemed to take in every point without resting on any particular one. He was looking for the object of his visit to appear. Not being favored with a glimpse of her, he turned and pushed deeper into the woods. Satisfying himself that he was secure from observation, he rapidly went through the wonderful change in which he had become so apt as to cause him very little loss of time and patience. Examining his features critically in a little pocket mirror, he then made a detour and brought up on the opposite side of this beautiful home. The advantage he gained from this point was something, for he commanded the view of a long veranda, a perfect network of morning-glories and ivy, but no living thing met his eye, except a robin which was hopping daintily around, picking up crumbs that had evidently been scattered on the brick walk by some kindly hand. Another robin joined the first, and still another, and they shared the crumbs, but their gentle benefactress did not appear.

The time to meet Gordon was drawing near so he retraced his steps and leisurely sauntered along toward the station. He had not proceeded far, when he saw the object of his thoughts walking

rapidly toward him. Gordon, grasping the hand of his brother as he bid him good day, wrung it and said:

"I have it, Robert, I have what you need and now there is nothing to keep you from going with me to London. Here it is, partly in gold. I don't know, you may be a silver advocate, but gold is less bulky. The banks here, some of them any way, are putting out considerable gold, so here it is."

As he spoke, he extended a leather pouch to Robert with the air of one who was pleased that it was in his power to perform this little favor. Gordon's heart was better than the gold he had procured so willingly for his brother to alleviate his supposed financial difficulties. Robert unceremoniously accepted the bag, and emptying the bills and bright yellow gold pieces into his pockets, returned it, saying, only:

"You had better keep this, you may need it to bring me another load some day."

Gordon's face fell for just a second at the carelessness of this speech, then it cleared and the same good-natured bright and genial expression so characteristic of him returned.

"Ah, well, you will have your little joke, Robert. Have you waited long? Were you in sight of their little nest out here in the woods?"

"Yes, I was near there."

"Is it not beautiful?"

"What?"

"Why, the little home they have, the grounds surrounding it and all?"

"Oh, yes, the scenery, you mean. It is very pretty, but I did not see any of the inmates stirring. Possibly they are away?"

"No, for there is her pony, 'Bonny Bess', she calls it. Yes, and there she is herself!"

They were near the summer house now, and Gordon laid his hand on his brother's shoulder, stopping him in his tracks.

"Isn't that a pretty scene, the perfect picture of innocence, grace and beauty, peace and contentment?"

They both gazed in admiration. The blood leaped in Robert's veins. Indeed it was a pretty picture which these two men gazed upon with such admiration, now oblivious of each others presence. Dorris was seemingly about to go for a row and had stopped to give her pet (a handsome black pony) a lump of sugar, along with a caress for she had one arm around the pony's neck, while with her disengaged hand she was feeding it. A beautiful water spaniel was jumping about barking and tugging at her dress, as if jealous of the attention she was giving the larger animal. She was neatly dressed in a costume which fitted her beautiful form with such perfection as to bring out every graceful outline to correspond with the beautiful face and dark hair so tastefully and neatly arranged. Her eyes were of that honest brown and her pure soul looked out as she raised the large drooping lashes that shaded them. Her cheeks and lips made one think of red-ripe peaches. As she smiled down at the antics of her spaniel who insisted on her sharing her attention

with him, it was seen that her teeth were perfect in arrangement and white as milk. The face in all its details was perfect and interestingly beautiful, not with that kind of beauty we so often see which is only beauty in itself and nothing more; but in this Madonna-like face could be seen a depth unfathomed of moral strength of character, a face brimful of good will and good intent.

Removing her arm from the pony's neck, she patted her other pet which so pleased him that he ran around in a circle, scattering the loose accumulations of the ground in every direction. But noting that she had again turned her attention to the pony, his rival for her favors, he stopped short and began to evince his displeasure by looking up at her in a kind of mournful and coaxing way, emitting sharp barks to attract her attention meanwhile. The pony lowered his nose near his jealous rival who growled and showed his dislike by wrinkling up his lip and looking sullen, for he did not dare to snap at her, Dorris having taught him better manners. But it did not prevent him from thinking a good deal and looking ugly; but oh, what a change as she again turned after feeding the last lump of sugar to her big pet and resumed her walk towards the water! The spaniel showed his extreme pleasure by cutting up all kinds of capers, running and cavorting about ahead of her, barking joyfully, causing his mistress to laugh and say: "Why, Toots, I really believe that you were getting jealous again. Have I not taught you better than that? I am afraid I will have to give you less acrobatic lessons and more moral lessons, for it is wrong to be jealous."

CHAPTER VI.

"THE BROTHERS' COMPACT."

As she spoke, the words and the silver tones she uttered them in reached the ears of the two young men. Not till then did they seem to be cognizant of each others presence. Then did these two brothers recognize the fact that (although it may be wrong to be jealous as they had heard her tell Toots) they were jealous already, for nature had conquered Gordon. For a moment only, did he allow this feeling to hold him. Then uprooting it with a mighty effort, he laid his arm across the shoulders of Robert and looked at him with troubled eyes.

"Robert, tell me, could you find it in your heart to wreck this peaceful home by ruining the life of that beautiful girl? Look at her, look at her well. She is coming this way."

Robert looked, a bitter struggle going on within him.

"Can you wreck that sweet life by marrying her if you prove to be what you so much fear? Could you, Robert? Answer me, man. Could you do it?"

"No, no, Gordon, a thousand times, no. I could not. Gordon, does she not make you think of our boyhood days, when we were both almost as perfect as she in a moral point of view? Remembering my wrecked life, could I wreck hers? No, Gordon, I love her too well to attempt it. *The illegitimate son shall make way for the legitimate son.*"

Gordon's eyes glistened with tears of brotherly love, as he pressed the hand and thanked him for the manly spirit he had shown. In fact, he was so exuberant that he forgot for the moment his surroundings, or that Dorris, the unconscious cause of this feeling, was near, and gave a shout that awoke the echos about and also awoke her to passing events, one of which was the comical figure of two men holding hands, one capering about like a mad man. Her first impulse was to retreat, and attempted to, when she recognized Gordon's voice calling her. She stopped and blushed rosy red as he rapidly advanced leading Robert by a length.

"Don't go, Miss Waite. Excuse me for frightening you, but I could really shout at the top of my voice for joy. Our friend and brother has come back to us, and here he is."

Stepping to one side so Robert could better be seen as he advanced around the summer house, he noted the glad light that leaped to her eyes as she recognized him. Springing forward, she gave him a hearty welcome, but while chiding him for not writing or coming sooner, her generous heart prompted her to think of the dear mother

whom she knew would be so pleased to see him again. So in order not to delay the pleasure for a moment, she dragged him towards the house with her two little hands clasped around his. Arriving at the vine-clad veranda, she ushered him up the steps and through the archway of trailing vines into the presence of her beautiful mother, for her mother was still beautiful in spite of age and years of remorse. Her beauty was a spiritual beauty and, like her daughter's, would fade only when the body went back to clay from whence it came. She arose as Dorris unceremoniously ushered her prisoner in crying, "Ah, mother dear, now you will have to worry no more or cry your dear eyes out, for here is Mr. Long, safe and sound."

Gordon, having been left trailing along behind, had not reached the sitting-room, and Mrs. Waite imagined it was he her daughter was dragging by the hand. She seemed hardly pleased to see her so familiar.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Long, won't you be seated? Dorris, please stop acting so unladylike and take Mr. Long's hat."

She obediently dropped Robert's hand which was perspiring from her warm clasp and took his hat, placing it on her own shapely head in her excitement to explain, rushed up to her mother and embracing her cried, "Mother, darling, don't you recognize him? It is Mr. Robert. It is Gordon's—oh, here is Gordon himself, he will—." She got no further, for as Gordon entered the room, Mrs. Waite looked from one to the other with evident excitement and astonishment. Taking one step toward Robert, she extended her hands and tried to speak some words of welcome; but they were unintelligible, and lost even in the stillness that had reigned in the room during the brief period she was gazing at the two men, so like in appearance. Another step forward, she swayed and would have fallen if Gordon had not caught her in his strong arms. She had fainted. They laid her gently on a couch and applied restoratives; but without avail. Dorris was frantic with grief and begged Gordon to get their physician.

"His number?" he inquired.

"Get our family physician, Dr. Warder."

Assuring her it was only a fainting spell to allay her fears, he hurried to the station and by telephone requested the doctor to drive over without a moment's delay. Upon his return he found Robert making preparations to leave, offering as an excuse that he thought it would be better that she did not see him when she came to. So he made his departure, bidding them a hasty adieu, assuring them he would call the day following. left the house and struck into the path that led to the station. As he walked rapidly along, he glanced back and noted that the doctor was just driving up, his horse covered with foam and reeking with sweat. Stopping at a convenient place to make his change, he boarded a train and was once more in the heart of the metropolis. He seemed to have no thought of the unconscious woman he had left behind.

"I don't care to take any chances on that doctor. Can't imagine what she keeled over for. Guess she is bothered with heart trouble or something else," and so he dismissed her from his

thoughts. The face of the other occupant of the ivy-clad cottage was continually before him. Even the maddening whirl of busy life and excitement, which always pervaded Chicago's great center, failed to divert his mind from the question he was considering as he walked along. Could he keep his promise to his brother? The good that had been aroused was fast being consumed by the furnace of evil within him, and he was ashamed of what he termed the weakness shown for a moment to Gordon as he gazed at the spiritual, Madonna-like face of Dorris.

"I presume she has admirers by the score, but I have only one rival to fear, and that is my conscientious brother. If he succeeds to the estates, he is to be feared; but if by any possible chance he should not be the heir, I have a clear field with every chance of success, for he is too honorable to continue his attentions. Anyway, I will go kind of slow till that infernal clock settles the question one way or the other."

* * * * * * *

The following day found him walking briskly along the wooded pathway in the direction of the ivy cottage.

"By Jove, there is Gordon coming this way. I must take no chances." Diving into the bushes and waiting until his brother passed, he made his change and resumed his way to the cottage. As he neared the summer house, he heard a sweet voice say, "Why, Mr. Gordon, I thought you were at the station by this time." So this was where Gordon had made his adieu, probably after a delightful tete-a-tete with his sweet hostess. "Can it be he is underhanded and is playing his cards to win in spite of the honor he was preaching to me about? Wanted to steer me off while he bagged the game, eh? I know he is a point ahead of me on account of having the opportunity that stone walls and iron bars have deprived me of, and I guess he means to keep that point ahead of me, too, if love scenes in summer houses will do it." His active mind formed these false conclusions instantaneously as she spoke and appeared at the rustic doorway, a picture of loveliness. A blush tinged her cheek as she comprehended her mistake. Robert assuming manliness and sincerity, politely doffed his hat and extended his hand, inquiring after the health of herself and mother.

"Oh, I am well and glad to see you again, as I know mother also will be. She is all right to-day, and has asked about you many times. Won't you come in and see her?"

Gently releasing her soft hand from his, she led the way. Mrs. Waite was reclining in an easy chair on the veranda. She arose and hurried to meet them.

"Good morning, Mrs. Waite. I am glad to see you about again."

She grasped his hand and replied, "Yes, Mr. Long, and I am more than pleased to see you again after all these years. You must excuse me for my weakness last evening. Your brother and I had given you up for dead and the shock of meeting you so suddenly

was a little too much for my nerves which are not very strong in my advancing years."

"Don't think of it. The apology, if there is one necessary, should be on my part and not yours, for so unceremoniously appearing before you as I did; but let us all be thankful that no serious consequence resulted from my lack of forethought."

"Yes, and let us all thank God for bringing you among us again. Your brother was almost wild about your unaccountable absence; and as the time drew near when the question as to who was heir was to be settled by that strange clock, he lost all hope of ever seeing you again on this earth. But he used to say he would be sure to see you in heaven, if he, himself, were permitted to enter there when this short life here on earth was given up for that more glorious one; for you were all that was good and noble in the days in which he had known you. Your brother, Mr. Long, thinks a great deal of you. Why do you not honor him with your confidence? He is much puzzled to know the reason why you were silent for so long, not even the scratch of a pen to tell that you were still alive. He loves you so dearly, will you not trust him and relieve his mind? He can not bear to think that it was through any act of his. He is also afraid that he has lost your love."

Robert, thus cornered, hesitated but a moment and replied, after wrongly thinking to himself, "Gordon has taken a spoke out of my wheel."

"Mrs. Waite, I am deeply honored by the interest you take in me. I hardly expected to be remembered by you and your charming daughter after such a lapse of time and following such a short acquaintance. Again you flatter me by evincing such an interest in me, and I am indeed truly sorry that I have not a more practical reason to advance for my absence; but the only reason I can give him and my friends, who care to know is, that I took a notion to be inconsistent, an impulse born from some romantic desire to lose myself in foreign countries, which I did. The only things I can attribute it to, are the vagaries of man in general. As to Gordon, he may set his mind at rest, for I still love him, the same as I respect you and your daughter who he is fortunate to have as companions." Blandly and smoothly did he prevaricate to account for the years spent in a London prison.

"Gordon tells us that you were in Spain much of the time."

"Yes, and many other places. I lately arrived from Cuba."

They were sitting now in the cozy parlor and Mrs. Waite had, in her gentle tactful way, changed the subject first started and they then talked of many things interesting to all. Time passed rapidly. The dinner hour came. Robert was pressed to remain and dine, but, thanking them and stating that a business matter which required his personal attention in the city would deprive him of this added pleasure, he made his departure. Mrs. Waite warmly urged him to come often, an invitation seconded by Dorris.

* * * * * * *

Number "49," ensconced in an easy chair at his comfortable

quarters and lazily watching the wreathes of blue smoke as they as-clear Havana as they ascended and formed into rings, mused: "I must win Dorris at all hazards, no matter by what means. Life is slow, but with her I believe I could turn over a new leaf, or turn back to the leaf I was on up to my nineteenth year when old nurse on her dying bed informed me that she believed I was the one. I wonder what caused her to think so, or did she know? Well, I am bad enough as it is, when there is some little prospect ahead, but should I lose name, home and the chance of winning this pure girl; I wonder how far I could venture, and how long I would last? Well, with the winnings I have lately made at cards in club rooms and Gordon's stake, I have enough to start life on with Dorris, sweet Dorris, and live an honest life for all time to come, legitimate son or no. Yes, I could marry and go into the mercantile business, a business that would meet her expectations regarding honesty and all that 'rot.' For her sake I would do anything. And still Gordon has the assurance to say it is only a passion. Ah, if he only knew what a passion; a passion that will brook no interference, a passion that must win, for it will never burn out as he claims."

CHAPTER VII.

GORDON HEARS FROM LONDON.

At this moment his musings were interrupted by a knock at the door. It was a bell boy who bore a silver platter upon which rested a card. He read the name, rapidly thinking meantime, "Gordon Long." "Show him up in about five minutes," he said, "I have my toilet to finish yet."

The boy disappeared and Robert, quickly making his change, sat down by the open window. A moment or two passed, then a knock at the door. Without arising, he raised his voice in an invitation to enter. The knob slowly turned and Gordon dragged himself into the room. Sinking into a chair he groaned like a man in agony, and in real agony he was, too, agony of the mind, the worst kind of agony, an agony that rings a moan from the lips that is never caused by a physical pain. On Robert's rising and asking the reason of his agitation, he replied by handing him an unsealed letter with a London postmark. "Ah!" A light broke over him. "He has heard from old Giles, who has probably informed him that the clock is again missing. Good!"

Stepping nearer the light he extracted the contents of the envelope. The rattle of the stiff English note-paper (which was written on by a cramped and nervous hand) was the only sound to be heard until Robert had finished the following, bearing on the clock's mysterious disappearance:

"Master, I hopes as you will forgive an old servant, but after over twenty years of service and faithful attendance to my duties, I have to confess that I have failed to attend to them as I should while you have been away; for dear master, many days passed that I did not visit the room the clock was in. I say 'was,' for it is there no more. My head is bowed low in remorse, master, for if I had dusted the angel top-piece and its trappings every day as you told me to and looked at the time once in a while, the angel would have stayed on earth with the treasure it guarded. You will say that it has been stolen, but, master, no one has been in this house since you left. The outside doors have been securely locked, so it is surely gone for good this time. God knows, master, I wuld give up my poor old life sooner than lose the strange clock, knowing the value you place upon it on account of the secret it holds. I informed the lawyers and they said as they would write you. They said as they were going to offer a reward and they said as you was to put some advertisement in the American papers, but bless you, master, I know that it would do no good, for spirits do

not answer advertisements in the papers and bring things back for a money consideration. You must pray, master, pray for the return of it, as I pray for the return of master Robert from out the devil what he is in. I am, your disobedient and unfortunate servant,

GILES MANNERRLY."

"Good! That is just the thing! Old Giles has played into my hands nicely. He will advertise here and then I can get in my work."

Replacing the letter in its envelope, he returned it to Gordon, saying aloud with cool concern, "You don't put any stock in that 'rot,' do you?"

"No, why certainly not, my dear brother, Giles is getting worse and worse every year. He has all kinds of fancies all as absurd and impossible as the fancy that you have turned into a 'devil.' Some thief has stolen it and has by this time disposed of its jewels and ornaments and probably ruined the mechanical apparatus so the secret would be forever buried."

"Why do you take on so? I did not know before, Gordon, that you were as avaricious as you seem to be. I would not let the loss of paltry houses and lands affect me like that."

"Ah, Robert, you do me an injustice. If you knew how little I care for the loss of houses and lands, as you say; if it were only houses and lands and no other loss attached to them! But, Robert, do you not know what it means to lose the clock that holds the secret of our birth. *Means! Why it means that it places Dorris beyond our reach for all time.* Don't you see that if the clock is lost we would never know which one is the legitimate son, and neither of us could, in honor, continue our attentions to her? Oh, God, what a complication of affairs! When will the truth be known? This waiting in suspense is more trying than the truth revealed."

"Have you advertised yet?" Robert inquired.

"I hardly think it is in this country," Gordon replied.

"Well, you can't tell; they might be afraid to dispose of it there and would bring it to New York or Chicago or they might have stolen it for ransom."

"So you think I had better advertise for it here, too?"

"Yes, and offer a reward that will be an object to them," suggested Robert.

"What shall we offer as a reward?" Gordon asked.

"I have nothing, Gordon, so make the amount as large as you can."

"Well, you had better get about it, if you want to get your ad. in for the evening papers." So Robert hurried him off before the subject of their conversation could give warning of its presence.

"I will meet you at Sunnyside after dinner."

The brothers met as agreed, not only that evening, but many afternoons they could be found at Ivy cottage, enjoying the society of Dorris and her sweet-faced mother. They read to her, rowed

her about on the waters of the beautiful stream, fished, also enjoyed hammocks, and rustic seats on the green bank, sometimes staying to tea, after which they would repair to the piano in the tastily furnished parlor and listen to her soul-stirring music. Robert and Gordon, both having fair voices, sometimes joined in, so the hours passed very pleasantly. Nothing was said to the ladies about the loss of the clock, but they noticed Gordon's voice did not seem so cheerful, firm and hopeful as usual. They also noted that his face was pale and troubled. But the cause was not explained to either, until one day Mrs. Waite's eye happened to fall on the "Personal" he had inserted.

CHAPTER VIII.

A STRANGE CLOCK—DEATH—AND WILL.

Mrs. Waite's face turned whiter than that of Gordon's who was sitting near. He noted her agitation and seeing the paper she held in her hand, surmised the truth. He bowed his head in guilty attitude and was silent. Why was she so agitated and why was it she looked at Gordon's bowed head with such sorrowful, compassionate eyes? Only she knew. It was a secret that embittered her whole life. Robert and Dorris, who had been playing chess in the alcove, now arose and, excusing themselves, sauntered out to the old swing, Dorris inviting Gordon also with her eyes as she glanced back; but for once he did not see them, a horrible struggle was going on within him. At last, lifting his head and seeing that they were alone, Mrs. Waite and he, he arose. Glancing out of the window, he saw Dorris and Robert enjoying the large swing like two happy children. There was no chance of being overheard. Drawing a chair near, he opened the subject with set lips and drawn features.

"Madam, I see you have noticed the ad. I inserted in the faint hope that I would obtain some clue to this twice-stolen timepiece."

"Yes, my dear boy, I have noticed it; and another thing I have also noticed is that you are worrying your life out over the loss of it."

"Oh, why will you and Robert misunderstand me so? Believe me, dear madam, it is not the value of the clock in itself or the lands it might make me master of, for I assure you it is only a little drop in the great sea compared to that which I will lose if it is not restored to me."

"And Gordon, that is what? Be candid with me. Look upon me as a mother."

"A mother?" Gordon started. "Ah, that I could, madam. It is the dearest wish of my life to some day be able to call you mother, but the chance of having that right is forever lost, lost with the clock."

"And why is this? Speak plainly, I hardly follow you. You mean——"

"Madam, I mean that with the loss of this mysterious clock I have lost all right as an honorable man,—I have lost the proofs of the right I should have to ask of you the hand of your daughter, whom I love with all my heart. And, madam, my conscience smites me. I can no more be a guest under your roof, for I know not if I have the right to mingle with honest and respectable people like yourself and saintly daughter."

THE CROOK SOON HAD THE MYSTERIOUS CLOCK IN HIS POSSESSION AND MADE HIS EXIT FROM THE UNDERGROUND DEN TO THE STREET ABOVE.

"Gordon, rest assured that there is nothing you can say that will ever make me think the less of you, or Robert, either. I believe you both to be the souls of honor and truth, and the honor you do me when you say you love my daughter is great in itself, for I know none with so true and noble a spirit as yours. Only, I could not consider an offer for her hand for some time to come."

"Ah, madam, you do not understand *all.* Let me finish, and then you will not repeat your last kind words to me."

"My dear boy, nothing can change my sincere respect for your- and your brother."

"My brother—ah, I had forgotten for a moment. He loves her, too. And for this added reason I must speak and tell you the horrible truth, and I hope you will forgive me for the subjects I must allude to in order to put the facts before you in their awful significance."

Then in broken accents he told her of the death-bed scene when they were nineteen, and the secret revealed to them by the dying nurse, their plea to their father to tell them which one was the unfortunate child, how the old man answered all appeals with a sad shake of his gray head and said, "'It is best for you not to know till you are men. You will be better able to look at things in their true light then. It was a matter of minor importance that made me so reckless when at immature age, and my recklessness has spoiled my whole life and the lives of others. I love you both, my boys, and love you both too well to place a secret in your hands that you know too much of already. You shall have known this when I am dead, and your accusing eyes can not reach me in the eternal hell I have so well fitted myself for by this one act of my reckless youth. I did not expect to die till you were men grown, but I shall never see that day. This humiliation will shorten my days.' 'We still love you, dear father,' we said. 'I know you love me, but not as before. I cannot bear the accusing look in your eyes.' 'When shall we know?' we asked him. After a moment's thought he answered, 'You shall know five years from this day. Yes, on the day of May 18th of that year, you shall know, but not until then, I swear. I will not add another wrong to the one I have already done you, for it would be wrong to tell you until you are men. Until then, try to think as kindly of your poor old father as you can under the existing circumstances.' 'But,' we replied 'suppose you die before that time, how are we to know?' He replied that he had thought of this contingency and would prepare a means by which he could tell us even *after death, and still intrust the secret to no living being.* This greatly puzzled us, but we had to be content, for he would say no more, only he told us one day that he loved us both, and had provided for us in his will. The property was entailed and it would have to go to the legitimate son, but a sum of money equal the value of the property would be left the other. Then, for almost two years, we saw very little of him. He seemed to shun the world. His lawyers and some mysterious foreign work-

men were the only ones that he was ever at home to. He courted seclusion from us to such a degree as to step in a door-way until we had passed him, as we sometimes met him in the hall. Old Giles served his master's meals in a newly improvised work-room where he spent the greater part of his time, working on the clock that holds the secret of our birth I suppose. Shortly after this was finished he began failing. When we would occasionally catch a glimpse of him, we noticed that his form was bent and thin, his face was bloodless, his hair, formerly gray, was white as the driven snow, his eyes looked so longing and full of pain that I one day approached him, but he shambled hurriedly along and disappeared in his room, and thus he avoided us, until one day Giles informed us that his master was unable to rise. We hastened to his bedside, but he lay with his face from us, breathing heavily, as if in great pain. The family physician was summoned at once, but he could not diagnose his case. There was no disease responsible for his condition, but we thought it might be a disease of the mind. Anyway, he grew weaker and weaker. The doctor visited him every day and his lawyers quite often. Then they sent for you in regard to the documents your late husband held. Then, he died while we were kneeling at the bed he lay upon with averted eyes. We beseeched him to look at us, told him that we loved him and that if he imagined we had anything to forgive him for that we freely forgave him. Then he replied in a voice so weak as to sound far away, 'You never can, I love you both, the clock will tell which one shall despise me the most when I am gone. The worms will soon be eating my miserable body, but the great clock will live on—on—on forever.' He feebly pressed our hands, but did not once look at us, neither did we see his eyes in death, for when the end came, which it did just as the gray of morning showed through the curtains and the chimes of the wonderful clock tolled the hour of four, there was a convulsion of the body that twisted the bedclothes, then a rattling sound issued from his throat, the thin hands stiffened in ours, and when we gently released them, we found that he was dead, with his face buried in the pillow."

There were tears in the good lady's eyes as he ceased speaking for a moment and there was a noticeable huskiness in his throat when he again continued.

"He had made a strange request of the doctor, Giles and the lawyers, which they reluctantly carried out as he wished, and that was to be buried face down. Then, when all was over, the will was read, bequeathing all lands, properties and incomes to the legitimate son, while the illegitimate son was to have the clock alone. This did not seem to correspond with what he had told us, but we were so grieved at his singular death that we did not make comment on it at this time. Then after a long list of instructions and a generous sum bequeathed to old Giles, his faithful servant, he stated that the clock was so constructed as to give up the secret as to who was the legitimate son and heir on the day of May 18th, 18—. The clock was manufactured to run three years without winding

When the three years were up the secret it held would be divulged. It was to be wound every three months from that time on, then at the expiration of the first three months another secret would be divulged, but what this other secret is, I cannot imagine."

"You say the clock still held another secret?" Mrs. Waite's face was ashen white.

"Yes, so the will reads. We have that to go by only. The will closed with an order to the lawyers for a cash sum of money which we were to use as suited us during the three years. I have managed well, but have very little of my share left. The thousand dollars I have offered as a reward is all with a small exception. I told you about the clock being stolen from the lawyer's vault."

"Yes, Gordon, I believe you did."

"Well, after regaining possession of it, I kept it at our home in London, from which place it was lately stolen. I have heard from the lawyers there and have given them instructions to offer $1,000 reward and more, if they will be responsible for the sum whatever it is above that figure, but I have little faith in any good resulting from it, as I think the thief or thieves have demolished it for the jewels and gold ornaments with which it was profusely and most magnificently decked. Now that you know all, my dear madam, can you still repeat the words of a moment ago?"

"Yes, indeed, Gordon, and with more earnestness than before, for you have proved yourself a gentleman, legitimate son or not. You have imparted to me that which has, I can see, cost you great effort, but you did right. God bless you for it."

"Thank you, madam, for your interest and good will. This was a duty I owed to you. I have discharged it. It should require no praise, and the fact alone that you will still tolerate me as a guest once in a while is more than I can expect."

"Believe me, Gordon, you will always find a warm welcome here in our little home, whenever you care to honor it with your presence."

"Again, I thank you, madam. You are too kind."

Warm-hearted tears sprang to the eyes of both during a moment of silence. Then he arose with a sigh of relief, as though this unburdening of the secret had relieved him, as indeed it had, for he felt that he had always owed her this duty. Things took on a brighter look and as the silvery voice of the one he loved so fondly floated in at the open window, he wondered why he had before been so gloomy and melancholy. So, with new warmth in his heart and light in his eyes he joined Robert and Dorris who were at this moment calling him.

"I cannot see what you and dear mamma can find so interesting to talk about all this time. Well, you look better for it, anyway. This is the first time I have seen you smile today."

"Yes, your mother is a very interesting conversationalist. I enjoy hearing her talk very much. You will excuse me, I hope, as I must take my departure for the city as I have important business matters to see to. Oh, you need not look so downcast. I'm not

going to take Mr. Robert with me, for you seem to be enjoying yourselves so well together. You are like a couple of children in that big swing."

"Well, there is room for another, Mr. Long, if you will only stay."

"No, thank you, I must go. You know the old adage, 'Business before pleasure,' so I'm off. Good-by."

A WICKED TRICK OF THE "WICKED CITY."

Some time later he was at his quarters, eagerly inquiring for news. His valet handed him a dispatch and a letter. He opened the dispatch first. It was from the lawyers in London. "No news. Have offered $4,000 reward. Make the same offer there."

He next gave his attention to the letter. It was a dirty, crumpled affair and directed in print. Reading the few lines inclosed, which were also in print, cut from a newspaper, his eyes danced and he could have shouted he was so overjoyed.

The contents were as follows:

"Mister Long, come to the lake front near the statue on the 12th, at 10 p. m. Bring the money. Have got the clock. No money, no clock."

"Let me see, what day is this? Why, the 12th, to be sure. It is to-night," he mused.

The first spasm of joy had passed and he was now more calm. Then did he realize that it might be a scheme to rob him.

"Well, I will go prepared at any rate. Jarl, get my pistols in shape."

"Both of them, master?"

"Yes, both of them. Put yours in shape also, and be prepared to accompany me at 9:30 to-night. Just wear your rough-and-tumble clothes, for you might have to carry a load home of some kind."

"All right, master Gordon, I will have things in shape and be on time."

* * * * * * *

"Jarl," as his master called him, was a boy from off the streets of New York. He had met him in a peculiar way. While visiting the "Bowery" one night to see the darker side of New York life he was set upon by two footpads and was fast being worsted although he fought desperately, when of a sudden, they broke and ran. Gordon could hardly understand this for there was not a policeman in sight or anyone else in this particular spot. "Here Mister, is yer hat." Turning around, he espied a typical "Bowery" boy. "Kind o-givin' ye de wust o' it, eh, Guvn'r?"

"Yes, rather, but what gets me is why did they give up so quickly? They had me about winded."

"Well, I'm de guy wot fixed it up for youse. Y' see, wen I dropped along I seed yer gettin de wust o' it. I jes sez kinder low

like t' one of 'em, 'Lam, ye duffer, de elbows are on de rubber.' Dey took de office and blowed. See?"

"Yes, I see; and you have done me quite a service, my boy. What can I do for you in return?"

"Ah, dat's all right. Didn't cost me nothin'. But say, Boss, I 'ud like t' git ofen dis 'ere bowery. It's gitten on de pork. Youse don't know weare I cud git a sit at somethin' honest, does ye?"

"Yes, I need just such a boy as you. Come with me." And so it was that Gordon got a good valet who was wide-awake, clever and nervy. This was some time ago. He was a man now and a man who looked out for his master's interests and could be trusted implicitly.

* * * * * * *

Gordon was so excited and pleased over the prospects of recovering the clock he could hardly eat. Later, he made his way to Robert's hotel and sent his card up. After a wait of five minutes, he was ushered up by the bell-boy. Robert was sitting by the window and greeted Gordon coldly.

"Robert, I have got the best of news for you. Read this."

Robert read it, then re-read it, thinking rapidly the while.

"What do you think of that?"

"Well, if you want to know what I think, I think you would be foolishly risking your life to go."

Robert, of course, knew at once that it was a put-up job to rob his brother, one of the wicked tricks of this wicked city, so urged him not to go, not that he cared much for Gordon, he did not wish him to lose the money. But Gordon was obdurate; he would go.

"Well, you can go. I won't go with you. So if you get 'bent up' and robbed, don't blame me. I warned you, remember."

"Well, good-night. I will take Jarl with me, so don't worry. I will come and let you know if I get it."

"You are more likely to get a broken head. You had better take my advice and stay away. You won't? Well, look out for yourself. Remember, this is not London. They do things bolder than that here in broad daylight. Well, good-by. I may stroll around that way about ten. That is the hour, is it not?"

"Yes, that is the hour; but don't put yourself out if you have anything else that requires your attention which is of more importance."

There was a hurt ring in Gordon's voice as he said this and made his way out. He could not see why Robert did not take more interest in it; but, in his kind-hearted way, he made allowance for his brother, explaining it to himself as he strode along.

"He thinks that he is to be the unfortunate one and this morbid fancy has taken such a hold of him that he accepts it as a fact, so I could not expect him to take the same interest in it that I do. But then, if he thought I was to be in danger to-night, why would he not accompany me? As a boy, he was always at the front, fighting my battles. He must have had an engagement to play

poker. Oh, well, time has changed many things. He thinks more of a hand at poker now than he does of my safety."

Arriving at the hotel, he told Jarl to go out to the lake front and hurry around to the opposite side of the statue.

"Now, don't make a noise of any kind until I give you a signal, then come to me at once; you will see what is to be done."

"All right, master, I will be on deck."

It was now 9:30 p. m. Sending Jarl ahead, he followed, crossing Michigan avenue and striking the lake front near the statue which looked gloomy and foreboding. A figure could be seen crouching at the base of it, in the somber shadows, while another could be perceived approaching from out the mist which enveloped everything. Smelling foul play, he was on his guard. Was his man on the other side of the towering figure or was this the approaching valet? He was inclined to think so as he drew nearer, for there was something familiar in the walk. So, with renewed confidence, Gordon walked rapidly on with quick energetic strides which brought him nearer and nearer to the proposed meeting place. His heart beat high with hope at what he saw as he reached it, for there was a large sized bundle on the ground and near by stood what appeared to be a day laborer.

Addressing him, Gordon inquired if he was the one that had answered the "Personal" in the Journal. The man, who was well built but short of stature, shot a quick glance into his questioner's face, then ran eyes up and down Gordon's figure as if he were mentally calculating his strength before he made reply.

"Yes, I'm de one. Have you got de money?"

"Yes. I have the money. Have you the clock?"

"Yes, I got it, and hard work I had gettin' it, too."

Gordon glanced around at the bundle in the shadow. "Is that it?"

"Yes; dat's it, but y' don't get it till I gets de coin. See?"

"That is fair, but of course you will let me satisfy myself that it is really the clock I advertised for, will you not?"

"Yes, but I must see de color of yer coin first."

Gordon was taken off his guard, and being assured that the clock was found, he could hardly conceal his eagerness. As he pulled a long English bill-book from his inside pocket and showed the supposed laborer the contents, the greedy eyes peered out from under the workingman's cap and inspected it closely.

"Dat's all right. I guess yer on de square and yuse can take a look at it. *You'll find it a pretty lively machine.*"

And so he did. When Gordon approached the supposed clock close under the shadow of the towering statue, he thanked God for again placing it in his care; then he bent forward, but his eager hands had hardly touched the huddled up mass at his feet when they were grasped at the wrists in a vice-like grip, and the supposed clock sprang to life, materializing into a strong, athletic figure of a man, who cried out: "Here, pal, cop de leather and blow. I see some guy on de rubber. Hurry up!"

But his "pal," as he was designated, required no urging. He already had one of his strong arms around Gordon's neck in such a manner as to press on his windpipe, choking and depriving him of speech; while with the disengaged hand, he extracted the leather book. Gordon struggled, wrenched and twisted, but of no avail. Taken at a disadvantage, he was like a feather in the hands of these men who seemed to understand their business well.

THE BOWERY AGAINST THE LEVEE.

He tried to cry out for help, but it was an effort which only caused him to smother and gag. He could not give the signal agreed upon to warn his man, Jarl. Then it was for the first time in his life that he felt what it was to be wholly in the power of another. He continued struggling, but only succeeded in tearing up the turf with his feet. Again the man of the sack addressed the other.

"Have ye got it?"

"An course I got it. Tink I'm asleep?"

"No, but I tink we'd better put dis guy to sleep if we're goin' to make our git-away, cos he's kinder troublesome."

"No, nix, let 'im holler. He's too weak t' do anything else but holler an' won't be able t' holler very loud at that, fer I'll jes take another twist on his pipes. He's about—"

The words were never finished, for two heavy boots belonging to a litthe body which had dropped from a projection at the side of the statue struck him square in the face and he was carried to the earth. The other turned to make his escape. Gordon, thus released, fell exhausted on his knees, then struggled manfully to rise, but of no avail. He was too weak. On his hands and knees, he crawled to where Jarl was struggling with his late assailant who was cursing fearfully. Robber number two did not run far, for on seeing that there was only one man in plain clothes and not a posse of blue-coats, as he expected, he rapidly retraced his steps and made a savage lunge at Jarl with the butt of a large revolver; but his arm was caught in the weak grasp of Gordon just as it was about to fall. Then there was a weak struggle, followed by a blow from the weapon which stretched Gordon almost lifeless upon the ground.

"Dat's what I otter done in de lead-off. Dis is wot ye gits wen yer easy wid a mark." Again he advanced toward Jarl with murder in his eyes. He raised the weapon the second time, but again it failed to descend, for a shadowy figure that had been hovering near ran up behind in a steathily manner and threw one of its arms around the neck and under the chin of the robber in the very same manner that his "pal" had handled Gordon. With the other he reached over and set his vice-like fingers on his wrist. There was a cry of pain and the fingers that clutched the weapon relaxed, letting it fall to the ground. There was another bitter struggle. Then robber number two lay an unconscious heap on the damp ground. The new comer who knew the "garroter's" trick

so well was Robert, in a knock-about suit and in his usual disguise. He glanced at his brother's upturned face. It was bleeding freely, so he gave him a roll with his foot which brought his face downward, allowing the blood to soak into the earth, instead of standing as before in stagnant pools around the eyelids. Robert then turned his attention to Jarl and the robber number one, who was making a desperate resistance. The boot heels had struck his face in such a manner as to leave a flap of the skin hanging over the thug's eyes, obscuring their vision entirely. Even with this disadvantage, he was holding his own well, and making a desperate fight. They had rolled over and over, now one on top and then the other. They were fighting like wild beasts, keeping each others hands too busy to allow the use of a weapon. It was an awful battle. Their heavy breathing and loud curses were drowned by the churning of the lake, mingled with the rumble and roll of wheels along the near-by boulevard. Jarl's early bowery education stood him well in hand now, and he used every scientific art at his command in his endeavor to overpower his antagonist, but without success, other than to keep him too busy to use his weapon or get away. Robert could not tell which one was Gordon's man, Jarl. About all he could see were four legs being thrown about in every direction with such rapidity as to look like a dozen pairs. The bodies were writhing and twisting and for faces, once in awhile he could just discern two patches of white streaked with blood. He examined the other two forms on the ground, apparently dead.

"Well, they are taking a pretty long nap, although I see one is now stirring slightly. Guess I will give him a little more "bromidia." The "bromidia" consisted of a blow on the chin, causing his jaws to snap together. The lower one fell, while his eyes flew open only to remain in a fixed stare like death.

"Ah, that is the ticket, my boy." he coolly muttered. "Now let me see what you have got in your clothes." Stooping, he examined every pocket, but his search resulted in nothing but a bunch of skeleton keys. Placing the keys in his own pocket, he then went through Gordon's clothes, but only found some letters and a few dollars in change. These he replaced.

"Well, I wish he'd wake up and go home and sleep. It would be safer. I told him not to come out here." He hesitated and looked down at him thoughtfully. "Ah, I could kill him as he lies there, completely at my mercy. I could kill them all for that matter. Why is it that I feel such a hankering after blood?" He glanced about, but could see no one in the mist and gloom that had settled around them, except the battling figures a short distance to the left. Again turning his attention to them, he ejaculated, "Well, well, I thought they would both be ready for the coroner by this time, but they seem as fresh as ever. Ye gods, how they bleed! Blood! blood! everywhere." The great statue frowned down on the sickening scene. The breathing was getting heavier and louder, the cursing was getting fainter, then a still weaker voice cried out:

"Master, I have done my duty. I die. God help me."

This last sentence seemed to raise the fury in Robert. "You call on God, man! Why don't you call on man? Man is nearer. Which one of you call on God?" But the answer so faint was again drowned by the curses, then a sound of gurgling and choking followed. Robert thought this was the end.

"Well, I guess one of them is going to find out if there is a God or not by the sound of that rattle which suggests 'cold meat' for the devil to warm over." But no, they still fought on. The thug was now on top. Stepping nearer to them, Robert gave him a sledge hammer blow which sent him flying from off the man below, but still did not have the effect he had anticipated. After a moment's laborious breathing, both of the blood-stained men struggled to their feet again and found their way to each others throats.

"Well, I never did see anything like that! These Americans are all grit. It's a 'bowery' boy against a 'levee' boy. I would just like to see which one wins the fight. The one that curses and calls on the devil or the one that calls on God. I think the one that calls on God is Gordon's pupil that he picked up on the Bowery. Well, he hasn't forgotten how to scrap yet, for he didn't learn that out of his Bible, I'll warrant you. Ah, there goes one of them to grass now. No, by jove! he is up again, and they are at it once more. It makes me think of old Patch's bulldogs."

It was but a moment, though, before they were both rolling on the blood-soaked ground. The curses that so continually rent the air while the combat was in progress now ceased entirely, which gave the spectator, who watched and waited for the issue with such cold-blooded coolness, the impression that the blasphemer who had called on the devil was vanquished. It did not seem to please him that right had apparently won over wrong. The black clouds which had gathered overhead began to shed rain which fell in large drops.

The four forms were now lying motionless on the blood-soaked turf. The rain increased and mingled with it, forming little rivulets which forced their way around the base of the statue while they met to form one large pool, a combination of good and evil blood, joined together by the tears of heaven. The same that revived the drooping blades of grass, pressed by heavy feet, also revived the four forms and stirred them into new life.

Robert had grasped the limbs of one of the two forms he had likened to bulldogs and was endeavoring to pull them apart; but they held on in true bulldog fashion. He exerted all his mighty strength, but the other form was dragged along with the first. He stopped to ascertain the cause. Then did he see the reason for the sudden discontinuance of profanity; and the calling on his master and his God. One had his teeth set in the fleshy part of the others throat, while he, in turn, had his set firmly and deeply into his opponent's thick ear, and thus they hung together. Every effort to pull them apart was in vain.

"Well, they are tougher than English beef! I'll fix them, though."

He took one of the revolvers and tried to insert the long muzzle between the teeth that were sunken in the neck. It proved too large. He set his foot between the two men. This was also useless. Then, losing all patience, he grasped the thick neck of one with both hands, pressed strong fingers around it and succeeded in choking him into insensibility. Even then he had to pry his teeth open to release the throat from their death-like grip. Taking the other by the limbs, he gave him a quick jerk, accompanied by a dextrous twist. They were separated, but the teeth of the robber (as this one proved to be) shut with a snap like a steel-trap as they were torn from the ear, bringing with them skin and flesh which he chewed and swallowed, then commenced to curse.

"Oh, I wish as dat wer his heart, it ud taste better, d— 'im. I'll yet make a meal off'n his heart and wash it down with his blood. I'll learn 'im to rubber around an' jump off'n statues onter me face. I'll have his— Wot yer doin'? Is dat you, pal?"

Robert had pulled him some distance from the other to prevent them from getting together again, for he was stirring and making a strong effort to regain his feet.

"No, this is not your pal. Your pal is taking a nap over there alongside the cove he touched up for the 'leather.' If you will be a good fellow now and get next to yourself, I will see you out of this."

"Be you one of de boys?" the thug inquired.

"Yes, pull yourself together a little and 'lam.'"

"Did I do for de guy wot jumped off'n de statue on me face?"

"Yes, I guess he will never try to imitate Steve Brodie again."

"Sure, he is done for. Sure, he's cold meat."

"Yes, I say. Now stow your gab and 'blow.'"

"No, not me, pardie, I'll not 'lam' and leave me pal."

"Well, say partner, I can't help admiring your grit and your allegiance to your pal, but—"

"Well, dat's me gait. I never gives me old pal de short end of it."

"Well, then you get behind the statue over there, and I will see if I can't get him onto his pins."

"Say, but yer a pretty good feller. Who are ye? I don't run agin yer kind every day."

"There, stow your gab now and get under cover behind that statue. If I give a sharp whistle, just blow for the lake and cop a rattler for the 'patch,' foot of the 'black belt.' I may see you there."

"But say, pard, got a pin?"

"Yes. What do you want with a pin?"

"Goin' ter pin dis 'ere cursed skin up off'n me lamps. Dat guy pretty near made lace curtains out of me mug."

"Here is a handkerchief; this will be better."

Robert handed him a silk handkerchief, *one of those belonging*

to Gordon that he had supplied himself with in London, (an article doomed to play a tragical part with the future of our hero, Gordon) and quickly made his way back to the others who were fast being revived by the rain, which was now falling in blinding sheets. It put him in mind of his escape in the rain and fog from the London prison. As he drew near, he saw the figures of two of the men (Gordon and the second robber) making a weak effort to reach the shining revolver that Robert had forced the thug to drop. It about divided the distance between them. They laid their hands on it simultaneously, then there was a struggle, the weak with the weak, the good with the evil, and so again the blood of the evil and the good from their steaming bodies mingled with the rain, to be carried along in little rivulets to the stationary pool formed near the feet of the waiting robber who had raised the hanging flap of skin and bound it in place with the handkerchief. He was just finishing up with a wash in the pool of rainwater and blood when he heard a shot and a curse. Bounding over this, he ran around the statue, meantime feeling for a weapon. None. Then, like a wild man, he leaped on. He had heard the voice of his pal, but it was not his pal that had uttered the curse. Robert, although he saw the struggle between the two men, had hastily stopped and searched the pockets of Jarl, who was now showing faint signs of life, for the missing money.

"Not there! Where can it be?" He had searched them all. The thug he had searched during his conversation—easily performed on account of his blindness. "Well, I suppose I ought to give Gordon a helping hand and break this little entertainment up."

With this object in view, he sprang toward the men who were fighting desperately. Gordon, seeing what he thought to be reinforcements for his antagonist in the way of his pal, exerted all the force at his command, tore the weapon from the robber's grasp and leveled it at the approaching form. There was a sharp report. One brother unconsciously fired upon another. The bullet passed through the fleshy part of Robert's arm. Robert was an expert pistol shot, and, raising one of his weapons with a loud curse, he sent a bullet tearing through his brother's hand, knocking the gun many feet away. Then he shoved the cold steel against the cheek of the thug and in a voice that had only one meaning in it ordered him to throw up his hands. They flew up like a jumping-jack's, pulled by a string. Gordon at once saw his mistake. He started to explain, but Robert cut him short and gruffly told him to go and look after his man. He picked up the gun with the uninjured hand and started to obey, wondering who the friend was that came to his assistance, meeting with such a poor reception. Meantime, Robert was informing the robber that his pal was waiting for him on the other side of the statue, and that they had better get together if he hadn't gone already when the subject of his remark bounded into view out of the gloom and cried:

"Not on yer tintype, me friend. I'm right here, Johnny at de

rat hole. Wot's de game now? Who's turning der cannons loose out here?"

"Well, I was turning one of them loose," Robert replied, "and I will turn a couple more of them loose in about a minute if you fellows don't 'lam.' The 'elbows' will be down on us and have you guys playing checkers with your noses at the station. If they do get you, they will lock you up and throw the key away. That face of yours would get you a ticket to Joliet any time."

"Oh, stow yer kiddin' and tell me wot ye got me pal's mits in de air fer. I tot yuse was me friend."

"So I am, because you showed me that you were the pure article—grit and loyalty and all that 'rot,' you know. Now I just want to see if you have got good sense with it. If you have, you will 'blow,' and if not, I will have to use these gentle persuaders and make you 'blow,' or blow your thick heads off. See?"

As Robert spoke in a rapid, quick, commanding way, he had drawn another revolver with a blue barrel and was rapidly and dextrously twirling it around on his trigger finger.

"Yer right, pal, de 'elbows' and de blue-coats 'll be here ticker dan flies round a sugar barrel, pretty quick."

"Twist, now," Robert urged. "Here they come. Lively! Cop the rattlers and blow the limits."

A police call could be heard and dark forms began to appear as the two robbers broke and ran around the statue, disappearing from view. With a bitter curse number "49" threw all the guns he had collected in a heap on the battle grounds and also disappeared just as two detectives appeared, running like deer towards Gordon and Jarl, who were now both on their feet. Jarl, being very weak, was supported by his master.

* * * * * * *

Robert, alias number "49," made his way to his rooms unobserved and quickly removed his dripping clothes. He then examined his wound. It was painful, but not serious, merely grazing the flesh. After washing and dressing it neatly, he retired and enjoyed a good night's rest. Such exciting scenes were food to this strange nature, but his dreams were of Dorris, alone.

AT SUNNYSIDE.

Early the following morning this strange man again dressed the wound in his arm and was soon on his way to Dorris' pretty home, accompanying his thoughts of her by humming a little tune as he strode along the wooded pathway. The morning was beautiful after the rain, and Dorris, fresh and rosy, was feeding her robins, which had increased to four in number. He gazed at this peaceful scene and could not help but contrast it with the scene of the evening before at the foot of the great statue. He doffed his hat and stood at a respectful distance, careful not to scare her

pets away. She glanced up in surprise as she heard his footsteps on the gravel.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Long, you are out early?"

"Yes, you know what they say of early bird."

"Well, now, how fortunate. I have a whole canful that little Leo, a neighbor's boy, brought over to me this morning as he well knows I always go fishing after a shower. You can have some of them."

"Well, I will accept on condition that you allow me to accompany you."

"Why, yes, I will be pleased to have you, if you wish; but remember, you will have to bait my hook for me."

"It will be a pleasure, I assure you."

"Ah, now you have scared my robins away."

"I am indeed sorry, but then I am sure they will come back again. They would not desert their 'lady bountiful.' "

"Why, Mr. Long, I almost believe you are trying to pay me a compliment. I am sure those poor little birds like me for the crumbs I throw them. I am almost afraid they would desert me if I ceased to throw them a crumb once in a while."

"You call them 'poor little birds,' Miss Waite, I envy them."

"And why so, Mr. Long?"

"Because you throw them crumbs in plenty, while to me you cast never a crumb that I might pick up hope from."

"I hardly understand your meaning. Ah, there is mamma."

Mrs. Waite had just stepped from the house to get the morning air. Greeting Robert affectionately, she chatted a few moments, cautioning her daughter to take care of herself on the water, and wandered along the path by the stream. After a half hour's stroll she at last found a seat on one of the benches and gazed out over the water with sad and pensive eyes, which became more troubled as they alighted on Robert and Dorris casting their lines from the little boat far up the river. Their voices, full of laughter and sunshine, reached her ears, sometimes sounding very near and then far, far away, as if they just came to her in a dream. This was due to the varying of the early morning breeze, as it ever and anon changed its course.

She dropped on her knees at the bench and offered up a prayer full of penitence, and closed with asking the hand above to guide the affections of her beautiful child into the channel of love that would bring her peace and freedom in the future. "O God, I pray and beseech you to shape the course of my daughter's affections so as not to leave her forever unhappy when the truth is known. Punish me, O Lord, for my sin deserves it; but let not my sin be visited upon her, whom I have kept so pure in thought as to make it impossible for me to warn her by putting an impure thought or knowledge of wrong into her mind as a checkmate to her possible affections in either direction. So I beseech you, O Lord, let your hand guide her heart the right way for peace without saddening her pure life with a thought or knowledge of the perfidy

of this wicked world, for evil reigns here on earth. I pray you, O Lord, to lighten her load and keep *my* noble boy in the right path and not visit the sins of *his parents on him.* Amen."

As she slowly rose to her feet and resumed her seat, Gordon, who had heard this strange prayer, of her heart, stepped forward. He had happened along while she was kneeling, and removing his hat had stood with bowed head until she arose. There was emotion in his voice as he greeted her with excuses for being an unintentional listener. She smiled through her tear-dimmed eyes and made room for him on the bench at her side. He accepted the proffered seat and kissed with reverence at the same time her hand which she extended.

"Madam, you deserve all the favors that God has to give. He will certainly answer your appeal to Him. Your prayer has given me comfort, also, for the subject of it, in part, is the silent prayer I have offered up many times, and have never yet felt the hope and confidence that I did as it fell from the lips of one so holy and righteous as yourself."

She shrank from him slightly as these words fell on her ear, and her voice quivered as she replied:

"O God, that I were all that you deem me! What a blessing it would be in my coming old age! You think kindly of me, Gordon, indeed it is generous of you. God grant that you may *always* think thus."

"Always, my dear madam, always will I revere you as I reverence you now, for I know there can be no sin in your life, past, present or future, so cheer up. You should not feel so depressed as this on such a lovely morning. We all have a great deal to be thankful for, and you, Mrs. Waite, most of all."

"All? Why 'I' most of all, Gordon?"

"Why? The subject around which our thoughts and prayers are centered, your lovely daughter. Are you not most fortunate and blessed as the mother of such divinity and purity and grace? Madam, I have traveled over many countries, but my eye has never been gladdened with a sight of such loveliness, nobleness and purity. Her love should make you happy in itself. Even the faint hope you have allowed me to entertain, that I may some day in the unknown and fickle future come to you and request the privilege of laying my love at her feet, is a guiding force which influences my every thought, my every action, my— Listen! Is that not her voice?"

Her silvery voice was wafted plainly to their ears by the shifting of the breeze.

"Yes, Gordon, that is her dear voice, and I am indeed a most fortunate woman to have the love of so devoted a daughter. It is a blessing I do not deserve."

"And why not deserve, my dear madam?"

"Do not ask me, Gordon, *it is a secret I must carry in my own heart to the grave.* Now you are my guest, and it is not good form to burden you with my troubles. So we will walk towards the

house, if you wish. Dorris and Robert will soon return, both hungry."

She dried her eyes and composed herself while she was speaking and arose to take Gordon's arm with a smile of returning cheerfulness. Then she noticed his face which was bruised and pale from last night's encounter.

"Gordon, why did you not tell me? Here I have been talking of my troubles and you all bruised, pale and ill. What has happened? Who could have been so cruel?"

"Oh, it is nothing of any consequence at all, I assure you."

"Tell me, my boy, keep nothing back from me. Tell me the truth. I know if you tell me anything at all, it will be the truth. What is it?"

Being thus cornered, he narrated his adventures of the night, as they proceeded on their way to the house, only leaving out the bloody and sickening details which he knew would greatly shock her. As he finished, she exclaimed:

"Yes, we have a great deal to be thankful for. It is fortunate that you did not lose your life. I almost believe that it was this that caused me to be so restless last night, and so depressed and low spirited this morning."

"Possibly so."

They had reached the house. "Did I understand you to say that Robert is here and is with Dorris on the river?"

"Yes, there they come now, and oh, how happy they seem."

The two in question were rowing toward the landing, their voices blending well together in one of Harris' latest songs. Mrs. Waite continued on to the house to more fully compose herself, while Gordon started for the landing to meet them. As they caught sight of his pale face, the song was cut short and they both eagerly inquired the cause, expressing sympathy all in the same breath. He told them what he thought was best for Dorris to hear. Robert, the clever actor, asked many questions, as did the ladies, but seeing that he did not like to discuss it, they took up topics of a more pleasant nature. As soon as the meal was over, the two brothers excused themselves and went for a stroll, arm in arm. When they had cleared the house, Gordon in answer to Robert's request informed him in detail of everything that had occurred the night before. As he got to where the shots were fired, and told of the mysterious stranger coming to his assistance, Robert asked if he had any idea who he was.

"No, not in the least. He was commonly dressed and looked like a Spaniard. He is a good shot whoever he is. He could have killed me for shooting at him, but he merely shot the gun from my hand, scarcely grazing the fingers. You see these two pieces of court plaster? Well, that is all the dressing it required, but poor Jarl is pretty badly used up; he almost gave up his life for me. Many times he has told me he would, and he proved his words last night. I pity that robber if he ever meets him. I am afraid he will kill him. Dr. Harsher, the surgeon, and myself were at his

bedside all night, patching up his numerous wounds. This morning early, he said: 'You picked me up on the Bowery some years ago when I was a bad un, and you have tried to teach me to speak right and not swear. I never could learn to speak very proper, but I did quit swearing. For over two years, I have never sworn a word, and I won't swear now, master, if you say not, but please, master, just you and the doctor step outside for ten minutes till I make this air so blue that you can't see me when you come back. I have got it all bottled up here.' I looked at the doctor who smiled and said: 'You had better let him uncork, it will do him more good than medicine.' So I told him to pull the cork while the doctor and I went to breakfast. We had hardly closed the door when he took the fullest advantage of my permission. When we returned, he was still at it, and there were two or three bell-boys and a half dozen chambermaids outside the door, scared to death, listening with all their ears. As we crowded through them and opened the door, he chopped off in the middle of a long bowery compliment (as he calls a swear word). He was all of a sweat, and heaved a great sigh as if he were sorry we had returned so quickly, and I guess we were gone fully an hour. The doctor I think is laughing yet. The first thing Jarl said was, 'Thank you, master, you have saved my life.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'but you came very near scaring the life out of the house servants. You had quite an audience out in the hall.' 'Well, master,' he said, 'I am sorry, and I wouldn't have cut loose if I had of known that. I thought I was playing out a hand with the devil alone.' I assured him it was all right, that he had earned the privilege. And while I am speaking of him, Robert, I wish you would promise me to look after him in a way, in case anything happens to me. He is true blue, and a man that can be depended upon."

"Certainly, if you were unfortunate. But I think you will always be in a position to look after that. But to come back to your adventures on the lake front; you lost the $1,000, you say?"

"Yes, but not for long, for almost the first words Jarl said after I raised him to his feet were, 'I got it, master, I got it.' 'You have what?' I said. 'Why, the money, of course.' He reached down in his shoe and brought up the ten one hundred-dollar bills I had been robbed of. I replaced them in my pocket. I can tell you I felt much better, for it is a large sum of money to me just now, although my lawyers have telegraphed me that I may draw on them for $4,000 or $5,000 in order to secure the return of the clock."

Robert's eyes glistened as Gordon mentioned this.

"I have already increased the reward to $4,000 here. They have also offered $4,000 there in London. Well, as I was saying, this put me in a much better humor and we were just about to return to the hotel when a blue-coat and two detectives came running up. They pumped us dry with all kinds of questions. The blue-coat was bound to arrest us both, but the two detectives, who seemed to be pretty gentlemanly sort of fellows, argued the point

with him and won the argument by sending him after another policeman (who had just made his appearance, all out of breath, in a macintosh and bad humor), to try and overhaul the thugs, while they accompanied us to the hotel, in order to give us a chance to verify our statements. Arriving there, they satisfied themselves that we were all right, and left us, to assist in the hunt for the bandits. They said they would report this evening what success they had met with. They gave their names as Detectives Rometto and Arlex; a couple of keen men, if I am any judge."

"Well, Gordon, I am glad that you did not lose the money. How did your man regain it? I understood you to say it was in a large book."

"Yes, and so it was, but it seems that Jarl, while struggling, managed in some way to extract the money, leaving the book still in possession of the robber, who, probably by this time, has discovered the fact and is cursing worse than he did last evening, or Jarl this morning. Well, Robert, it was a great disappointment to me, for I was positive I was in possession of the precious clock once more, when I saw the bundle in the shadow. But I could not help laughing with the detectives to see them gather up all those guns. When they had placed them in their different pockets, it made me think of the visit you and I made to a pear orchard once. But there is one thing I can't understand."

"What is that?"

"Why is it the thugs left all those weapons when they could just as well have taken them?" Robert smiled, but only said:

"Did it puzzle the detectives too?"

"They did not say, but they looked puzzled. Now I must go back to the city and look after matters a little. I suppose you will be ready to accompany me to England by the 16th if we do not succeed in getting any trace of the clock here?"

"Yes, if we fail to get trace of it here, I will be ready to go to England with you, but if we should by any chance get wind of it here, the lawyers will have to come to Chicago."

"Well, I presume that could be arranged, but I have little confidence in again securing possession of it. I am afraid some thief has stolen it for the jewels and ornaments of gold that adorn it, and the clock is ruined by this time."

"Well, we will hope not, for your sake."

"For my sake, Robert, and why not for your sake, as well?"

"Well, I don't think it holds any good for me."

"But, Robert, anything will be better than this awful suspense, this uncertainty! So I guess I will just step in and say good-bye and return to the city at once. There may be a cablegram from London. My strongest hope lies in that direction. I would not have come out to-day at all, but calling at your hotel this morning, I found you were away, so took the chance of finding you here. Are you going back to the house? All right, then we will go in together. Robert, you have not forgotten our compact, have you?"

"No, I have not forgotten it."

"Well, I am sure you will keep it, too. We must remember the duty we owe her."

On reaching the house, Gordon made his adieu and was soon whirling back to the city's center, while Robert lazily killed the time in this little garden of Eden, and like the serpent, he was exerted all the power possessed by those magnetic eyes to hypnotize and even against her will, bring her to believe in him and love him. Would he succeed?

Gordon found a dispatch from his lawyers in London. He opened it with trembling fingers. "Good! The Scotland Yard men have traced it to America through the Custom-House officers. That is news, good news! Robert will be pleased to find that his theory was a correct one anyway, even though he doesn't seem to take the interest in it he should. Let me see, the dispatch says to draw on the Bankers National for $4,000. I might need it any moment if that personal should reach the right thief's eye, so I will draw on them at once."

An hour later, that amount was locked away in Jarl's room, ready for immediate use. Jarl, himself, was much better and seemed pleased at the confidence his master placed in him. Later on Arlex and Rometto, the two detectives who had befriended him the night before, dropped in and reported that they had one of the robbers and if he wished to prosecute him, to call at the Harrison street station at 9 o'clock the following morning. But Gordon informed them he did not care to prosecute the fellow. They replied that it was his duty to, but he stood his ground, so they cheered Jarl up a little by telling him they thought he would pull around all right in two or three years.

"Two or three years?" he cried, "Wot ye givin' me? Two or three days, ye mean. I was raised on de Bowery, I was."

The detectives laughed good naturedly and left. After they had gone, Gordon was wondering if it would have been policy to tell them of the mysterious clock. Arriving at no definite conclusion, he decided to put the question off until he had consulted Robert, so after supper, set out for his quarters.

"Yes, Mr. Long was in." After a wait of five minutes, he was shown up, and eagerly imparted the good news to his brother, who seemed more interested than at any time previous, especially so when the $4,000 were mentioned. In reply to Gordon's question about putting it into the hands of the detectives, he said:

"Most certainly, brother, it is a very good idea. If you hear nothing more by tomorrow, I would certainly do so."

There was a quite, mysterious smile flitting about the corners of his mouth as he spoke, then he excused himself, saying that he was expected at the club. So Gordon returned to his apartments and awaited further developments, which proved to be beyond his wildest expectations. While enjoying a weed at the open window and looking down the busy streets of the wicked city, he noted in particular a closed hack which drew up near the ladies'

entrance and fell into line with the many other vehicles of every description which line the curb day and night. Little did he surmise that it held the mysterious clock and his degenerating brother in disguise. But such was the case. A moment later, there was a knock at the door. It was repeated many times before he at last was made aware of it, for the noise from the street drowned all ordinary sounds. Raising his voice, he bawled an invitation to enter. A second later he was somewhat surprised to behold the very hackman he had noticed on the seat of the vehicle that had just drawn up.

"Is this Mr. Long?"

"That is my name."

"Mr.—Gordon Long?"

"Yes, Mr. Gordon Long. What can I do for you?"

"Well, I dunno es ye kin do enything fur me, but I got a 'fare' down dere wot wants t' see ye pretty bad. He sez as he is too ill ter come up, and he wants ye t' come t' me rig. Mebby ye kin do someting fur 'im."

While the man was speaking, many thoughts flashed through Gordon's mind. At last he replied, "Did he say what he wished to see me about?"

"No, he only sed as he wus too sick t' come up, an as ye wus t' come down."

"What kind of a looking man is he?" Gordon inquired glancing at his visitor sharply.

"Say, govn'r, I ain't paid fur answerin' questions, I ain't. I gets me money drivin' hack, I duz. I told ye all he told me t' tell ye. See?"

"Yes, I see. See if you can see C on this." And as Gordon spoke he tossed him a silver coin. The non-committal hackman deftly caught it, spun it in the air with a grin, and was non-committal no more. He in return told Gordon all he knew of the matter, which was little to the point.

"Well, govn'r, he's a Mexican er Spaniard, wid a stoop in his back an he aint got enuf good clothes on him t' dust a fiddle. Ye see I wuz returning from de park on de nort side after dumpin a couple of 'fair weather floats', (a young feller and his gal) on de grass, when dis feller hailed me near de dock on Rush Street and so I rushed his nibs over here. Guess he got off de boat fur he wer luggin' a big case——."

Gordon waited for no more. Bounding to his feet, he left the surprised hackman standing in the middle of the floor and rushed into Jarl's room. Securing a heavy revolver, he shoved it in the breast of his coat, then returned for the cabman. Together they started for the street. He could not wait for the "lift," and the hackman could hardly keep up with him as he hurried down the marble stairs, two at a time. The hack, itself, was drawn up in the dark shadows. Gordon glanced in. Seeing only one figure, and nothing alarming, he drew still nearer and opened the conversation in a sharp, quick, business-like tone of voice.

"Do you wish to speak to me, sir?"

"Yes, if your name is Gordon Long."

"That is my name, sir. What is your business with me?"

"Do you know me?"

"No, I do not remember of meeting you before. Still your voice sounds familiar. What is your business with me? Come to the point at once."

"Well, I have about $4,000 worth of business with you if you happen to have that much in cash about you."

"I do not as a general rule carry a sum as large as that, but I have that amount in the hotel. I suppose you refer to this in connection with the clock I advertised for."

"You have guessed it. I've got the clock. You bring the money and we will trade."

"You shall have the money if you really have the clock, but you will have to satisfy me beyond a doubt that you have it with you."

"Well, here it is. Take a look at it."

As the occupant of the cab spoke, he drew back the flap of a heavy case and exposed to the eager gaze of Gordon the top ornaments he knew so well, an angel decked with gold trappings which shone in the dim light. Being satisfied that it was the mysterious clock that was playing havoc with his life, he quickly returned to his quarters. Entering Jarl's room, he found that he was asleep. The light was dim, and not wishing to arouse him, and thinking to give him a surprise later on, he secured the money without turning up the gas and swung around to retrace his steps, when the cold barrel of a revolver pressed against his cheek. As he felt the cold muzzle of the weapon he also recognized Jarl's voice who cried in meaning tones, "Put my master's money back, or I will make cold meat of you sure."

Gordon half turned and looked along the steel that gleamed so near his eye. He laughed and said, "It is I, Jarl."

Jarl dropped the gun and confusedly stammered, "Is it really you, master? I thought it was a robber."

"Yes, it is I, and I see that you were looking out for my interests as usual. Now I am in a great hurry. You get back into that bed before you dislodge all of those bandages and the thousand and one stitches or Dr. Harsher will give you more than fifteen minutes with the devil."

"All right, master, you'll find I am 'Johnny on de spot.' Dey wont nobody give ye de worst of it even if I am done up in about a hundred yards of medicated linen."

Gordon laughed and hurried out, closing the door between Jarl's room and his suite. When he struck the walk, the hack was gone. His spirits fell to zero. Was he again to be disappointed? Where could they have gone to? He looked about in every direction, then paced the walk restlessly. But again hope sprang up in his heart, for there coming towards him was the hack. As it drew up the mysterious occupant inside explained.

"You were gone so long, I thought you were going to 'Job' me, but I see you are all right, that is you'r all right if you have got the 'long green.' "

"You mean the money?"

"Yes, I mean the money."

"Well, I have it here. You set the clock on the walk and I will give it to you."

The lower door of the hack opened and a dark faced, stoop-shouldered man stepped out, the precious burden in his arms. As he stooped still lower to place it on the walk, he kept his eyes thrown upward, watching Gordon like a hawk. Then rising, held out his hand for the money. Gordon again satisfied himself that there was no mistake, by feeling of the bundle and forthwith placed the money into the outstretched hand, remarking,

"Now there is the money, $4,000, tell me how you——"

"There now, that will do. Remember the ad. in the paper said as you would ask no questions. You got the clock, I got the money. It's a good trade, and you had better take your end of the trade inside before some boot-black swipes it from you. And as to myself, I will just say Bye-bye, my generous friend for this money is burning a hole in me blooming pockets and cabby's tongue is swelling up on him for the want of drink."

With this parting sally, he re-entered the hack, evidently in, the best of humor, for Gordon could hear a faint chuckle as it rattled off towards Wabash avenue. Calling a servant who was loitering near, he had him carry the clock to his rooms, and it was soon ticking off the minutes as merrily as ever. The next thing was to telephone to Robert, which he did immediately. Robert, the clever schemer, had just returned, and was making his change. In five minutes time he had completed his toilet and was talking to his brother over the wire, who said, "Come over at once. I have the clock."

Twenty minutes later, Robert was with him, standing before the mysterious clock that held their destinies, asking all kinds of questions as to how he got it, etc., while his heart beat evenly and regularly against the $4,000 reward paid to the mysterious visitor.

The brothers selected fresh cigars and prepared themselves for a chat over plans for the short time to come before the clock would give up its secret. They were well pleased over their good fortune, each in his own way and there was not that restraint which had been so evident for the past few days. It was about the first really good feeling that had existed between them on both sides since the scene at Ivy cottage when Dorris was watching the robins with her soul in her upturned eyes. That innocent upturned face had surprised what little good there was in Robert, and brought it to the surface with the promise he gave Gordon, only to break it later.

"It is in good order, I suppose."

"Yes, it seems to be. When I set it to the correct time it was ten minutes after the hour. In fifteen minutes it will strike and then we can tell."

"Did you ask the fellow how much time it had lost while it was in his possession?"

"Well now, what a dumb-head I was, to be sure. I never thought of that, although I did start to ask him some questions about it, but he reminded me that it was out of form, and not in the understanding. Well, it probably has lost some time, and it will be heard to tell just how much."

"This is the 13th day of the month."

"Yes, it is the 13th. Old superstition quotes that the 13th day is an unlucky day. It is disproved in this instance, as it has been a lucky day for us. I know Mrs. Waite and Jarl will be surprised and pleased."

"You told Mrs. Waite, then?"

"Well, she happened to see the personal and asked me about it. She seemed greatly interested."

"Will you have the lawyer come here?"

"We can if you prefer it."

"It would suit me better. You have not cabled them yet?"

"No. I had not thought of that. As soon as it strikes the hour, I will go and send a cablegram. Shall I tell him in the same dispatch to come on?"

"Why, yes, I would. It is necessary for him to be here, is it not?"

"Yes, so the instructions in the will read if you remember."

So they chatted on, smoking the while, till the sweet chimes they came and watched the mechanical figures as they crossed the face of the clock. As the last miniature figure disappeared through of the clock interrupted them. As it began to tell of the hour, the arched doorway, another figure, life-size, swathed in bandages, glided in. Surprise and pleasure were written on every portion of the homely features that was visible to the eye, and listened with them to the beautiful strains of music that now issued from the miniature cathedral. As this at last ceased, they turned to confront the figure of Jarl, who wore only his night robe, patches, and a broad grin. After explaining to him how it happened, they sent him back to bed, and summoned the doctor, for he had managed to loosen every bandage and patch since he had mistaken Gordon for a robber.

THE MYSTERIOUS CLOCK AT IVY COTTAGE.

The day following, they met at Ivy cottage, and Mrs. Waite was informed of their good luck. She was overjoyed at the news, and years seemed to roll from her life. The little wrinkles that had gathered of late were smoothed out, and she was the happiest of

the four happy ones that day. Why was this? Because it lessened her daughter's chances of having her life blasted.

"Gordon, our prayers have been answered."

"Yes, I believe you, madam. I felt a confidence after listening to your heartfelt prayer that I failed to feel before."

"My boy, do you think it will be safe there at the hotel?"

"It will be safe till I return, at any rate. It is in my man's room and he is lying in bed with two large revolvers as companions. I pity any poor creature who attempts to steal it while he is responsible for it."

"Yes, no doubt it is safe now, but will it be if there should be a fire, or you and Jarl were both away, or even while you sleep you might lose it in some way. Gordon, why not bring it out here, no one would think of this out-of-town place as the keeper of such a treasure? It would be safe here, I am sure."

"You are right, madam, it is a good idea. I cannot thank you too much for your kindness and forethought. I will return at once and bring it."

Just as the sun was creeping out of sight over the western banks of the stream, Gordon appeared with his treasure and deposited it on the vine-clad veranda. Dorris, the only one who had never seen the wonderful clock, was naturally the most curious, and could hardly wait till it was brought into the cozy parlor. It was quite heavy and Gordon had zealously lugged it from the station. One could not tell from the impassive face of Robert whether this pleased him or not. He said very little as they deposited it on the center table.

Mother and daughter examined it with an awed expression. It was the most beautiful and artistically designed clock Dorris had ever gazed upon. The jewels and gold ornaments were worth a little fortune in themselves. Gordon set it at the correct time, which was a few minutes of the hour. They clustered around and waited, after stilling the old family timepiece. It was the first rest from its ceaseless tick-tock for many years. The last rays of the sun were finding their way through the vine-decked window and cast a red glow on the gold face of the London clock which was reflected around the shapely head of Dorris like a halo. She bent forward in eager expectancy as it began to register the hour with its beautiful chimes. Many conflicting thoughts ran riot through the minds of the two brothers as they gazed at her with eyes of emotion and love. They watched her every fleeting expression as she listened and watched in pleased surprise and wonder, until the last strains of sweet music died away. For almost a minute, she stood as if in a trance, then, recovering herself, she lifted her lovely brown eyes, only to lower them immediately with a blush as they encountered those of the brothers. In that one swift glance, she had read all. These men, who she thought so good, so handsome, so accomplished, loved her. It came to her like a revelation from heaven. For a moment she was confused and troubled, but quickly regained her composure

and broke the silence in exclamations of praise and admiration for the beautiful work of mechanical art. From that day on, there was a change in her. She would sit for hours thinking deeply, while it could be noticed that the constraint between the brothers became more pronounced, although Gordon was always kind and considerate, while in turn, Robert had little to say and that little was in a somewhat distant but polite tone whenever he addressed Gordon. As to Dorris, he exerted all the magnetism in his power to win her regard. And so the spring days slipped away.

* * * * * * *

Jarl was soon up and about and spent a good deal of his time on the levee with an old chum named Hank, from the Bowery, whom he accidently met at McGinnis' Sporting headquarters. His new chum was an Irish wit with a bowery and levee education. They had nothing to do but look for trouble and they found plenty of it in the "tenderloin district," as they term that portion of the south side from Van Buren street to the black belt. They spent their time in the haunts of vice and hell-holes of iniquity, abounding in the "Wicked City," looking for Jarl's enemy, the short thug. It was like living their bowery days over.

The two brothers spent the best part of their time in Sunnyside at Ivy cottage, where purity and virtue presided in the graceful form of Dorris.

A WIND FROM THE EAST AND "THE MAN IN BLACK."

It was now the 23rd of the month, a chilly wind came in from the east, and with it Mr. Bunnes, one of the London attorneys, with a business air, and his pockets full of legal papers. He was met at the station by Gordon, who drove him to the Palmer House, where he registered him as his guest. The lawyer seemed to be of an amiable disposition, although rather affected in manner for a man of his profession. At any rate, he shook hands warmly with Jarl on meeting him and again shook hands after Gordon had related their adventure on the lake front, posing Jarl as a hero. Then he inquired about Robert. Gordon replied,

"He seldom comes to see me here. About the only time I see him is when we meet at Mrs. Waite's. You remember her, I believe?"

"Oh, yes, I do, indeed. Her husband was a lawyer and one of the finest gentlemen, both in a business and social way that I ever had the honor of calling my friend. Yes, she and her daughter live on the estate he left them known as 'Ivy cottage,' in a beautiful spot near Sunnyside on the banks of the river."

"So I understood. The daughter was born there, I believe. I had the pleasure of visiting them when she was a little girl no larger than a minute, with the prettiest eyes and hair I ever saw. If she has fulfilled the promises of her childhood, she must be a handsome young woman indeed."

"Well, you can judge for yourself, for we will call upon them if you wish after you have had a god night's rest."

And so it was agreed. The following day found them at Sunnyside. Robert was there before them. They all spent a pleasant day and finished up with music after tea. The lawyer heartily approved of the plan to keep the clock in its present quarters until the day it should reveal the great secret it held.

"And, by the way, I find by taking a certain matter into consideration, we had overlooked at the time, that the three years will be up on the 28th of this month instead of the 18th of the coming month, as supposed. So, upon the 28th we should all gather here and await developments, if Mrs. Waite does not object, for it may inconvenience her to a considerable extent."

"You are all most welcome to make my little home yours as long as you wish, and as far as inconvenience is concerned, it shall be turned into a pleasure, besides I am greatly interested in this strange time-piece as is my daughter, also. Therefore, it can be no other than an agreeable arrangement all around."

"We are certainly indebted to you for your kind offer, and it is only fair to inform you that we will stand watch day and night, possibly for weeks, as we do not know how much time it has lost during the period it was in possession of the thief, or thieves as it may be."

"Now as to that, we have plenty of spare rooms and I shall insist on you utilizing them as long as you wish. As far as being up night and day, we, my daughter and I will sit up and watch with you by turns for we are both dying with curiosity to know how or in what manner it is going to tell which one is the heir."

"You are kindness, itself, madam, and to return that kindness in part, I will satisfy your curiosity (which is only natural under the circumstances) to the fullest extent of my ability and knowledge, a knowledge that even these young men do not possess, unless they have made a shrewd guess." He cleared his throat, adjusted his gold-bowed glasses, then surveyed the eager and interested faces of all present, before he volunteered further information. Being satisfied with the sensation he had created, he slowly arose and approached the clock.

"It is very simple, as you will see," he added. The others had followed and pressed around him.

"None of you have yet formed an opinion as to how it is going to give up its secret?"

Yes, they had all formed opinions, but no two alike. Some were visionary and some more practical, but none exactly hit the truth. So he gave it to them in all its simplicity.

"If you have observed the bridal party closely as it appears from the mansion on the left, you probably noticed the bride has two escorts, one at each side of her, besides the other figures that make up the party."

Yes, they had all noticed the fact.

"Well, one of them represents Robert, while the other represents——"

"Gordon," a voice broke in.

"You are right, the other represents Gordon."

He looked around to see who had spoken. He looked over his glasses and under his glasses, and even through them, before he could determine from whence this remark came. The daughter's face was pale and distressed, but a tell-tale blush chased the paleness away and told its story, as his sharp eyes swept her features.

"Ah-ha, that's the way the wind blows," so the lawyer thought to himself as he again cleared his throat, caught the glasses as they slipped from his nose, and continued with a provoking calmness and precision which was mildly irritating to his audience who were all deeply interested in what he had to say. The lawyer, himself, enjoyed the situation and made the most of it, prolonging it as far as possible.

"Well, as the bridal party arrives at this spot which I designate with my finger, there is a halt of a minute, during which time one of the escorts at her side disappears through this little pathway. The remaining figure which accompanies them into the church is the heir."

There were eager questions from all except Robert, who stood in the background, watching Dorris with drawn lips and a pre-occupied air. "How are you to know the name of the one that remains in sight?"

The lawyer answered this question by producing from an inner pocket, a round magnifying glass, to which was attached a handle. With provoking deliberation, he carefully rubbed and polished it in silence with a black handkerchief, a color in keeping with his other apparel, for he was clothed in black from heel to hat. At last he condescended to speak.

"You see this?"

"Yes," they cried in a breath.

"Well, this is what tells the tale. The puppets will soon appear and you can see for yourself, for it is about to strike the hour."

In breathless silence they waited. As the mellow sounds of the chimes ceased to vibrate, and the bell began to toll, the miniature figures appeared. Handing the glass to Dorris, he instructed her to look through it and tell the others what she discovered. Taking the glass in her feverish hand which trembled slightly from emotion or excitement, she covered the slowly moving figures. They appeared much larger.

"Now, tell us what you see." The man in black requested.

In a trembling and confused voice she replied: "I see plainly the name 'Robert' on one while on the other is the name of 'Gordon.' "

"Well, you see it is simple, as I remarked before."

She handed the glass to her mother, who also looked through

it as did Gordon. Robert, alone, declined to be interested. He had taken a turn about the room and was critically examining a painting by Dorris. When they turned to offer him the glass, he swung slowly around and rejoined them, but the figures had disappeared and the sweet strains of music were issuing from the cathedral. Robert now asked his first question.

"What becomes of the one who so mysteriously disappears to the regions below?"

"He reappears," the lawyer replied.

"When does he reappear?"

"He is supposed to appear again three months from the date of his disappearance."

"Does he appear again on this pathway?"

"No, if you notice, directly below the pathway, here in the base of the clock is a panel. This panel flies open and he glides out from somewhere in the mesh-work of mechanical apparatus it is so honeycombed with onto this little projection."

"Then what?"

It was Mrs. Waite that had spoken, who was nervously biting her lips. Even Robert's face now bore a look of deep interest, as the tantalizing lawyer, in turn scrutinized every visage.

He had told all he, himself, knew, but replied, "That is all I am allowed to divulge at this stage of the proceedings."

There was a disappointed expression on every face which pleased him greatly as he noticed it, for if there was anything he reveled in it was a mystery like this. Their curiosity and interest was food for him. He could still have them guessing and speculating upon the outcome of the secret months after the disclosure of the first. Mrs. Waite's face wore a troubled look, as she later on followed her visitors to the door to bid them good-night. Both of the brothers, in turn pressed Dorris' hand at parting, Robert retaining it in his warm clasp somewhat longer than was proper, considering the compact between the brothers. Gordon noticed this and was much troubled.

Was Robert keeping his word? It did not appear so. He had lately noticed many little circumstances which aroused his suspicions. Robert left the gentlemen at the gate and turned north saying he was going to keep an appointment with a friend who lived near by. As the other two strolled toward the station, they discussed many things of interest to both. They also speculated on the reason why Robert acted so strangely, the subject first brought up by the lawyer. It had become a mystery to Gordon as to why his brother would never visit him or accompany him on his way out. They talked it over at some length, but could see no practical reason for his peculiar actions.

The following day, Robert contrived to meet Dorris as she was taking her morning drive behind Bonny Bess. He bowed and stood with uncovered head. She could do no more than invite him to join her, an invitation he readily accepted. After a pleasant hour's whirl along the boulevards and through the parks, an hour which

he made the most of, they returned and passed the remainder of the day in the simple pleasures which the grounds furnished them. Gordon did not appear. He spent the day with his friend from London, showing him about the city Londoners termed wicked.

The day following this, Robert took a trip to Milwaukee and while there ordered a reversible coat, made up in the latest style. By promising the tailor an extra fee, he was in possession of it by train time. Next day at the Hotel Atlas, he made some other changes and found the coat a perfect fit. It would just answer the purpose he wished, for it could quickly be reversed from a plain black to a light colored tweed.

"If I could only rig up a reversible hat of some kind, I would be fixed. I must take no chances while that lawyer is here. He is a foxy old 'guy,' and might smell a rat and put 'Scotland Yards' next to me."

Having secured two heavy flat revolvers of a late make, he returned to Chicago and spent the entire night studying out a plan by which he could manufacture a reversible hat, and still have it look neat and stylish. Daylight peeped in at the window before he closed his eyes in sleep, with the problem still unsolved; it was the first thing in his mind upon awakening. It followed him to his late breakfast. Still he could not see his way clear to a successful accomplishment of this ingenious idea, so he dismissed it for a time, but did not give it up entirely. He had work before him. He must win Dorris' love and bring about a marriage, if possible, before the first of the month, for that would be about the time the clock would tell its tale, figuring in the time it had lost, which he calculated was nearly three days in all. He had, after careful consideration, renounced the plan of again obtaining possession of it; he decided to take his chances with Gordon, although the dying words of the old nurse kept ringing in his ears, and he was certain she was right, and certain that the chances were against him. He had decided that it was one chance in as many thousand, but he had also decided to take that one chance, since he had heard the lawyer's disclosure regarding the second mystery it contained.

And so it is that sometimes the minds of some of the shrewdest and most deeply calculating of men are changed to suit the purposes of fate. He decided to test his chances with Dorris this very day. Attiring himself neatly, he was soon walking along the little path that led to the summer-house. He was in luck. She was reclining on a seat, in the summer-house, enjoying one of Wilcox's books of poems. He took the book from her hand and proceeded to read some of the most emotional verses while she listened enraptured, for his voice was round, soft and suggestive. He threw into it a feeling that had not been in his nature since his youth. So they chatted and read, he exerting every wile in his power to hypnotize her with his wonderfully magnetic force and fan the friendship and respect she had for him into love. Her naturally strong mind was gradually being influenced by his still stronger one.

UNCONTROLLED PASSION.

His eyes chained hers; she could hardly resist as he on his knees poured out his passion for her and asked her to become his. She allowed him to take her two hands and press them passionately to his lips. She seemingly could not resist; she could not tear her hands away to hide her blushes, neither could she utter the word "no" framed in her throat. He pressed her to speak the one word that would make him the happiest and most blessed of men, and her the happiest of women. His eyes burned into hers, his breath fanned the lace at her throat. With a pained expression on her lovely face, she tried to speak. The words would not come. She hardly knew her own mind for a moment. She also disliked to give pain to any living thing. She saw he was so earnest in his entreaties. One hot, beseeching word followed another in rapid succession as he entreated her to utter one little word in reply. He used every argument, every fond expression at his command, even bringing the little good that was in him to the surface to peep out and bolster up his most clever arguments and more clever acting. His persuasive power was grand. Her silence boded good, he thought, and, thus encouraged, he slipped his arm around the slender waist and drew her to him, while he pressed a kiss upon her hair. It was this that lost the day for him, for as soon as she was out of range of these burning, magnetic eyes, she came out of the trance-like state he held her in, and with a stifled cry tried to draw back; but he held her close and rained kiss after kiss, not only on her hair, but her eyes and cheeks. Her mouth also did not escape from the passionate caresses. He had lost all control over himself for the first time in his life. He forgot all, only that he loved her, and he had her in his arms. She grew weak from the struggle and excitement. This was evident in her voice, as she cried for him to desist, to allow her to go, she could not be his. But he held her still closer and pled and prayed her to unsay the words she had just uttered.

"No! No! Robert, I cannot be your wife. If you love me as you say, let me go!"

"No, my sweet love, you must not go from these arms till you promise to be mine. You must not say 'no.' My love overpowers me. Is there another who would give you such love as this? No. I cannot let you go, my Dorris, my sweet Dorris. Can you turn away from a love like this love of mine? No, you shall not. Promise me, darling, promise to be mine. Your life shall always be one happy dream. Say the little word that will make us both so happy for all time to come."

"No. Impossible."

"Why impossible, dearest one? Why impossible?"

"I don't know why it is, but it is. Something tells me so."

His mad passion was consuming him. He had lost all reason. The lace at her throat was disarranged, disclosing her fair bosom. Drawing her to him, in spite of the now desperate struggles, he

glued his lips to hers, drawing in the sweet breath from her pure soul. His passion-inflamed eyes noticed the snowy breast, his hot breath scorched the tender flesh as he madly pressed kiss after kiss upon it. Her hair had become loosened and fell about her shapely shoulders in picturesque disorder. Her tender brown eyes had a frightened and pleading expression in them, as she begged him to release her. His mad passion frightened her and set her heart against him. In her struggles to release herself from his embrace, she regained her feet, but her strength gave out and she fell from sheer exhaustion on the bench, carrying her passion-crazed persecutor with her. And it is hard to tell how far this awful uncontrollable passion would have carried him if there had not at this moment been an interruption. The gravel crunched as a foot pressed it, coming along the path. Robert saw the shadow cast by a figure in the doorway, but he heeded not. He was devoid of reason, his passion had crazed him for the moment. As he knelt, pressing his burning kisses upon her chaste neck, exposed bosom and face so fair and sweet, a strong hand grasped his collar and he was thrown through the door, landing on his back. His passion fired with love now took the form of anger. There was a wicked look in his inflamed eyes as he regained his feet. He stood in the door for a moment and watched the scene within which caused a murderous gleam to add itself to the wicked look already there. Dorris had sprung forward into the arms of Gordon. By instinct, she seemed to know she had an honorable protection in him. She was still weak and trembling as she hung heavily on his protecting arm, while with the other, he adjusted the lace over the exposed bosom and fastened it at the milk-white throat. No word was spoken until he turned to assist her to the cottage. Their eyes met those of his brother. The hate and revenge to be seen in them was offset by the sorrow, compassion and pity in those of Gordon. Dorris shrank closer to her rescuer as if for better protection. Seeing this, Robert's anger broke its bounds. He took a step forward.

"You meddler!" he hissed. His hand stole its way back to the butt of one of the pistols which he, for some reason, now wore at all times.

"What! You would kill me," Gordon cried, "for saving you from yourself and your mad folly? You should thank me instead."

The hand hesitated but still fondled the handle of the weapon.

"Thank you? *You?* And what have I to thank *you* for? Must I thank you for stealing the love of the only being I care for? Thank you for interfering when I am pleading my suit and thank you for laying heavy hands on me, actuated by your own jealousy? You take advantage of my position to creep on me unawares and tumble me in the dust at her feet. Then you expect me to arise and thank you. Oh, no, a thousand times no. I hate you, my Christian brother, I hate you! You—you—oh, you shall pay dearly for this, if not to-day, there are other days coming, and I swear some of them shall be made bitter ones for you, so bitter that you

will pray for death to release you from the awful agony and suffering they will bring you. You shall grovel in the dust at my feet, and beg of me to end the miserable life you are so afraid of losing now—a life that I now give you, for I do not care to distress her, the only thing on earth I love, with the sight of your blood. Oh, you little know the demon you have stirred up in me! I give you your life, but it belongs to me. Remember, to me. And I take it some day when I have made you suffer for this by planting gravestones around your heart, and plant one at your head as well."

These words were shot out rapidly in a menacing tone while he drove meaning and conviction with every word. He sank them deep into the hearts of Gordon and the trembling girl, and clinched them with a manner and tone which was convincing to his listeners who had grown white and distressed. Gordon spoke:

"Robert, you will certainly think better of those words when you are cool, and unsay them. You are—"

"I mean every word I say, and what is more, you know that I mean them. You also know that I have given you your life, and knowing this, it is now you that should thank me, for it is an article dearer to you than the lady at your side."

"Robert, you are mistaken." The blood leaped to Gordon's face at these words, but he replied in as quiet a tone as he could command. "I am truly sorry that this should happen, and for her sake, I suggest that we discontinue the exchange of compliments as you can see it distresses her greatly. But do not think that I am a coward, because I am considerate. It is the duty of any gentleman to moderate his actions and language in the presence of a lady. I would also suggest," he quietly continued, "that when we meet in the parlor shortly, we carry no evidence of this scene with us in our bearing towards one another for Mrs. Waite is a lady of delicate nerves. Now, then, if you will allow us to pass, I will escort Dorris to her mother. It is a shame to sadden the young with such scenes as this."

"Then why did you interfere?" Robert hissed.

"It was my duty, as a brother to one, and a friend to the other."

"Friend, indeed! As a jealous, would-be lover, you mean," Robert retorted.

Gordon shrugged his shoulders.

"I do not wish to argue the question with you in her presence. The fact that you took advantage of her and broke the compact we had made excluded you from even my respect, and you certainly cannot regain hers by continuing this most unpleasant conversation."

Then it was, as the curt tone fell on his ear and he saw the aversion in Dorris' eyes, that he realized that he had, by one fell stroke, lost all, all chance even of winning the respect of the one he loved so desperately and passionately as to forget himself as he had in the summer house. It came to him like a flash. He blamed Gordon. His hand involuntarily crept around and again

fingered the handle of a weapon, while his eyes burned into theirs and they expected the worst to happen. But the best happened instead. He half drew the weapon, shoved it back into his pocket and as quickly turned and struck off among the trees. They watched his retreating form until they could see him no more. Then listened to his footfalls till they grew fainter and fainter. As the last sound ceased, Dorris drew a long sigh of relief, gently withdrew from Gordon's protecting arm and made her way to the house, with head bowed under the first sadness of her life. She found her way unnoticed to her room, and the pent-up tears flowed while heavy sobs racked her heaving bosom, so lately polluted by the lips of passion.

A "BREAK O' DAY" GAMBLER AND WAGE EARNERS OF THE "WICKED CITY."

That evening they all met in the cozy parlor, and passed the time with simple games and music. Robert was politeness itself. He had regained his wonted coolness, and the rest failed to notice anything unusual. Dorris was slightly confused whenever Robert addressed a remark to her, which he did quite often, seemingly with some ulterior motive. The lawyer was in excellent spirits, and was the life of the little party. He demonstrated that he could be witty as well as genial. He was loud in his praises of the so-called wicked city and reluctantly admitted that it was too "swift" for him. Before they took their leave, an arrangement was made to all meet in the city and take a box at the opera. This was agreed upon by some with fervor and others with slight reluctance.

Gordon and Dorris slept very little that night. Gordon was greatly troubled about his brother. Dorris was troubled because she held a secret from her mother, the secret of the summer house scene, and the secret of her love for Gordon, for she had been obliged to admit to herself, with a blush and a throbbing heart, that she loved him, and loved him with all the strength of her pure nature, a love that could never be destroyed. It had been a question with her as to which one she really did love, knowing that there was love in her heart for one or the other; but is was decided by the events of the evening, events which had changed the girl into a woman and shown her heart its ways.

Robert slept not at all. He spent the night at the "Owensburg," a well-known club house. Just as the wage earners began to stir into life and find their way along the streets to their different places of employment to earn their way by honest toil, he stepped out and joined the seething mass of poor humanity, and was carried along with it towards his quarters, $1.500 loser.

At the opera that evening he was the same polite, suave, smiling companion of the former days, but there was something in the cynical smile which played around his mouth during the whole evening that was unfathomable, even to the shrewd man from

London who studied his face at intervals during the play. The face and play engrossed almost an equal share of his attention. The play held few charms for Robert. Most of the time he was watching the entranced face of Dorris, as she gazed in admiration at the stage upon which was placed a strong and affecting drama to which was given life and reality by a well-known and popular actress. As the curtain dropped on the last scene there was a tear trembling on the lash of tender-hearted and sympathetic Dorris, but as she turned and met the eyes of the brothers fixed upon her, she quickly brushed it away, arose and passed out with the others into real life as it is in Chicago just after the many theaters have turned their thousands and thousands of patrons out on the streets to mingle with the late pedestrians. Robert bade them good night and as the carriage door slammed, dodged back into a side room off the lobby. Making his change, he presented himself at the club to try and retrieve his losses of the previous night, but luck was against him. Eight hundred of the ill-gotten gains followed the rest, so he left in disgust, cursing "faro bank" and the man who invented it.

The following day, he met the others at the cottage and played the part his double life required of him. His deportment was perfection and there were three of the assembly who were puzzled and at a loss to understand him. The lawyer knit his brows and pondered. Dorris avoided him as much as she could but Gordon failed to note this. The questions that agitated his mind were, "Does she love Robert?" "Was she a willing party to the scene of the summer house?" He could not believe it, but still the question kept crowding in between his better thoughts of her, almost poisoning his mind against her. Then he would rail at himself for countenancing the thought for a moment, but still it would return. She avoided him even more than she did Robert. Had he done Robert a wrong in humiliating him as he did? Could it be? No, he had done right, he at last concluded. If a fire were consuming those he loved, it was his duty to save them, even if it were at the cost of their good will.

Mrs. Waite suspected nothing and little dreamed there was a secret in her dutiful daughter's heart she did not share. The lawyer was enjoying American hospitality and the interest he created as the supposed holder of a secret, which he firmly believed of importance to all. So the days rolled away, swiftly for some, but oh, how slowly for others!

The 28th was now at hand and all gathered together in the parlor. They expected no developments the first day, so whiled away the time with music, games and story-telling. "The man in black" entertained them with many anecdotes and some mysterious happenings of real life. He would occasionally wedge in a ghost story and during the narration of these ghostly tales nothing could be heard except the even voice, the gentle sighing of the wind through the large pines that stood in front of the house, like sentinels on guard, and the tick-tock of the mysterious clock

which ticked on unconscious of the fate it held for some of those silent listeners. The story-teller warmed up when he noticed the impression he had made, and reeled them off in profusion. There was also a sprinkling of witty stories which raised many a laugh. He held their attention hour after hour, except when the beautiful chimes of the clock interrupted; then all would turn and watch the figures appear and disappear with abated breath, and interest most intense, in fact almost distressing, even horrifying to some who just began to realize the seriousness of the affair. To think that this mechanical apparatus, designed as a clock, a common clock, could speak in its own way like a voice from the grave and make one of these stalwart young men a rich land owner who would be respected, feted and fawned upon by the world, while the other would be made a pauper, an outcast from society, forced into the elements his birth had fitted him for, to seek out that poor creature who was responsible for his existence and condition!

The "Price of Crime" is certain misery; and if moral laws are broken, it will bring misery to some and generally to those whose lives and happiness depend upon the evil doer. If not in one generation, in another. Men sometimes commit one sin to rectify another, but it only grafts a branch onto the stalk of the first deeply rooted sin which grows on and on, branching out thicker and thicker, year after year, and generation after generation, until there is a thick foliage, green and slimy, full of corruption which contaminates the innocent who pass under.

TRUE SENTIMENT AND TRUE LOVE.

As the chimes told the hour of midnight, straws were drawn to see who should stand the first night's watch. The lawyer had explained that two witnesses to the phenomenon were required, one of them to be one of the brothers. The first night fell upon Robert and "the man in black" for company, so the others retired and arose to meet, at an early breakfast, the sleepy watchers, who shortly afterward turned into the clean, soft beds awaiting them.

Dorris seemed more shy of Gordon than ever, and when Mrs. Waite left them, to superintend some household duties, not a word passed for some time. She was gazing at the wonderful clock with a thoughtful expression on her lovely face. She was attired in a simple morning gown of some soft material which set her most perfect form off to good advantage. She looked so irresistible and suggestive that Gordon thought he could almost excuse Robert for losing his head. Her clear eyes now had a far-away look. As he observed her more closely and noted the steady purity of expression, he at last conquered the false suspicion and forced it from his thoughts. It was impossible! There could not be an impure thought in that shapely head. At last he broke the silence.

"A penny for you thoughts, Miss Waite."

She started and turned her head. A blush tinged her cheek,

making this picture of loveliness complete. She was too truthful to prevaricate, and replied:

"I was wondering which one the beautiful clock is going to favor, you or your brother."

"Do you care so much then?" His voice was gentle and earnest.

She ceased rocking and looked confused. Seeing this, he did not press her for an answer, but said,

"I may call you Dorris, may I not?"

She replied by a little nod of her head.

"Well, Dorris, why is it that you avoid me so lately? Are we not the same good friends?"

Another little nod.

"You seem unhappy, for some reason."

No reply, but her eyes sought a block in the carpet which she seemed to study intently. Noting this, he marshalled his forces and asked a point-blank question.

"Dorris, why are you so troubled?"

She raised her head, and her clear eyes looked into his as she replied in a tone so low as to be almost unintelligible:

"Mr. Long—"

"Call me Gordon, as you used to, won't you please?"

"Well, Gordon, I hardly know myself. There is a feeling of depression upon me, a sort of foreboding of evil to come. But what troubles me most, I believe, is that I hold a secret not shared by dear mother. It is the first time in my life that I ever possessed a secret she did not share. But mother thinks so much of you and your brother that I dislike to distress her with the details of the scene you witnessed. I also am in doubts as to your opinion of me since that awful time."

"And why do you doubt my good opinion, Dorris?"

"I believe it is the way you have looked at me lately with those eyes. I imagine you think ill of me and believe me a willing party to that most distressing scene."

Gordon colored. He had not given her credit for possessing such deep intuitive powers.

"Ah, Gordon, I see by your face that I am right; but you wrong me! Yes, indeed you do!"

"Dorris, I did not know you were so close an observer; but you have expressed yourself so frankly I will be candid in return and admit that a faint suspicion did steal into my mind, but I assure you, Dorris, I have conquered it; for your sweet, truthful face drove it away, and I despise myself for entertaining the thought for a moment. I heartily apologize."

With one knee on the ottoman at her tiny feet he beseeched her to forgive him. She grew more confused and started to rise, but he grasped her hand and detained her.

"Do not leave me this way, Dorris. Tell me you forgive me. I know I do not deserve it. I beg of you to be kind and have compassion."

"Ah, well, Gordon, I am satisfied that in your heart you meant no wrong, therefore, I freely forgive you."

He raised her hand to his lips and thanked her.

"The indulgence you have shown me, Dorris, is more than I deserve, more than I have a right to expect; but, Dorris, if you knew all, you could see an excuse for even that."

As his lips touched her fair flesh, she grew more restless and again started to rise, but again he gently detained her.

"Dorris, let me tell you all that you should know. Will you listen?"

She knew her voice would betray agitation if she spoke, so she again nodded her consent.

"Do not be surprised or shocked at what I say, but, Dorris, I love you, as no one ever can, I am sure, for I know it is a pure, holy love. My brother believed that he loved you in the same spirit, but I was afraid not. We have known each others secret for some time. There was a compact made between us. A compact that neither one was to breathe our love to you until it was settled who was to be heir. The heir to the estates was to be the one who would have a right to lay his love at your feet."

"And the other—the one who would be left poor—what of him?"

Her voice was troubled, she was interested.

"Why, he—why yes, he, you know—" His head whirled and he became confused as he all at once realized what it would be if he had to give up all hope of winning her love, to go away and never see her face. The awful possibility came to him in all its force. He faltered and looked at her with appealing eyes. "God help me, Dorris! He would, in honor bound, be obliged to go forth a wretched man for life! Yes, Dorris, to a life of misery, for it would be nothing but a life of extreme misery if it proves to be I who is to breathe another air then years, with a cloud between us through which a rift of sunshine could never creep and the light of your dear eyes never reach me."

Dorris had somewhat regained her composure and something of the feeling that filled Gordon's heart disturbed her, for she loved him dearly. To never see him again, to have him blotted out of her life entirely, it seemed an awful calamity, but she could hardly understand why this should be. Even if he were to be a poor man, she would love him just as much, and she had a little dowery of her own which they could start the world on. There was a sad ring in her voice as she said:

"Gordon, you have surprised me, and I am afraid I hardly understand you; and I am also afraid that you still persist in misunderstanding my character and disposition. Gordon, do you suppose it would make any difference in my answer whether a man were rich or poor? Ah, my friend, Gordon, you do me an injustice! If I loved a man, it would matter little whether he be a prince with millions or the poorest of the many poor people of this great city. No, no, Gordon, even if one had health, strength

and beauty with his millions and the other were a confirmed invalid, with nothing but his broken-down body, which holds the soul within, it would make no difference in my answer, if I loved him."

Gordon was pleased and surprised to hear such beautiful words of sentiment. It showed a depth of feeling and thought he had given few the credit of possessing.

"Dorris, your words show the spirit of a true woman. I know that you are everything that is noble, true and good. Your supposition that this would be the reason why the unfortunate one would not have a right to lay his love at your feet, is only natural, but that is not the reason. I only wish it were. I said I would tell you all. I spoke in haste, without thinking. It is impossible to tell you all. If I could, you would readily understand why it is one of us would have to be banished from the light of your eyes, never to look upon your face again, unless it were from afar, as one would gaze up at a star in the beautiful heavens."

"Gordon, you speak so strangely. I cannot understand it at all and I am still afraid that you are only trying to be generous by not offering me a poor man's lot. Why have you told me this?"

"Why have I told you this? Because I love you too well to keep more of the truth from you than it is possible to divulge since my poor brother broke our pledge in the way he did."

She meditated, while her hand still rested in his warm clasp.

"Gordon, you say you love me?"

"Yes, I do love you, child, and it is with all my heart. It is a love born never to die, and to call you by the dear name of wife, darling, is the ambition of my life, and it will be one of the happiest moments of my life if the time comes when I shall have the right to lay my love at your feet."

"Have you not the right to speak of love to me if I choose to listen whether you be a poor man or a rich man?"

"Dorris, if the clock ticks me off a beggar, I have no right to speak with you even as a friend. And, God help me, I would never enter your saintly presence!"

"Then, Gorden, I pray you to take my answer now. It may not be exactly what your English ladies do, but I am an American girl, and I believe it is my duty to lay all reserve aside and to tell you, my noble Gordon, that I love you with my whole heart."

"Ah, child, you love me! It is Heaven itself to hear you say so, but, sweet Dorris, my darling, you must not give me an answer, not yet—I have no right until—until—"

"Until now, Gordon, now is the time and the only time—unless you proved to be a poor man, for if you become the heir, I could not listen to you then. No, let me go on. I love you, Gordon, and am willing to be your wife if you wish, even to-morrow, before it is known whether or not you are rich or poor."

"No, child, I cannot allow you to sacrifice yourself."

"But Gordon, I insist. My answer must be taken before the clock ticks off the secret, or never, unless it leaves you poor. I

have a small dowery of my own. It is not much, but enough to live on."

This nobility of heart almost overcame him. They were standing now, and he took her lovely face between his two hands and looked into those honest brown eyes, so clear and earnest. He saw there all that would make a man happy. He pressed a tender kiss on her soft cheek. Of a sudden the thought came to her that she had acted unwomanly by thus offering herself to Gordon, and her head bowed itself until it touched his broad shoulder; but he understood the true sentiment that had actuated her regarding this. A tear trembled for a moment on the eyelash of this great-hearted man and fell on the strand of hair his lips had pressed.

THE JESTER'S BELLS. A THREAT.

They were not alone. A figure in the doorway with clinching hands and spreading fingers, as if they were aching to destroy life, now advanced into the room, the footfalls being deadened by the thick carpet. It was Robert, who, having dozed some during the night on the comfortable lounge, was fully refreshed by a two hours' nap after breakfast. He could see enough to satisfy himself that the only hope left to win her now was in his becoming the heir, for then Gordon, with his fine principles, would be out of the field. He stopped a pace behind them. There was murder in his eyes as he looked upon these true hearts. His hands spread like a pair of claws. He half extended them as if to encircle the neck of his brother and crush his life out; but they dropped at his side, only to finger longingly and caressingly the pistol he carried, as if there was an itching to use it and wipe this obstacle from his path. But with an effort he regained himself and in a composed voice broke the silence.

"Ah, a very pretty picture."

They both started and turned in the direction of that voice which rang in their ears like a stiletto striking a heart of stone. Robert's face was a mask to Dorris who could not read it, but the old feeling of fear came over her as she gazed at him with startled eyes. There was a foreboding of the evil to come.

"Exucse me for intruding and spoiling such a pretty picture. Oh, you need not look so frightened, Miss Waite, I am not jealous. Oh, no, not at all, I can assure you, for you know turn about is fair play."

"Robert, why are you so bitter? What do you mean?" Gordon had replied for her. "What do you mean by 'turn about'?"

A diabolical smile lit up his face. "Why, my meaning is clear enough, I should think, if you take into consideration the little scene you so ungenerously interrupted in the summer house, and this scene here, which I am truly sorry for interrupting before it got really good, you know. As I said before, 'turn about is fair play.' Next time it will be my turn to share the lady's favors."

The tone in which these words were uttered and the meaning which accompanied them, caused the girl's heart to smother and Gordon's manhood to assert itself. Drawing himself up, he said in a stern voice:

"Robert, I shall have to ask you to use different language, accompanied by a different tone of voice when you address Miss Waite after this."

"You have not heard Miss Waite object to my language or conduct either, have you?"

"No, but she does object, and I will have to ask you to be more careful in the future."

"Well, as to that, I cannot promise anything to you as her self-appointed champion. To her, of course, I could deny nothing. I do not say much as a general rule, but what I do say I generally mean. I can afford to be generous now, for it will be my turn next. Turn about is fair play, but the one that gets the last turn, my Christian brother, is generally the one that has the best of it. Remember, it is my turn next. Is my meaning plain enough?"

"Yes, only too plain; but you are mistaken or certainly jesting."

"A 'jester' generally wears a fool's cap with bells, that jingle as he laughs at his own poor jokes. Do you hear me laugh? No. Do you hear any bells jingle? No," replied Robert.

"No, but if you wish to come later on to our wedding, you may hear bells, for I am to be married to the belle of Sunnyside if—" Here Gordon hesitated.

"If what?"

"Oh, I had forgotten."

"Ah, ha! Got stuck at the 'if,' did you? It is a very small word, but it has stopped the carrying out of mightier plans than yours. It is a word you ought to think of often, it is a word you ought to get framed and hung between you and the 'belle of Sunnyside,' anyway. I will see that the little innocent word 'if' stays between you, making a barrier so high you will not wish to climb it. You do not hear any bells jingling do you?"

"No, but, my poor brother, your language and actions have opened wonders to my gaze and I see all."

"See all? Oh, no, my dear brother, not all, for if you did see all that is contained here" (he struck his breast, then thrust his hand out as though pointing to the future) "and all that is before you, your eyes would freeze in your head, your jaw drop on your chest, under which would be a heart turned to stone. Do you understand my meaning? You don't? Well, when it does dawn upon you it will be like an avalanche burying you beneath. My meaning will manifest itself in time."

He looked around to assure himself that Dorris was gone, and then leaning towards his brother hissed:

"The girl shall be mine, marriage or no marriage. Your life, remember, belongs to me, also. I gave it to you at a time when I had a right to take it, so it is mine to make as miserable as I wish, and mine to take back again as I choose. But I am going

to play this game out with you, I know my cards from 'soda to hock.'"

"Robert, your talk is crazy!"

"Rather too 'conslosterous' for your 'conslosterbility.' Can't you 'twig' the gab? You asked me to use different language. I have tried to, but it seems too copious for your diminutive comprehension. Do you hear any bells? You don't? Well, I am going to take a stroll in the air and see if I can get up an appetite for dinner. Mrs. Waite has an excellent cook. I hope my soothing words have given you a good appetite. I would ask you to join me, but I'm afraid that two such sinners as we would poison the gentle ozone; but if you hear any bells jingling, you will know I'm enjoying one of my own 'Joe Millers.'"

With a hard laugh that froze Gordon's blood he passed out.

DORRIS CONFIDES IN HER MOTHER.

Gordon dropped into the nearest chair, all perspiration, and sat in gloomy meditation. He was only aroused when Dorris, a short time later, came softly in and laid her hand on his bowed head. He looked up and forced a smile as he took the little hand of the gentle girl and said:

"Dorris, you would comfort me and share my sorrows already. You are indeed a noble girl, and as such, dear one, I ask you to try and forgive my brother for his rough speech and actions."

"For your sake, Gordon dear, I would do anything. Why does he act and talk so strangely? I fail to understand him."

"No more can I, dear one. Now do not worry your pretty little head, but let us cheer each other up with a little music. I see Mr. Burns is up and strolling about with him."

So they endeavored to shake off the unpleasant feelings of coming evil which disturbed both.

At 12:00 o'clock all assembled and after watching the clock as it struck the hour, retired to the dining-room. Robert was polite to all. He even entertained them with stories well told, and the meal passed very pleasantly in spite of the undercurrent of feeling in the breasts of some. Returning to the parlor just as the clock began to strike, they all gathered around it as they did at all times while the 'striking of the hour,' during the day, but the eventful hour came not. The evening was passed much the same as the previous one. The following day, Dorris, after a restless night, climbed into her mother's lap as she used to do when she was a little girl, and there on her breast, with her arms around the dear lady's neck, sobbed out all her troubles. But when she had finished and glanced up into her face, wondering why she had not as yet spoken, she was frightened at the deathly look she saw there.

"Mother dear, I am sorry to have pained you, but I could not keep my secrets from you any longer."

Her mother's face showed distress and horror of some future

possibility as she pressed a kiss on her daughter's brow to reassure her.

"My little girl, are you sure that you love him as you should love an intended husband? Is there a chance that you could learn to love the other as well?"

Dorris shuddered. The old feeling of dread came back to her.

"No, mother, I like Robert as a brother only."

Her mother started. "I know my own mind, dear mother, and I am sure I love Gordon dearly, and my life would be, oh, so miserable without him! Why do you look so scared and white, mother dear? Is it wrong to love him? Is he not all that is good and gentlemanly?"

"Yes, he is a noble man, and well worthy of you, dear, but I am not sure that you have a right to love him."

"Why not? Is he engaged to another?"

"No, no, dear, his heart is free. He requested of me the privilege of suing for your hand long ago, providing he became the heir. And Dorris, my child, pray to the good Lord, as you have never prayed before, that he may be the heir; for if it proves any other way your life as well as his will be ruined. You and he could never marry. So retire to your room, dear child, and pray that Gordon may be his father's heir. I will do likewise. I believe a great deal in prayers. They have helped your poor mother over many rough places along the uneven path of life these many years."

"Darling mother, I am surprised and grieved to find that you are so avaricious as to wish me to pray for a wealthy husband. From this time on, mother, I can not listen to you or obey you as of yore, except in this instance, and then I can only obey you in part. You wish me to retire to my chamber and pray." She arose. "I go, and pray I will, fervently too, but not that my intended husband may be a rich man, instead, my poor mother, I will pray for you."

"For me, you say, child?"

"Yes, for you, mother, for I still love you and always will. I shall pray that God may cleanse your poor heart from such penurious ideas."

"My God! This is too hard! My own daughter doubts me! You do me a great injustice in believing that my motives are mercenary. Indeed, daughter, you know not how greatly you wrong me. Oh, if you knew all! Child, there are other reasons."

"Then, mother dear, tell me of them."

"You do not know what you ask, child. What you ask is utterly impossible. Wait until after the clock gives up its secret. You may be happy yet. He may be the heir, and unless he is the heir we must be left miserable for all time with blasted love in your heart and deadly remorse in mine. Yes, dear child, it must be even so, unless he proves to be the heir, in which case you can marry and be happy ever after, for he will make a noble and generous husband."

Dorris still persisted in misunderstanding her mother, which was only natural under the circumstances and replied:

"By 'generous' you mean, I suppose, that he would shower wealth upon me?"

A pained expression crossed her mother's face.

"Oh, no, believe me, dear, that is not the reason."

Dorris backed away and looked at her mother's troubled face with eyes of suspicion and mistrust for the first time in her life.

"I am going now, mother, to my chamber where I will pray long and earnestly for you, that God may remedy this change in your heart."

"My child, you still doubt my motives. Ah, Dorris, do not pass judgment on me yet. Wait, he may be the one. I almost believe he will, and then—"

"My answer, mother, has been given. We will be married, though he be poor or rich. It is all the same to me, and the only cloud on my life will be in the future when I remember this hour which has forced me to believe that my own dear mother, whom I love so dearly, has a sordid spot in her heart."

She turned and pressed a kiss on her mother's horrified face, and glided out. The mother arose and stretched out her arms in the direction of her retreating form with a cry on her lips that spoke of the agony within. Then she fell on her knees by the chair in silent prayer.

"My punishment has come. I pray you, O Lord, to guide matters in the right way, that I may be blessed in the love of two sons, and bring back to me the love of my daughter, to secure her happiness."

It was a strange prayer offered up in such earnestness and good faith. Gordon entered. He waited with bowed head until she arose to her feet. Seeing the pain in her face, he said:

"Madam, I see that you are deeply troubled regarding something. Is it about what I came to tell you, I wonder?"

"I believe it is, Gordon. Dorris has told me that you have both discovered and disclosed your love for each other. I am going to my room now to lie down for a while. I hope that you will excuse me."

"Certainly, dear madam, by all means. A good sleep will be of great benefit to you in your present distressed state of mind."

"When I collect my thoughts, Gordon, I would like to talk with you."

"Madam, I already know what you would say, so do not distress yourself further. I understand what you wish, and your wishes regarding the matter shall be considered."

Somewhat assured and comforted, she retired. Gordon joined the others in the parlor, to wait and wait on. The suspense was telling on him. He threw himself into a rocker and intently watched Robert playing chess in the alcove with the lawyer, who was emitting a dreary whistle from his lips as he alternately studied and moved his men about. They played on and on, only glancing up as the clock began to strike. Even then the "man in black" did not discontinue the soothing, but dreary and monotonous

strains. At last Gordon dozed until dinner was announced. At the table they were all that good breeding required. Light subjects were the order while their secret troubles and forebodings were buried in their hearts for the time being. Here was another thing that the London lawyer was obliged to admit to himself, regarding American hospitality, while at the table pleasant subjects accompanied by pleasant faces reigned supreme. He had also dropped many of the affected airs which characterized him on his arrival. He had met with so many matter-of-fact people that he found it policy.

The table was neatness itself and was loaded down with all the delicacies of the early season. The glasses were French cut, the china of the finest, while the flat and hollow ware was of solid silver, in keeping with the other elegant furnishings of this model American home. Everything. in fact, denoted refinement and taste. The lawyer greatly wondered; for this unpretentious cottage, off by itself in nature's haunts, was, he reluctantly admitted to himself, furnished more richly and tastefully than many palaces presided over by the lord and the lady in his own city of London. Course after course was served by the cook who was maid-of-all-work as well, for they only employed one servant besides the man who took care of the grounds and stable. He was the head gardener, stable-boy and coachman, all in one. They were both good, faithful servants, having been in the family some time.

Soon a large, old-fasioned pumpkin pie was served, hot and steaming. While discussing this, the lawyer recalled his boyhood days and a mill pond near his father's place. It put him in mind of a great pumpkin pie, and he said that he often wished it were so he could get right in the middle of it and eat his way out. The laugh which followed was interrupted by the chimes of the clock as its clear tones reached their ears. They all arose with one accord, excuses not being necessary, for the table alone with the remains of a good old American meal was all that was left in the circle of vacated chairs. Robert, for once, seemed as eager as the rest for he was speculating on the one faint chance left him. His mind had undergone a slight change, and for a moment experienced real home life again with these good souls gathered around. Yes, he could be a different man, so he thought, if Dorris could preside over a home like this for him. It goes to show the power of a beautiful woman and home life. A good home presided over by a good woman has been the means of snatching many a burning brand from the fire.

THE FATAL HOUR ARRIVES. MRS. WAITE'S AGONY.

The company had reached the parlor and were all gathered around the clock in a half circle. Before the beautiful chimes had ceased to give way to the deep toned little bell that was the signal for them to look with all their eyes for the appearance of the little puppets that were to take their hourly promenade to the cathedral,

by intuition, they felt the fatal hour was at hand. All was confusion for a moment, then every voice was stilled. Only the suppressed breathing of the watchers and the deep notes of the little bell accompanied by the tick-tock of the clock itself could be heard as the faithful figures appeared at the doorway and began to move, only to stop one-third of the way on their hourly journey to the miniature cathedral. The watchers fairly held their breath as they waited. Mrs. Waite was holding the magnifying glass in her trembling hand, and was gazing through it with eyes distended, while her face was the color of chalk. Her lips moved in a whispered prayer. The two brothers stood erect and firm, with tightly compressed lips, like men who were well prepared to meet their fate. Dorris was watching her mother with a puzzled expression, while the lawyer watched everything with keen satisfaction, dividing his attention alternately between the puppets and the figures of real life. It was a moment of intense interest to all. Even the lawyer failed to adjust his glasses. The snowy napkin was still tucked under his left ear and he was rubbing his hand through his scanty hair. At last he, as well as the rest, could not help but notice Mrs. Waite's extreme agitation. But now the bell had ceased and the puppets held every eye. All pressed nearer. They hardly expected the little bell to cease until the day of the month was chronicled as usual; neither had they expected to see the little figures halt at this spot, as the lawyer had assured them they were to stop exactly in front of the gold dial. A minute was registered by the silver hand, still the figures stood motionless. In an awed whisper Mrs. Waite asked a question of the lawyer at her side, a question which he was unable to answer, seemingly, and merely shook his head. The interest was now so intense that they did not hear the two servants enter the room, which they did and stood near the door in respectful attitude. Dr. Warder, the family physician, who was passing, dropped in to request Dorris to visit one of his patients in the way of charity, as she often did when they were in distress and needy, earning for herself the name of "Lady Bountiful," a title that suited her well for she was as good at heart as she was beautiful. The servant announced him, but in spite of the respect he was held in, not an eye turned from the spot that held their attention. They were like persons in a trance. Dorris told the kindly doctor to draw near as he was just in time to witness a wonderful event. She spoke in a low, hushed tone, like one in the chamber death had made sacred. Having met the gentlemen present, he readily joined the circle and watched with the others with interest, too, for he had heard from Dorris (as far as she knew) the history of the wonderful clock he had noticed on a previous visit. Mrs. Waite was growing more and more agitated as the minutes passed, bringing with them no further movements of the little figures. Only five minutes passed, still it seemed like hours. Her trembling hand refused to hold the glass. She relinquished it to the "man in black" who peered through it with puzzled and apprehensive expression, for he was much afraid the clock

would at last fail to perform the offices he expected of it, giving out at the last minute like a good horse in the "stretch," failing to reach the stake by a nose. The tick-tock was all that could be heard. Gordon was about to answer a whispered question from the interested and genial doctor when there was a sound like that caused by the winding of a watch. This stopped at intervals and then was repeated. Gordon, in a whisper, asked the doctor his opinion of this.

"Well, I should judge there was a little storage battery at work upon the inside."

The lawyer caught the reply as low as it was uttered.

"Ah, that is it exactly, there is a battery within. I—, but no, that could not be, for it has been three years since—" The rest of his sentence was lost to their ears, for the miniature figures began to tremble and slowly move forward while the most peculiar music ever heard flooded their ears. It was low and impressive, like you will hear sometimes at the opera when the life and death scene require it. This was joined by the sweet tones of the bell and chimes at short intervals. The figures now moved so slowly that it required the use of the glass to satisfy the eager watchers that they were really moving at all. There was something in all this so impressive that Dorris shuddered and that feeling of dread came back to her, a feeling that she could not explain, but seemed like a presentiment or a foreboding of evil.

Mrs. Waite was biting her lips (a habit she had when excited or troubled) while she supported her agitated form with one hand resting on the polished table. The experienced eye of the doctor convinced him that her nerves were on tension. A longer strain might snap the thread that held life, like a too tightly tuned up violin string, the only difference being that one could be restored, the other could not. He was concerned and glad that he happened to drop in as he did, for his services would certainly be needed if this scene were prolonged. He watched her closely, wondering why she was so much more agitated than the others, but could not fathom it, nor could the rest of the spectators. She was seen to press her hand to her brow, damp from a cold perspiration that had begun to gather, as the figures slowly but surely drew nearer and nearer to the spot the lawyer had designated as the last halting place for one of them. They were slowly nearing the center. She seemed oblivious to her surroundings; for, as the figures at last reached a spot in front of the gold dial where they again halted, she pressed both hands to her throbbing head and sank to her knees, crumpling the rich robe she wore for this wonderful occasion.

"Oh, merciful Creator, punish not the children for their parents' sin!"

Gordon thought she meant his father's sin. Some of the others thought the cause of her words and excitement was due to the unjust will, making one a rich man, while the other it would leave a pauper. Dorris, kneeling beside her, brushed the damp from her

brow and smoothed her hair gently while she tried to comfort her, although she thought her agitation was from a mercenary cause.

"Watch them, daughter, and tell me which one. I can look no longer."

She dropped her face in her hands while Dorris arose and watched with the others who were cognizant of this pathetic scene without fully seeing it, for their eyes were still glued upon the two figures outlined against the gold dial.

Another figure in real life had joined those at the door. It was Jarl, who had been waiting outside for his master. It was a striking tableau that met his gaze. Every face wore an expression of awe and solemnity, except Robert's. Who could read that wonderful face? None could in its present state. But if one had noted him closely a moment later as he watched the closing of this strange tableau, one would have seen the demon leap into it and his hands clinch around the twisted napkin he unconsciously held.

The chimes and bell had ceased, the slow and affecting music alone continuing. The hour hand now suddenly swung around in a half circle, and as it returned into position, seemingly with greater force, a gong-like sound vibrated upon the air. As if this were a signal, one of the figures disappeared and the music ceased. Even the tick-tock of the clock was heard no more. Mrs. Waite raised her head and looked at the others, who in turn were still staring at the clock. Stillness now reigned. Not a sound broke it until Mrs. Waite, who could bear the suspense no longer, in an agitated whisper said:

"Dorris, child, tell me, tell your mother, is it over? Did I not hear something drop with a kind of dull thud like hope through space to doom? Answer me, child, is it over? I dare not look. Tell your mother the truth. Is it? Ah, it is, child. I read it in your face. Tell me, quick, dear. Which one is the heir?"

Dorris, thus appealed to, first glanced at the two brothers with an apologetic look, then stooping, the sweet lips whispered softly:

"Yes, mother, it is over. We do not know as yet which one it is, but—" (sinking her voice still lower, so that her mother alone caught the words) "I think it is Gordon."

The face of the kneeling figure lighted.

"Look, look, child and see! No, let me look. I am stronger, now. With this hope in my heart I can hear it."

She arose and joined the others who had recovered from the trance-like state they had fallen into watching this strange phenomenon, and had crowded still closer. Even Jarl and the servants had taken courage and advanced into the room.

THE CLOCK GIVES UP A SECRET.

The lawyer, with a large legal paper in one hand and a magnifying glass in the other, was bending forward to examine the remaining figure at the bride's side. He looked through the glass at the name he could see there, long and earnestly. He had re-

gained his equanimity and could not help but make the most of the opportunity this gave him to keep their nerves strung to the highest tension as long as possible. At last he raised his head and faced the now quite large audience present, cleared his throat, threw his head back until he could peer out from under the glasses he now adjusted for the first time and began to speak.

"The mysterious clock, ladies and gentlemen, that required two years to construct, has at last given up its secret, a secret it has held for the past three years, and held it well." He again cleared his throat, then peered about in a tantalizing way, as if to say, even if he did trust the secret to a clock for three years, he would at least be the holder of it after the clock gave it up for as many minutes more. Dorris had encircled her mother's shoulders with her snowy white arm, and was whispering comforting and hopeful words in her ear.

"I am sure it is Gordon, mother dear, unless the figures were changed around since we looked at them the other day, and that could not be. See, the lawyer is about to speak! He is going to inform us."

The "man in black" again continued:

"The will I have here in my hand is, I confess, a very unjust and—" The lawyer was slow in his delivery, and Robert, who up to this time had stood near his brother, advanced and said:

"I, for my part, do not wish to listen to a long-winded sermon, be it good or bad." He rudely took the glass from the astonished lawyer's hand, then bending forward examined the name on the remaining figure. With a smothered curse he shattered the glass on the guardian angel top-piece, then clenched his hands as though he would like to demolish the clock itself, but changed his mind and strode from the room without a word aloud, thinking as he cursed bitterly to himself:

"Oh, why did I not do away with the infernal machine as I intended to! That is what I get for being a good fellow. That shall be my last weakness. I played the part of a fool. I knew I was right all the time. Why did I take that chance? It was like switching the 'copper' off a good bet at 'faro.' I have lost all, when I could have kept them guessing the rest of their lives. Bah! I thought I was a gambler. Here I have played a card with 99 per cent. against me."

His footsteps could be heard, as he strode up and down the veranda, by those within who had stood spell-bound at this seeming rudeness. But they all forgave him in their hearts, for the will appeared to be a very cruel and unjust one and the question that shone in their eyes and trembled on their lips was answered by this unexpected action of Robert. They all felt a great pity for him as the lawyer finished his remarks, read the will and said:

"I can, for my part, freely excuse Robert, for he has been done a great injustice; but 'it is an ill wind that blows nobody good'—loss to one is generally gain to another. Mr. Gordon Long, allow me to congratulate you, for you are the heir."

Dorris seemed little elated at the announcement. It would have suited her as well if Robert had been the heir. But still she was pleased for her mother's sake who seemed over-joyed. They all crowded forward to congratulate Gordon. As soon as Mrs. Waite could manage it, she carried him off to her daughter who had taken her pet "Toots," and was bending over him in a thoughtful attitude.

"Dorris, you have not congratulated Gordon, are you not pleased, dear?"

Dorris arose and faced them with an unfathomable expression in her eyes and said:

"Yes, dear mother, for your sake I am pleased. Anything that gives my mother pleasure can not help but please me."

She extended to Gordon her little hand. He seized it and held it while he turned to her mother, saying:

"My dear madam, will you now give me the right to soon call you 'mother?'"

"Yes, my dear children. God bless you both. It has lifted a great load from my heart, and I am happy, happier than I have any right to be. God is good. He is more lenient with me than I could expect. I am satisfied that you love one another with a love that will never die, and such love must bring happiness. So take her, Gordon, and may she bring you as much happiness as she has me."

"Thank you, madam, but rest assured, you will not lose a daughter. Instead, you shall gain a son, a son who will always love and respect you. Now may I not announce our engagement to these good people, dear Dorris?"

She nodded her consent, and the light of love and happiness shone in her eyes as they rejoined the group and announced the engagement. Then there were more congratulations, and the facetious lawyer tried to make her believe that it was the custom in England to kiss the intended bride when the engagement was announced. But he failed for she was too well informed as to English customs. Being balked here, he asked if there was not some American custom that allowed it, claiming in the same breath that he would renounce old England for the privilege such a custom would give him. This caused a laugh, which reached the ears of Robert, who was still promenading up and down with a gloomy brow and darker thoughts. He paused at the window and peered in at the happy group, the trailing vines hiding his own form from their view. Then, with still darker thoughts in his heart, he fingered the weapon in his pocket.

"There is no justice! Here is a good illustration of it. Gordon now has everything, I nothing. He has gained wealth, friends, a mother, a wife. But no, shall he have her too? We shall see. Look at them gather around him as if he were a prince, while I suppose they have forgotten that I ever existed."

He turned away and resumed his pacing to and fro, peering in at the window, as he passed and re-passed, with eyes of hate, pas-

sion and revenge. The little good that remained in him had disappeared with the puppet that bore his name "as the chimes told the hour."

HAPPINESS WITHIN, MISERY WITHOUT— A LAST APPEAL.

Meantime, the happy ones on the inside were again gathered around the clock. The lawyer had produced a small key, fashioned from gold, which he inserted in a key hole he had exposed by sliding to one side a figure 2. He was some minutes winding it. Then he reversed the figure and two more key holes were discovered. He treated these likewise. Then setting it with his own timepiece, an old-fashioned lever which had belonged to his forefathers and had been handed down from generation to generation, it was soon once more ticking off the minutes as busily as ever. They could hear Robert's footsteps, and a great pity sprang up in their breasts, for he had seemed to take it so much to heart, in spite of his seeming indifference.

Mrs. Waite called Dorris to her side and asked her if she would not let Gordon go to his brother to try and comfort him.

"He has been wanting to go, dear mother, but don't you think someone else had better go and ask him to rejoin us here?"

They asked the lawyer what he thought about it. He advised it by all means.

"But, Mrs. Waite, I think your daughter had better go. He certainly is not in a very pleasant frame of mind, and I know he will listen to her when he would not to us." So Dorris started on her errand. The others again gathered around the clock while they explained to the doctor many things of interest connected with it. It was certainly the wonder of the century and one of the finest pieces of mechanical art ever constructed.

Dorris opened the door and peered out. The first thing she heard was a low curse which caused her to draw back as if undecided, but the good in her heart conquered. She advanced to meet him as he swung around and started back on his ceaseless march, a march he had become familiar with in the London prison, and little did this pure girl dream that while she was talking to this well-bred, fine-looking man she was, at the same time, holding converse with an escaped convict, and now one of the most desperate men ever turned loose upon the American continent! But such was the case.

"You, Dorris, and did you think of me and come to me in my misery?"

"Robert, they all insisted that I come and ask you to join us in the parlor. We will soon have tea—"

"Never mind the tea. The taffy you are all willing to feed me on is sufficient."

"Oh, Robert, why will you talk so bitterly? I am sure there is a place in our hearts for you."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, Robert, certainly there is."

As he replied he brought the full force of his mesmeric eyes upon her. She shivered under the gaze and grew uneasy.

"Is there a place in *your* heart for me?"

"Ye-es. You must be my dearest of brothers. I never had a brother. Won't you be a good brother to me?"

Robert replied bitterly: "Or as a brother-in-law, since you know which one is rich enough to be the husband. Am I not right?"

This unjust speech distressed her greatly.

"No, indeed, Robert! Gordon and I both would rather you inherit the estates, for with our love for one another alone, we could be supremely happy."

"You do not know of what you speak. Do you think he would marry you if he had not been a rich man? No, he has too many fine notions. And as to the estates, I do not care for the loss of them. It is for the loss of you that I care. If I had been the heir in place of him you would never marry him."

"Yes, Robert, I should, for I love him and would marry him, rich or poor."

"You deceive yourself and—"

Dorris interrupted him and said, "Won't you come in? They are all anxiously waiting for you."

He dragged her to the window. "Look in there! Look! Do they look as if they were all anxiously waiting for me? No! They think more of that infernal clock than they do of me."

She could say nothing in reply. Indeed it appeared so. Still she knew better, for those were all true hearts assembled there; but she knew it would be useless to try to convince him of that fact. She walked along at his side until they had reached the extreme end of the long veranda. Her eyes were raised to his and she was pleading for him to come and join the family circle. He stopped and leaned against the trellis-work. He was now facing her again and was marshalling his forces.

"Dorris, I would do a great deal to please you, but what in return would you do to please me? Nothing."

"Oh, yes, I would," she replied. "I would do a great deal for anyone. But now, Robert, won't you please come in?"

She took hold of his hand and attempted to urge him along. She could not bear to see him out here all alone and miserable while there was life and happiness within.

"On one condition, my sweet Dorris," and he drew her nearer.

"It is getting chilly for me, and if you will not come I must go in," she evaded.

He now pulled her nearer still. She felt his breath scorch her cheek as he bent over her and in a low voice said: "I will go with you, but before I go, let me kiss that sweet mouth."

"No, no, Robert! Let me go! I did not think this of you, you knowing that I have promised my hand to your own brother."

"My 'own' brother? Oh, that is rich! He has robbed me of everything. He is ungenerous. Why should you be ungenerous also?"

"I am not ungenerous, neither is he. You mistake— Ah, Robert, allow me to go, won't you please?"

But she appealed in vain. He had thrown his strong arm around her slender waist and, pressing her to him, tried to kiss her on the lips, but she held her beautiful sacred face in such a position that this was impossible.

"Robert, please let me go! This is wrong, I know it is."

"No, my sweet Dorris, if my brother is so generous as you claim, he will certainly not begrudge me a caress from you, only a caress."

"Robert, I protest. If you do not release me, I shall be forced to scream for assistance."

"Oh, no, you would not do that," he replied.

"I certainly would not like to do it, but I will unless you desist." But he paid no heed and made one last appeal.

"Dorris, can't you love me? You will never be loved as I love you. Say the word and we will fly to some little nest of our own. If I do not prove my words, you can come back and none will be the wiser."

"Robert, you insult me. Now pray let me go, for I dislike to cry for help and still further humiliate you to-night."

"Will you meet me at the summer house at this time tomorrow evening?"

"No! Impossible!"

"Well, in the afternoon, say at 2 o'clock?"

She hesitated. She did not like to prevaricate, still this furnished her a good opportunity to escape from him now, so she replied,

"I shall see."

"Will you?" he insisted.

"I will try to," she replied. "Now let me go."

He pressed her once more to his heart and said, "Just one kiss before you go. It is all I ask. It is little."

Her voice was firm and convincing as she replied, "No, Robert, no! I could never respect myself if I willingly submitted to a caress from one who has no right to give it."

He released her and she quickly disappeared into the house and sought her chamber to re-arrange her hair before she returned to the parlor to inform them of her failure. She found them still gathered about the clock, for the bell was tolling in the steeple of the miniature cathedral, and the little puppets had continued their journey, minus one of their number. As the company later dropped into the chairs around the tea-table, there was one still vacant and many a sorrowful glance was cast toward it.

AS THE CHIMES TOLD THE HOUR.

Another day dawned clear and bright. The lawyer made preparations for his return to smoky London and business, with a better opinion of America than he had ever entertained before.

Gordon and Dorris, relieved from the awful strain, were enjoying the balmy air along the wooded pathway and were making all kinds of plans for the future. Gordon assured her she had done right, and that it was not necessary to meet Robert if she did not wish to do so. So at 2 o'clock when the stillness that reigned in the cottage was broken by the chimes as they told the hour and started the little folk on their hourly promenade, Robert emerged from the summer house with passion-distorted features. Entering a skiff, he rapidly pulled away, meantime keeping his eyes on the receding bluff, but that which would have quickly reversed his course failed to appear.

END OF PART I.

(*Continued in Part II.*)

GORDON WAS DECOYED BY HIS FALSE FRIEND UP A DARK STREET INTO THE SHADOWS OF AN OLD CHURCH.

"WICKED CITY"

PART II.

CLATTERING HOOFS ON THE HIGHWAY. MERCHANTS' SIEGE WITH BANDITS. THE "LONG AND SHORT" OF IT.

CHAPTER I.

A WEST SIDE GAMBLING HOUSE. PENNILESS AND DESPERATE.

We next find Robert Long, formerly number "49," at the sporting headquarters of the levee. Luck proved against him here. After a small losing, he savagely tore up the cards and next visited a well-known west side gambling house, presided over by the notorious "One-armed Shimmel." The room was ablaze with lights and sparkling shirt-fronts. He had gained admission by mentioning the name of McGinns, a southside sport, and was soon making his way down a long room lined on either side with games of every description. The droning voices of the dealers seemed to repeat again and again the name "Dorris" in his ear. It rang in them as he dropped into a seat at a "faro bank" table. He could hear her voice in the rattle of the checks and see her face in the silver deal box which was fast winning from him the last thing he had of value. He played out deal after deal, but luck was against him still. He watched his money fast fade away and disappear in the little drawer and the checks in the rack as the dealer won them. Buying checks became monotonous, besides he imagined he could see her face looking at him from the circle they formed, with sorrowful eyes as though beseeching him to turn away from this life and follow another and better. So he began to change money, a

hundred on a card, playing "cases" only. Still, this did not change his streak of bad luck. He at last became reckless, and addressing the dealer said,

"Say, pal, 'blow' out of that for a while and let someone else take your place. It's a cinch I can't beat you. You are dealing too luckily for the house."

"There is no one to take my place," the dealer replied; "just at present, anyway."

Glancing around, Robert retorted, "What's the matter with that one-armed 'guy' strutting around there? Can't he deal with one mitt?"

"That's the boss."

"Well, suppose he is the boss. Can't he 'push the paste-boards'?"

"Well, I should say he can."

"Well, call him over here. I'm just going one more bet with a limit, and I want a new deal and a new shuffle of the cards."

The dealer made a motion of his head and the one-armed gambler approached. "This gentleman here is off loser and wants to 'press the limit'."

Without another word they exchanged seats and the one-armed individual extracted the cards from the box, then shuffled them with one hand as handily as most gamblers shuffle with two.

"What limit do you want?" he tersely inquired.

"Well, I just want to make one bet on the first 'case' that appears."

"How much?" the one-armed man returned.

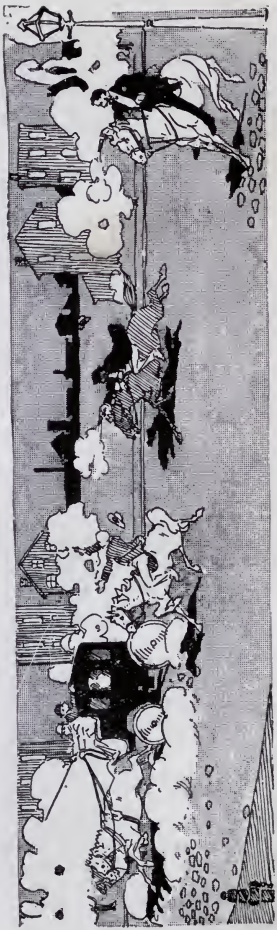
"I will see."

He searched his pockets and piled up in front of him all the money he had left, $1,250.50. The hangers-on and gamblers, both "live and dead" ones, as they were termed, began to crowd around expecting to see some high and long-winded plunging, but they were doomed to disappointment on the length of the game, for as the first "case," the ace of diamonds, appeared, he placed it all and "coppered" it. A dozen cards or more were slipped from the deal box by the deft fingers of the gambler, and still the ace did not appear. So taking a "wrong hunch," he changed the nature of the bet by flipping the "copper" off with his finger and played it open. A few more turns—breathless silence by those around. Then he arouse, broke. The dealer offered him a cigar. Like a man in a dream, he mechanically accepted and lit it, then started away but, as if on a second thought, turned and said:

"Ah, excuse me, my mittless friend, I almost forgot to thank you for this most exellent weed."

"Don't mention it. You will find that it has a real west-side flavor. Don't forget the number. You will find the boys of the West Side 'hot taters'. Give you any limit at any game you play."

Robert's blood boiled as he retorted, "Thank you, I may drop over once in a while and make it more interesting. I only had a little *shaving money* with me to-day."



THE ABDUCTION.
CLATTERING HOOFS ON THE HIGHWAY.

With this parting bluff, in response to the one-armed gambler's sally, he passed out and down the wire interwoven steps. He did not let a vestige of the rage within him appear on the surface while there was a gambler to watch him, but as he found himself in the street wandering about (he did not know or care where), a close observer might have seen something in that face which would cause a creepy feeling to chase along his spinal column. His mouth was so firmly set that the corners of it twitched and his teeth grated as he walked on and on without looking to the right or left, sometimes mechanically and unconsciously turning a corner just as the press of pedestrians would guide him. A little dog that was following a "drug store blonde" happened to dart in his way. He gave it a savage kick which tangled it up in the spokes of a passing hansom. The blonde screamed, the dog howled as it spun around in the air, and the cabman swore. But he hardly heard them as he proceeded on his way. He was too busy with his own thoughts which shaped themselves to believe he had a grievance against the whole world. There was only one hope left him, that was when he thought of Dorris, when her face came before him, as it did constantly, always with those tender, beseeching and reproachful eyes as he had last seen them upon the vine-clad veranda. Desperate resolves formed themselves one after another—resolves to possess her by fair means or foul—and at the same time eke out his revenge on Gordon. But he could carry out no plan successfully, so he thought to himself, without money. Money he must have, and get it he would, no matter how.

"Well, that one-armed sport has got what the shoemaker threw at his wife—the last—and he is welcome to it, but I don't like his way. He kind of tried to throw a hot shot into me, but I guess he got as good as he gave. So they are 'hot taters' over here, are they? Well, I may make it hotter for them sometime. I will show them what a real dead game sport is. I will not quit loser on the West Side. I will play even—but how? Curse the luck, why didn't I keep that last thousand for a bank roll. Ah, Dorris, you little know how much I love you. I would sacrifice a dozen lives, the same as I did the one in London, for your sake. Bah! Why can't I get her out of my mind for a moment? I wonder where I am, anyway. Curse it, I can't see the names on the street lamps for I see her face there instead. I am crazy, yes, quite crazy. I am tough, but I can become worse. Where in the h——" He had at last halted on a busy corner. Cars were passing and repassing. On one of them he saw figures which danced before his eyes. It was some time before he could determine the fact of its being a 12th street car.

"Guess I might as well 'cop' that 'rattler;' it will take me over the bridge as far as Wabash."

He ran and caught it just in time. The car was filled mostly with ladies. He fell into a vacant seat in such deep meditation that it was some time before he was aware the conductor was standing before him waiting patiently for his fare with outstretched hand.

He dove into his pocket, and then it dawned upon him that he did not have even carfare. The ladies were all looking at him with interest, and a couple of girlish gum-chewers giggled as he withdrew his hand empty. He looked at the conductor blankly, arose and dropped off into the street. So it happened that the want of five cents, which would have allowed him to continue his ride across the long 12th street bridge, was the indirect cause of launching upon the "wicked city" what is known as the "long and short bandits," who became feared and famous throughout the length and breadth of the land on account of their many daring deeds, deeds unequaled in modern or ancient times. They have figured as real characters in fiction as well as in modern history.

For the benefit of the readers, who are not familiar with this great city, we will mention the fact of a deep river which cuts through the business center, dividing it into three sections. That part north of the lower terminus is called the "North Side;" while that section south and east of it (bordered on one side by the great lake) is known as the "South Side" and all that portion west of it is termed the "West Side," where we will now follow the movements of Robert Long, the escaped convict known as number "49," who is, without premeditation, about to take the first step that eventually wins for him the feared and widely known name of the "long man," a name that to-day strikes terror to the citizen or stranger who hears it spoken of in connection with another, the "short man," who so prominently figured in Chicago's carnival of crime horrors which will live clearly in the minds of the merchants, the main sufferers, forever.

ON THE BRIDGE.

Robert, with quick, energetic strides, had covered about half the distance to the 12th street bridge when he began to feel the pangs of hunger. His mind was so taken up again with other matters that he once more forgot for a moment his financial condition. In an absentminded and preoccupied way he turned into a cafe, dropped into a seat and began to look over the sporting column of the evening paper, while he waited for someone to take his order. His eyes traveled over the head-lines, reading them, but hardly comprehending their meaning, until at last, just as the waiter appeared at his elbow, he noted the heading in large letters, "Broke the Record." "Broke," and then it flashed across his mind that he was broke. The suggestive head-lines had put him forcibly in mind to the fact again. He almost knocked the astonished waiter from his feet as he swung around and hurriedly made his way into the street. It was still a mile to the bridge. The shades of night were drawing around as his foot struck the first plank of that long structure. As he swung along, he could look down upon many streets and even the roofs of buildings, in many places lay beneath him, while others shot up and cut the sky with their sentinel-like chimneys. He stopped, and leaning on the rail looked

off to the north where the great Masonic Temple loomed up many feet above the other sky-scrapers clustered around it. On top of this was a large roof garden, or what is known as an open air theater, patronized mostly by the elite of Chicago. It was well he could not distinguish those who were entering below. For there, mingling with the great throng of playgoers, were the two people who were uppermost in his bitter thoughts—Dorris and Gordon. They, like Robert, had stopped in their walk on the promenade and were now leaning on the rail looking off and down—as happy as happy could be, while the silent figure alone on the bridge, miserable and alone looked off and up with a cold, glittering eye that failed to see aught to please or of hope. No, his was a wasted life. He felt it, in fact his natural cleverness set this before him too vividly.

He was standing now on a section of the bridge directly over the Chicago river. He looked down at it and wondered if he should drop in, what he would look like after being churned around and ground into the mud and filth by the lake craft that ply up and down.

"I would be full of filth, bloated, bruised and probably disfigured beyond recognition. In a week or so some vessel would stir me up to the surface. Then I would have a ride in the dead wagon, then I would be laid on a slab at the morgue, then another long ride—my last. And my handsome brother would be enjoying the happy hours, days and years, with the only thing on earth I love, the only thing that holds life dear to me, Dorris, the sweetest, the purest of all mortals. Oh, why was I so hasty, so rash? Why did she resist me? But on a second thought I loved her more for it, and she won my respect for it. Oh, what a life it would be with her always at my side! As long as there is life, they say, there is hope. I have a chance while I live, but a dead lover is beaten to start with. Well, I will finish out this 'sprint' that west-side sport has started me on, and at the end of it, *what then?*"

A KNIGHT OF THE ROAD—HOLD UP YOUR HANDS.

Glancing in both directions and seeing no one, he turned to resume his journey, bitter and sullen. He struck his foot on a projecting plank. The strain snapped a shoe-string.

"Curse the luck! What next?" he growled. "I will have a good appetite I guess when I do get there."

Resting his foot on a timber, he stooped over and commenced to repair the damage, when he heard a harsh voice say:

"Hold up yer mitts and give us yer coin."

Robert was in a mood that caused him to care little what befell him, so without even changing his position, he turned his head. As he did so his nose struck something cold and hard, and his eye looked down the muzzle of a forty-four blue magazine revolver.

"Can't you see that my mitts, as you called them, are busy, you duffer?" he replied and coolly turned his attention to his shoe. The burly footpad was so taken back at this cool refusal to comply with his command that for a moment he was dazed. Then he broke out with his fiercest oaths which sounded somewhat familiar to Robert, and would in themselves intimidate a more timid man.

"Up wid dem mitts, I say, or I'll mix dat putty hair up wid yer brains."

But this new command only brought a cold smile to the lips of the other who replied, as he finished tying an artistic bowknot at his shoe-top,

"You seem inclined to be somewhat witty. You have missed your calling. You ought to have been a reporter on the Daily Yell."

The footpad gasped.

"Well, yuse be a cool un, but dat's wat I gits fur holdin ye up like a gentleman. I could'r hit ye a crack over de head and put yer to sleep, an I will too if yer don't pay a little 'tention t' me. See?"

Robert smiled.

"If you do, I surely will pay a little attention to you. I will just take that cannon away and dump you into the river."

"I wouldn't if I wus you. I might pison de fish."

"Well, you are making quite a reputation with me as a wit."

The thug grew furious and growled out: "Well, by h—, if yer don't shell out pretty quick, I'll fix yuse up so yer own brother wouldn't recognize ye."

"He don't recognize me as it is, so that don't bother me."

He had finished the bow to his satisfaction and straightening up, leaned against the rail with his hands thrust deep into his pockets. Assuming a kind of easy attitude, he lazily continued,

"Say, my friend, tell me what you want. I am ready to do business now."

"Ye know wat I want," the footpad roared, "I wants yer coin, and I wants it d— quick, too."

"Will you have it now or will you wait till you get it?" was the tantalizing and cool reply which still more exasperated the thug who stuttered a moment, but the only thing he could say was,

"H——!"

"My friend, why do you speak of your home at such a moment as this?"

"Home? Home? I'll make h—— yer home, and send ye dare wid yer boots on if yer don't stow yer gab and cough up wat coin yer got in yer clos."

Robert was in a kind of reckless, don't-care spirit, which caused him to care little if the footpad did carry out his threat. In fact, he would welcome a "scrimmage," even though it would result disasterously for him. There is a time in most every person's life when, through circumstances over which he has no control, he finds himself in a frame of mind akin to this reckless feel-

ing in Robert. He had made up his mind to parley as long as he could and meanwhile watch his opportunity to best the thug or be bested in turn. There was something about this fellow that seemed familiar, but he failed to place him.

"What do you want with money?" asked Robert. "It would melt where you are going."

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

"Well, I'll jes send ye on ahead," and his finger twitched on the trigger as he spoke.

"If you do," Robert coolly replied, "I will take you along with me and give you a 'knock-down' to the devil."

"De devil ye will!"

"Well, that is what I said, and I was standing right here when I said it, too."

"Well, yer'll be layin down somewhere if yer don't quit yer kiddin and ante up."

"Well that's good! What will I be doing while you are doing all that?"

"Wat will ye be doin? Wy, yer'll be shakin hands wid de devil I'm tinkin, fer I tink yer a bad un wid all yer fine clos and genteel front."

A grim smile overspread Robert's face.

"Well, I guess you will find me a bad one if you get mixed up with me."

"Wat would yuse do?" The footpad asked this in a kind of sneering tone as his eye traveled from the others refined features down to his slender, neatly clad foot.

"What would I do, you ask?"

"Yes, wat would ye do ef I turned meself loose at ye wonst?"

"Well, I will tell you what I would do. I would just jerk one of your arms out and beat you to death with the bloody end of it."

The would-be robber laughed in a scornful kind of way, and replied,

"Well, yuse be de best I ever run up against, de best I ever tried to trow in de air. Wat wud I be a doin wid dis gun, dough?"

Now it was the others turn to laugh in a tantalizing kind of way and reply,

"Why, you haven't got nerve enough to use that 'barker.' You are only putting up a great big bluff."

The footpad caught his breath and blurted out, "Well, if dat wudn't freeze a pump! I'm only bluffin, am I? I'll show yer if I'm bluffin er not."

Crowding still closer with a wicked, determined look on his ugly features, he shoved the weapon against Robert's breast, directly over the heart, but that organ did not beat a fraction faster and a quiet smile of contempt was on his face as the other accompanied his actions and words with curses and threatening looks.

"I am tru monkeyin wid yuse; now yuse jes trow dem deli-

cate little glove-stretchers in de air wile I go tru yer pockets, or by h——, I'll make an air hole in yer heart."

But to this order, as well as the others, he paid no heed. Settling himself in a more comfortable position, he brought the full force of that magnetic power in his eyes to bear on the "Knight of the Road" and held him spellbound till he finished the following, delivered in a peculiar, dreamy, indifferent tone of voice: "Say, my good fellow, let me tell you a few things you ought to know. You think for one thing that you are the whole cigarette, but you're only the butt."

At this remark the thug nearly exploded with wrath.

"There, there, now, don't allow your angry passions to rise, for it is bad form to swear like that. What would your poor mother say if she heard you using such language?" There was a sound of irony in his voice as he spoke. "Besides you are working yourself into a passion and wasting the time you should be out looking up a 'live one' for you are on a 'dead one' this trip. A mouse could dance a jig in my pockets and never break his neck over a nickle. So, if you want to do any killing without anything in it, go ahead with the funeral. It will save me the trouble of walking over to the lake. I was going to try the river, but I happened to think of a piece I saw in a paper once about a tramp, one of those oyster-can Willies, who was filthy and dirty and tired. He was so tired of the wicked city that he became tired of life; besides he had been disgraced in the eyes of the great army he belonged to. He had been caught 'red-handed' pushing a buck-saw through some poles in a back yard, for a hand-out. He could not stand up under the awful disgrace, so he came to the 12th street bridge to die. Writing his will on the rail, he set the can near it, then with a last farewell look around, cast himself in. There, now, don't interrupt, let me finish. Mind you, as dirty as he was, he could not stand this river that flows beneath us, he choked and gagged and cried lustily for help. A passing tug threw him a rope and he was soon on terra firma, but he went on a dog trot to the lake. Arriving there, he threw himself into the clear sparkling water and ended his disgraced existence. Now then, my case is like his in one way, for I was standing here, looking down in it, having just filled out my string of hard luck. which is longer than a preacher's sermon, but like the hero of the oyster can, I had just made up my mind to die when you——"

Robert was holding the others eyes and attention in spite of him. It was one man's will power exercised over anothers. Consequently the thug had failed to notice the gun as its weight gradually dragged the hand that held it down to a less dangerous position. With a quick motion, Robert knocked it from his hand and sprang at his throat.

THE UNDERGROUND DEN.

"The river, my friend, is not good enough for me to 'croak' in, but it is good enough for you, and there is just where I am going to put you."

The thug fought desperately. They swayed backward and forward and Robert soon had his man half over the rail. The moon was now shining down in their upturned faces, for in the struggle they had worked out of the shadow cast by the great bridge supports. He was about to take advantage of the jiu jitsu "twist" he had on the footpad and spin him over the rail to the awful death awaiting him below, when he made a startling discovery. Jerking him to his feet, he scanned his face more closely, while he listened to the "Knight of the Road" curse and growl. Then he cried, *"The bulldog of the lake front, by all that is eternal!"*

The other stopped his cursing long enough to take a better look at his antagonist and ejaculated, "An yer de guy wat lent me de wipe."

With one accord they broke away and ended all differences by warmly shaking hands. They both looked at each other with interest, each one in his way admiring the other. There was a great difference in these two men, but a kindred feeling sprang up between them. The "Knight of the Road" eyed his late antagonist from head to foot again as if trying to locate the source of that wonderful strength he evidently possessed. Then he spoke.

"Well, I'll be blowed!"

"I should say you were pretty nearly 'blowed' as it is," replied his companion.

"Yep, an I'll give ye credit fer it, too, an ye came near blowing me over de rail, an I'd sooner a hull train o' cars ud run over me."

"How did you come out of that job on the lake front?"

"It was a fizzle, and I quit wid only a bloody book stuck in me shoe. Somebody had swiped the coin out ob it wile I was mixed up wid de grass. But say, pal, I aint a goin ter sling any more gab till I knows who I'm a spielin ter. See? Wat's yer lay and wat do dey call yuse wen yuse are et home?"

"Well, as to home, I plead not guilty. Did have an interest in one till yesterday, but tonight I have no more home than a rabbit and I haven't even got the price of a canary bird's breakfast. With the home I lost everything, even the love of one of the prettiest girls in America. As to 'lay,' I have none, and my name I lost with the rest, so call me what you like, just so you don't call me too late to join in anything you have on hand. If you ask no question, you will always find me 'Johnny-at-the-wheel.'"

"I believe you, pal. Yuse are one ob de right sort and dat's no midnight dream eder. But, say, takin yer all in all, yer flyin lighter dan a chip hat in a cyclone, aint ye, and ye only tie me fer I aint seed enuf coin since I mixed up wid yer on de lake front ter buy a piece of shin plaster as big as a minute, but I got a place

wat I calls 'home' and yuse be welcome ter it an wat's in it ef ye aint too hardened to go tru a church ter get dere."

"Go through a church, did you say?"

"Dat's wat I sed, an I'll tip somethin off ter ye dat'll s'prise ye."

"Well, you can keep your surprises for someone else. I'm not looking for any home in a church among rats, but I will go with you and get you located, so if I need you I will know where to find you. If I had known where to find you a short time ago, I might have saved a few thousand and put you on Easy Street too."

"How's dat?"

"There you go now. I told you to ask no questions."

"Questions and answers is bad tings. Dat is right pal, but ye axed me a question a while ago about de lake front job."

"Yes, but that is a matter we were both mixed up in, and I would advise you, if you are going to continue in your present calling as a 'Knight of the Road' never to get confidential with women that live on the shady side of the street or ask or answer any more questions than you can help."

"Tanks, pal, yuse have put me on de right car, an I aint a goin to git off eder. What do yer say t' goin over an take a rubber at me joint? It's a swell place ter plant yerself in ef ye are under cover fer anything."

Robert had been thinking rapidly during this strange dialogue and replied: "Well, I'm not under cover for anything, but I've got a pal that is, so I will go with you and—here comes somebody along the footway. Put your coat down behind. It is caught in the handle of your gun," cautioned Robert.

"Yer lamps don't miss much, and dat's no—"

"Hist! Here they come."

They pressed back into the shadows. Two well-built, determined looking men passed. The footpad pressed Robert's arm.

"Do ye twig dem gazabos?"

"They are 'fly cops,' I should judge."

"Well, ye be a shrewd un, sure. Dere is not one guy in ten thousand wat could pick em out as elbows, but dat's wat dey are—de slickest in de business—an dey pop up most everywhere. I don't believe dey ever hit de bunk for a round o' sleep."

"What are their names?"

"De feller wid de black wings under his nose dey calls 'Rometto.' De oder wid de scramble egg complexion and carroty colored hair, dey calls 'Arlex' or someting like dat. Dey are de ones dat gave us a pretty good chase down in Hammond and pniched me pal, and I haint been able to spring him yet."

"Well, come on, let's blow this bridge. They may take a notion to come back this way on a rubber."

"Will ye come down to me den?"

"Yes, but lead the way by just one-half of a block ahead of me, no more or no less."

"All right, captain. Don't give me de shake, cuz I tink mighty well o' de game ye put up. See?"

Robert made no answer to this, but asked, "Have you got anything to eat over there?"

"Well guess we can scare up someting dat'll pass."

"All right. Get your legs to moving. I will be a stone's throw behind you with a belly as empty as a military dude's head."

The bulldog started off and walked along with an innocent air, but as he passed a pedestrian a short distance away he turned with his hand on his weapon and looked at Robert as if to say, "Shall I hold him up?" But Robert shook his head so the merchant passed on unmolested and unconscious of how a slight shake of a head had saved him from being held up and robbed. He went whistling on his way, probably to loving arms and a happy home full of cheer and welcome after an honest day's business, while Robert started out to follow and join his fortune to that of the footpad he had saved from the happy whistler's wealth.

The wittily inclined footpad led him a short distance along the bridge and then turning off into Clark street, they passed through a district infested with almost every class of human beings known on the face of the earth, of which Italians, Negroes, Chinese and the lower class of Polish and Russian Jews predominated. Many of the women and barkers tried to intercept him, but their cunning eyes saw something in his manner which readily convinced them he was not a greenhorn in spite of the fact that he looked like "ready money" as a barker was heard to say to a Chinaman steerer for a fan-tan game. A man of his fine appearance was seldom seen in that locality unless in a carriage or accompanied by an officer to protect his person and wealth. He had not followed this street far when he saw his man glance behind and turn into Polk street. Following a short distance, he saw him again turn and glance behind, then turn to the north. He found this street comparatively free of pedestrians, but infested with low resorts in which all classes of frail women held out. Many of the inmates were sitting on the low steps, chewing snuff and smoking cigarettes, while they at the same time plied their wicked trade. Many glaring eyes sought his face to read it and decide whether or not it would be good policy to try to work their wiles on him. Some of the less experienced ones accosted him with, "Come here Tall-and-Handsome," but he paid no heed; while there were others who mistook him for a detective and scampered into their filthy dens, only to poke their dissipated faces out from a half-drawn curtain. It made him think of a lot of prairie dogs. At last he saw his man ahead of him stop in front of an old church and carelessly look up at a city clock off to the west, and up and down the dark street, then back out of sight into the archway of the building. As he stopped in the shadow of the building and looked around, he saw that it was a lonesome spot and no one was in sight, except the footpad, who called him in a low tone. Together they entered, his conductor using a key. If it was dark and gloomy on the outside, it was still worse inside. He could see nothing but the white cuffs

of his companion as they cut the darkness. Keeping his eyes on them as they swung back and forth, he followed until they came to a stop, and he watched them with interest as they descended to a level with the owner's boots, then ascended while a rush of air struck him in the face. His conductor lifted a slab and spoke quickly.

"Now den, pal, it's yer turn to go first, I'll follow and close me door. Look out fer yerself. Jes feel around till ye gets yer mitts on de ladder, den follow dem patent ledders of yuse down backwards. Quit when ye gets t' de bottom and wait fer yer uncle, dat's me."

Robert followed these instructions, and groping around with his gloved hands he discovered a ladder. Feeling his way down this, he waited for his companion in whom he began to take quite an interest. The footpad quickly joined Robert, closing the opening after him, then again led the way. As he followed, the cuffs still answered as a guide until they again descended and seemed to be reaching for something. At last they ascended. A click was heard and a ray of light shot from a dark lantern which struck him square in the eyes, almost blinding them for a moment.

"Excuse me, captin, didn't mean ter."

"All right, but get a move on you. I could eat a bear."

Before them there was a stone wall, seemingly the foundation of the old church. Inserting his fingers in a crevice, he swung back a portion of the wall just large enough for them to pass through comfortably, which they did, closing it carefully. Robert again followed his guide for some distance. Soon he could hear the muffled clang of the street car bells and the rumble of wagons for a short time, and then they could hear them no more. He imagined they had passed under Clark street, still he asked no questions, but wondered why and when this subterranean passage was built under this city of wicked reputation. His guide now stopped in front of a heavy door of wood. Upon pushing this open, Robert followed and found himself in a well-furnished room about 12 by 16 feet in dimensions. The air here seemed to be better than that of the passage. He noticed that there were three doors besides the one they had entered, also that there were many chairs which seemed to have been lately in use, for scattered among them on the floor, which was covered with rugs, were a number of cuspidors and around these the butts of cigarettes and cigars. The walls were covered with pictures of all kinds, the nude predominating, mostly clippings from such papers as Standard and Police Gazette. Then there were rows upon rows of sporting men and noted criminals. It in one way put him in mind of Steve Brody's place on the "Bowery" in New York, for there was not a patch of the wall or ceiling as large as his hand that was not covered with a pictured face or form. He stepped close to the wall and examined the pictures of the criminals, for he had noticed writing of some sort on or below each. It proved to be their names and aliases, and to this in most every case was a

penciled remark, something like this: "Railroaded by—" and there followed the name of some detective such as Rometto, Arlex, Milraly, Shubert, Kaply, etc. Under others were inscribed: "He is a dead one;" "He is all O. K.;" "He is a 'stool;" "He died with his boots on;" "He was croaked by the cops—;" "He is game;" "Sleepy Burke's pipe went out and he woke up." Another said: "He told his troubles to a cop and got copped," etc., etc. It would take fully a day to read them all. He turned to find the footpad with a grin on his face that chased away the fierce look which he generally assumed during business hours.

"Wat do ye think o' me gallery?" he asked.

"Well, I'll have to look it over later. Where are those bottles of wine and cold lobster you were cackling about?"

"I've got em all right."

"Well, you won't have them long if you will just let me get my lamps on them."

"Take a seat, captin, and I'll fix ye out in two twists o' a lamb's tail."

He hurried about, jerking chains here and there and whirled a round table into the center of the den. Robert noticed that it looked as if it had been used for a card table. Then the host disappeared through one of the doors, only to quickly appear again with lobster and wine. Setting this on the table, he secured some glasses and a loaf of bread. Then these two men, so alike and yet so unlike, broke bread together and discussed many things, many people, and many plans in this strange underground chamber.

A BOLD PROPOSITION.

As they finished, his host brought out a box of cigars and they settled themselves for a smoke and further talk. Robert noticed that the weed he had placed beween his firm, white teeth was of a fine flavor and of the best make, and he remarked to his host:

"They must be coming kind of easy for you to be able to smoke this kind."

"Well, dey aint comin easy, even if dem are fifty cents a trow. Dey didn't cost me anything, only de trouble o' reaching fer dem wile me pal was stallin fer me; and dat wine is off o' de same shelf. But say, wat do ye tink o' me den? Aint it de proper ting?"

"Yes, it couldn't be better providing you have another exit."

"Dat's jes wat I got, me boy, an it's a bute too! Want to take a rubber at it now?"

"No, wait till I am ready to blow. You may show me out that way if you wish."

"All right, pal, but yer'll find yerself in a pretty tough part o' dis wicked village. It's wat dey call de 'cesspool o' crime.' Dat's wat de 'civic fed' calls it. Dis 'ere city used t' be de best in de world till dem fellers wid white chokers, wat dey call preachers began t' show dere hands. Dey aint satisfied dat a sport an gambler

should earn his own living like a gentleman slinging de pasteboards upon de inside, but dey got to rubber around an raid de gambling houses and drive de sport out on to de street t' hold some bloke up fer de price o' a meal, if he gits one."

Robert listened to his talkative host, but smoked on in silence. Sometimes a thoughtful expression would come over his face, as though thinking deeply of some plans he had in mind.

"Fer nobody aint a-goin ter han ye anything after ye're knocked out o' a job, like me," the thug continued. "I've worked in almost every gamblin house in de city and made me little $8 and $10 a night. O' course I was a good feller wid me coin, and let loose o' it again and wen de joint was sloughed, I didn't have enuff t' pay em fer de ride in de wagon to de station. But de others were in de same boat, an de boss who is a pretty good feller, dat's Wagner wat runs de town, settled fer us. Dere ye are without a cent and nobody t' han ye anything unless ye stick a gun under der nose and beller at em t' cough up, and dat's jes wat I've been a-doin ever since. Dey may tie me, but dey can't beat me. De city owes me a good livin an I'm goin t' have it. Why, my dad used t' pay taxes fer two or tree houses in dis ere part o' de town, while dere is one o' me pals wat had a dad as owned a whole row of buildins' but me pal don't own even a spot t' be buried in, an ef a cop or mark should snuff his candle, wy, he wud have t' go to pauper's field and rot wid de oder poor stiffs out dere who didn't have de price when dey croaked."

"You have more than one pal, then I take it."

"Yes, dere's five o' us wen we are all t' home, but some are away on a visit. Two 'flys' wat dey calls Shubert and Woolriedge got em a pass so dey could go out an see a old friend o' deres, at Joliet. But dey'll be back soon wid de top button off o' dere britches from livin t' high."

"Are they all right," Robert asked.

"Are dey all right? Wal ye kin bet all yer loose change on dat, pard. Dey are like clams, hard t' open and game t' de back bone. All dis push needs is a good head t' plan and manage fer em, some one wat kin handle em. Dey are like a lot o' young colts, full o' vinegar, an dey worry de life out o' me, an are pretty near as bad as 'Pop Anson's' colts, an dey calls me 'Anson' wen dey run out o' gab and can't tink o' any oder hard names to trow at me."

"Have you or they any ladies on the string?"

"Well, I know wat ye'd say. Dere is one girl in de push, but she is dead wise and kin be trusted, an she is useful, too. It's all rot about dem sayin as wat dey can't trust a woman. Dere is a good many as ye can't trust as far as ye kin trow a red hot stove; but again, dere is women as ye kin trust."

"Has she ever been in the sweat box?"

"Has she? Well I should say she had, an she never has squealed an never will fer Detectives Rometto and Arlex had 'er in der sweat box fer a whole day et a time without anything t'

chew, and dey couldn't pump nothin out o' her, an I guess dey puts up about de best game at dat kind o' work of eny of de elbows. An wat's more, she is a dead ringer for de fine ladies wat ye see on de boulevards, an as purty as a peach, an she aint got no man an she don't run wid de oder girls an de bulls here never forced enyting agin her. Oh, she's a smooth un an she makes de colts treat er like a lady. How she ever does it, I don't know, fer dey don't care fer de devil himself. Yuse see, dem guys 'll git together here an smoke my cigars and cigarettes while dey tells me dere troubles an finish up wid a lot o' pipe stories dat ud freeze yer blood, an I believe ef de devil himself ud appear true de wall dey ud commence kiddin 'im an spit tobacco juice in his eyes ef he kicked about it. Oh, dey be terrors an dat's no evenin dream, but an early mornin fact. But dey are 'Johnny-on-de-spot' wen dere's enything on de taps, an ef dey gets de hooks trowed into dem, dey takes der 'med' like de dead game guys dey are, an go tru de sweat box wid a grin on dere mugs an never squeal or give up a ting. All dey ever got out o' dem boys dey could put in der eye an it wudn't hurt em a bit."

"And how is it with you when they get you in the sweat box as you call it?"

"How is it wid me? Well, dey never got me dere yet, but ef dey did, you'd be safe in bettin all yer loose change that I'll stand pat an ef it's a game o' gab slingin' I'll put em asleep de first round. I'll out talk em an still say nothin. Dey'd find dat Red is t' foxy fer em an wont stand der work even ef it is fine, fer wen dey begin t' shoot de short con into me I'll begin t' trow de long con into em.'

"Your speaking about change puts me in mind of something. How much change have you?"

"Aint got a red."

"Well, let's go out and get some."

"Shall we try de bridge?"

"No, that's too slow for me. Are the big mercantile stores closed yet?"

"Dey are on dis side, but dey aint on de oder side."

"Well, let's go over there. I have a grudge against that side anyway."

"Wat ye a-goin t' do?"

"Why go over and save some of the merchants the trouble of counting up their day's receipts."

His companion looked at him for a moment in a puzzled and incredulous way.

"Ye mean t' go in an hold de whole store up?"

"That's what I mean."

"Oh, ye got yer kiddin clos on. We could never do it and make our 'git away.'" With an incredulous grin on his wicked face he arose and began to remove the bottles and glasses as if the question was settled. "No, I'll pass dat kind of a lay-up."

Robert selected another cigar, bit the end off with a snap of

his firm teeth and said: "Well, I will have to pass you up, then, for I want a pal that has nerve and—" He did not finish. The other had turned with the bottles and glasses still in his hands.

"Nerve? Say, captin, ye don't mean t' say ye are in earnest about holdin up a whole store full o' people?"

Robert was lighting his cigar and did not answer until he had finished, then flipping the burned match across the table, he assured him that he was. The footpad's eyes searched his companion's face for a moment, but being convinced that he was in earnest, threw the bottles and ware in a heap, and a curse mingled with the sound of breaking glasses as he snatched up his hat saying,

"Come on, I'll show ye ef I have got nerve enough or not."

STORE HOLD-UP NUMBER ONE—THE SPOOK AND RED.

He started towards the door opposite that by which they entered, but Robert laid his hand on his shoulder and stayed him.

"Not so fast. Wait till I give you a few instructions and ask you a question or two."

"Fire away, but you'll have t' be in a hurry or de big places 'll be sloughed."

"Have you got confidence enough in me to do just as I tell you without asking questions?"

"Yep."

"Very well then, see that your shooting irons are in working order. Lead the way out, then follow me till you see me step into an alley. As I do, you must stop near by and wait till I send my pal out to you and he will enter the store with you. Do you understand the crook's deaf and dumb finger motion?"

"Yep."

"Well, keep an eye on him and do just as he tells you. Hold up the cashier, then lam, but split away from each other after you get out of danger, you cop the swag and blow back here and stay under cover till I come."

"How'll I know yer pal?"

"What is the password with your gang?"

"'Eitak' is de pass dat gits ye anything we got."

"Yep, it is de name of our gal spelt backwards."

"Katie?" he asked.

"Yep, dat's de handle she goes by."

"All right, that is very good. Now how am I to get in on my return?"

"Here's a key t' de ole church. Come in de same way ye did to-night, an I'll give ye a duck t' Kit an she'll let ye in de oder way."

"No, we haven't time for the red-tape of an introduction to so fair a lady. I will come the other way. Have you two keys?"

"Got a dozen planted 'round 'ere somewhere."

"Now there's one thing more and then we will blow. Stick your chin up here."

The footpad did so, wonderingly. It seemed as though he must obey for there was something about the dark-faced man that he could not resist if he wished. His words were short, commanding and to the point. If he had ordered him to dig a hole in the Chicago river, he would have attempted it without a remonstrance of any kind. Robert dragged him near the light. Taking a needle from his vest, he stuck the head in a small cork, then dipping the point in the fluid contained in the bottle he tilted the others chin with one hand while with the other he picked the skin in a half dozen places. As fast as the needle point was withdrawn, a red blotch would form as large as a dime, until his face looked like a mass of pimple blotches.

"Now come on, lead the way out of here, and don't forget what I have told you."

The astonished and much puzzled robber quickly led the way through the door and along a short passageway much the same as the other only dry and more wholesome smelling. Another door in a stone foundation was opened, then he ascended a pair of steps till his head touched the floor between the string pieces of some building above. Pulling a wire near him, a bell could be faintly heard. His guide waited fully a minute, then there was an answer so near Robert that he would have jumped had he been a nervous man. His guide seemed satisfied. He pressed his shoulder against a trap door and Robert followed him up the steps into a luxuriously furnished apartment. A girl with beautiful hair and eyes was gazing at him in admiration and astonishment while she held a pistol under the chin of the disfigured "Red Leary."

"Who are you?"

"Who am I? Well, dat is good. Don't ye know me Kit?"

"No, I don't. How did you come here?"

"Oh, quit yer kiddin, you know me. I am de 'eitak' weazle and me friend is a new member. He has de password. Take dat gun away from me throat and ask him fer de word."

Robert gave the password, and a look of something like relief and interest was noticed in her face as she lowered her weapon. Without further parley, they passed out into a narrow street called "Custom House Place." Indeed this was a cesspool of crime, for he could see it stamped on every face as he passed along. Wending his way in and out among the swarms of painted women, many with short dresses who accosted him at every step and fought with each other to determine who should pluck this fine looking pigeon, but none was destined to succeed. If it had been lighter so they could have better read his face, they would have thought twice before they accosted him at all. His mouth was set and determined while his eyes denoted a fixed purpose. They were keen and glittering, and took in every detail of the surroundings as he hurried along over the same ground he had traversed early in the evening. After crossing the long bridge, he watched the numbers on the buildings until he found himself before that of No. 657. It was a large store, one which he had noticed in particular as he passed it

after dropping off the street car for the want of a fare. As he now stood gazing around he recalled to his mind the sneers of the gum-chewers, also the tantalizing words of the one-armed gambler.

"So they are 'hot taters' over here, are they? Well, if my pimply faced friend proves up all right, I will accept the challenge and give them a game without any limit at all."

Robert, seeing his companion drawing near, stepped into an alley. Quickly reversing his coat and applying the fluid which so altered his countenance, he appeared before him, gave the word and said in deaf and dumb sign language, "Come."

And he did, although he was more mystified than ever.

"Well, I'll go tru dis 'ere play if it costs me a life. Gee! but what eyes de pal o' de captin has got. Dey look plum tru a feller. Dey are worse den de X-Ray Kit wuz tellin about. I'll bet he'll scare em to death if he don't do anything else. But I dunno wid dem X-Rays lamps o' his an me Sunday-go-to-meetin gift o' gab backed up wid tree or four big cannons, we might paralyze em all long nuf to walk off wid de coin."

Further reflections were brought to a stop, for they had now entered a brilliantly lighted business house. He followed his mysterious companion who crowded his way through the throng of Saturday evening customers and halted before the cashier's desk. Drawing their revolvers, they took possession of it, and in almost less time than it takes to relate it, they were again on the street running for dear life with the receipts of the day's business in their possession. It was certainly a bold act. Women fainted, while men stood spell-bound. Then they started in pursuit, fifteen or twenty in number. The two robbers saw them coming and halted for a moment while the mysterious tall man remarked to his companion:

"Do you see that fellow running ahead of the others?"

"Yep. I knows dat guy. He's one of dem would-be detectives. De gang calls 'im 'Jimmy Milkweed, the vegetable detective.'"

"Well, I will just stop the whole push by putting a couple of airholes through the silk of your friend 'Jimmy Milkweed, the vegetable detective,' as you call him."

Bang! Bang!

The hat flew off. The owner tumbled to the walk, swearing he was killed, while the others fell over him and came to a dead stop. Nobody seemed very anxious to continue the chase. Meantime the bold robbers ran a short distance and turned into a deserted side street. Here they fell in a walk and halted in the mouth of a dark alley. The short robber was furious and commenced to sputter:

"Wat in h— did yer pal do t' me face? He has ruined me fer life. He has spoilt me good looks."

"What are you hollering about?"

"Wy, me face. I jes got a glimpse o' it in a glass over t' dat store an me purty mug is spoilt. It's no wonder Kit didn't know

me, an de folks wat we just put de blocks to ud know me anywhere."

"Well, that's just what you want. That is the idea of it exactly."

While he was talking, he had produced another vial and under cover of the darkness saturated his finger tips with a few drops of the contents.

"Let's see your face. Oh, it is pretty bad, and that is a fact."

Passing his saturated fingers over the blotches, they disappeared like magic, but the late possessor of them was ignorant of this and left for his den in anything but a happy frame of mind, although he carried with him $580. His tall and mysterious companion had helped himself to a twenty dollar note and some change and was now standing among the excited crowd as the Cuban Spaniard. He listened to everything with keen satisfaction and watched the officers and detectives as they began to gather. Becoming tired of this amusement, he returned to the den. Groping his way along the passage, he pushed the door open and found "Red" with his feet cocked upon the table, smoking, while he swore between every puff.

"What's the matter?"

"Wat's de matter? Ye go an spoil a feller's face an den ye got de gall t' ask him wat's de matter?"

"Oh, I will fix that for you all right in a minute. Where's the swagg?"

"Dere it is an to h— wid it. I wouldn't 'av 'ad me face spoilt fer all de coin west o' de crick."

"Well, if you are going to cry about it, why I guess I will have to make a few passes like this and say, 'Presto, change, electo conclogy, flimology, pass away' and away they go. There you are and you are as pretty as ever."

"Oh, cheese yer kiddin. I know I always wuz ez ugly—ez ugly ez a camp meetin preacher, but now I look like me face had been run tru a sausage machine."

He jerked his feet off the table and commenced to pace up and down, making the air blue with his curses. Robert smiled, and taking a small pocket mirror from his coat he passed it over to him saying:

"Now don't break that, but take a rubber at yourself."

The weasel did so with a scowl, which was quickly changed into amazement and expressions of wonderment fell from his lips as he peered at his reflection incredulously.

"Well, ef ye ain't de devil. I'll eat me hat. How'd ye do it?" There was not a blotch on his face.

"Here, I will fix you and after this you can fix yourself up when you make a business call. Have you any small bottles lying around?"

"Guess I have, I'll see."

He disappeared in another room and soon returned with the required articles. Robert took a small leather case from his pocket. Opening this, the weasel's wondering eyes behald a row of small

flat vials, some full and others partially filled with liquids of different colors. Extracting two, one red and the other green, he emptied half of their contents into the vials furnished by the weazle. Inserting the needle in the cork from the vial containing the red fluid, he replaced the corks in both and said:

"Now, there you are, needle and all. This one with the needle is the one you are to manufacture blotches with, and this one is the little 'presto-change' affair."

"Well, but ye didn't have dis yere stuff wen ye said 'presto-change' and drove em away."

"Oh, I was only stringing you a little, but if you have occasion to use this again, merely dampen your fingers and pass it over the spots and they will disappear. Now you must get you a strong little leather case to protect them should you get into one of your rough-and-tumble scraps."

"Well by thunder! If ye aint de best I ever see! But say, wy didn't ye fix yer pal wid de white face up dat way?"

"Oh, he didn't need any fixing. Don't you worry about him."

"Well, he made me flesh creep. He aint a spook, is he?"

"You can call him that if you want to. I haven't named him yet."

"Well, de spook's a bute. You aut t' seed 'im. Wy, he wus quicker an chain lightning. I guess de merchants tout a cyclone had struck em. Did ye see us?"

"Yes, I was protecting your 'get-away,' but don't ask so many questions. Plant these vials in your clothes and let's cut this coin in two. I must blow at once."

"All right, captin, ye knows yer business. I can see dat. Let's see, de coin goes tree ways, don't it?"

"Yes, you, my pal and I."

They divided the ill-gotten gains into three piles. Robert took two of them and left, agreeing to return the next day at a certain hour. As the "spook" and Robert were one, two-thirds of the ill-gotten gains fell to him.

"BREAK-O'-DAY" KIT'S RETREAT AND LOUIS PALMELLO OF CUBA.

It was late when Robert arose the following day and while he was indulging in an eye-opener, the dispenser of drinks called his attention to an article in the daily paper regarding the hold-up of the night before, little dreaming that he was the principal.

"Did you ever see anything as bold as that in your country?" he asked.

"Well, no, I don't know as I ever did. It was certainly a bold piece of business, but I suppose your police will gather them in before night."

"Sure thing! They probably have them by this time. Nothing like that ever gets away from the chief, but it certainly was the

boldest work I ever heard of. Just think of it, the paper says the store was crowded with customers, and the bandits can be identified anywhere, for one was tall, light complexioned, well built with refined features and dressed in the latest style, while his companion, the short one, had a mass of red blotches on his face, probably from some awful disease, and with such a good description they can not get away. It would be impossible. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, it looks that way. You have certainly got a good police system here and they seem to cope more successfully with the criminal element than in my city or even other cities I have visited. In fact, I have been better impressed with the few I have met of your large force than I was with those I met in London."

"Have you met the chief yet.?"

"No, I still have the pleasure coming. What kind of a man is he?"

"Oh, he is a gentleman, all right, and a good fellow, but of course he has enemies, the same as every man in his profession is bound to have. You show me a man who has no enemies at all, and I will show you a fool. He is all right, and has handled this big city full of crime pretty well so far, and I'll bet some of his sleuths will put a crimp in that tall and short bandit before the sun goes down to-night."

"Well, I wish him luck. I must go to breakfast and meanwhile glance over my mail."

There was a letter from Gordon stating that he had called a number of times, and once with Dorris, and closed by hoping to see him at Ivy cottage or at the Palmer house during the evening. There was also one from Mrs. Waite, a motherly little epistle urging him to come away from the heart of the city and enjoy the balmy air with them.

"Nothing from Dorris!"

He impatiently thrust the letters into his pocket and devoted his attention to the meal and a party of gentlemen at the next table who were discussing the robbery. They little dreamed that one of the bold, bad bandits was breathing the same air and listening to their comments.

Robert spent the evening with "the weazle" and Kit, the Break-O'Day lass, meantime familiarizing himself with the place, above as well as below. They also showed him a secret chamber off from the main room of the den. The entrance was through a door off from the wall and was so cleverly disguised by the many pictures that he had failed to notice it before. The walls were padded and it was handsomely furnished, seemingly with odds and ends, probably stolen. They did not enlighten him and he asked no questions. He noticed a strong door leading from this. They opened it with a large key. This was a damp-smelling place and he heard a scampering and squeaking noise as from large rats, but the darkness was so intense he could see nothing.

"What do you use this foul-smelling hole for?"

"Well, dat's were Kit puts a guy dat's a little off color and

won't add a couple more figures to de check she is shaking him down fur. Oh, I tell ye, ye wudn't believe it, but dere's some awful big swells o' dis city ben de guests o' de rats in dere, an dey don't stay dere long eder til dey cave an puts dere fists to de paper. We calls it de 'rat-pit.'"

"And it is well named, according to what you say. Then there are others who know of this underground boudoir and prison?"

"Budwa? Wat's dat?"

The woman laughed, and not an unpleasant laugh, either, showing a gleaming set of even teeth under the brilliant eyes, as she explained Robert's meaning to the weazle.

"Oh, I see, ye may call it de 'budwa' ef ye wants ter, but we calls it de 'oil room,' and nobody knows about it cept de regular members o' de 'Wit Club.' I calls it de 'Wit Club' cause dem colts wen dey all gets together here are de wittiest bunch o' sure ting grafters ye ever see. But dem guys wat Kit had down here in de rat-pit, dey were full o' knock-out drops and blindfolded so as dey couldn't see. Dere was only two or tree off color ones, and dey daren't squeal, even if tey did get next."

"Oh, I see, it's quite clever."

"Well, Kit's de one wat gets credit fer dat, fer dat's her own graft, an she aint got no side lines either dat's strong enough. Oh, she gets all kinds. One guy was de 'main squeeze' at—"

The woman interrupted and said: "Red, that will do now, you mustn't mention names."

"I warn't a-goin t' mention no names. I war jes a-goin t' say as he was de 'main squeeze' o' de—"

"Well, ring off," she interrupted. "Your friend is probably not interested in such matters."

"Well, I guess I know who I'm a talkin t', don't I? It don't go no furder fer he is de double hinge clam, he is."

"I don't doubt that for a moment. If I did, he wouldn't be here in the den with us unless it was a case of his leaving it feet first."

"Oh, yer de right article, Kit, but less go up and crack a few bottles wile ye get better acquainted wid me new pal, and wen ye do, ye won't be leary o' slingin gab before him."

They returned to the building above. The woman seemed to be smitten with this dark-faced man and exerted all the wiles in her power to bring him to her feet, but progress in that direction was slow. His thoughts were of a pure girl in a home of virtue. She sang to him and tried to interest him with some of the latest steps in a very suggestive dance, while Red patted the accompaniments. Wine flowed like water until the weazle was laid out on a rich sofa, which had been the resting place of men of note while inspecting the wickedest ruts of the wicked city. But Robert left the house soon after with a cool head and his thoughts still on the banks of the river. The woman was disappointed but not discouraged, and made up her mind to win his favor.

As he passed through the entrance of his hotel, Robert's quick eye caught a glimpse of Gordon sitting near the window of the reception room. Later there was a knock at his door, but he retired without answering it.

After breakfast the following morning he had disguised himself to go out. As he opened his door, he stood face to face with his brother, who, with raised knuckles, was just about to rap. Robert's active brain worked out the part he must play with wonderful rapidity. He said, "Ah, *Robert*, you have come at last. I have been waiting some time and was about to leave to fill another engagement."

Gordon was completely thrown off, and supposed this was some friend of Robert's who took him for Robert just returned and replied:

"Pardon me, you are mistaken. You must take me for my brother."

They had advanced farther into the room where the light was better and Robert, the supposed friend, pretended to look closer.

"Oh, pardon me, I see my mistake, but you look wonderfully alike."

"Yes, we do, your mistake was very natural. As boys, we were often taken for one another."

They both waited, meantime, chatting as two chance acquaintances will. He had introduced himself as "Louis Palmello" of Cuba. At last they left the building and strolled down the boulevard. They seemed to strike up a friendship, and Gordon, in his good hearted, impulsive way invited him to accompany him to Ivy cottage, where they would probably find Robert before them. And so this is how it came about that Robert, as Mr. Louis Palmello of Cuba, became a calling acquaintance of those at the cottage, as Gordon's friend. So this clever man of many parts went on playing out his hand. He was adding another string to his bow. Would he be able to manipulate all?

TWO GROOMS—ONE BRIDE. THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

Now there was hardly a day passed but some robbery took place, unequaled in boldness and audacity, apparently by the same two bandits that held up the 12th street business house. The great drag-net was cast over the city and gathered in its meshes many well-known criminals, but the tall, genteel robber and the short robber with a pimpled face, who always swore like a pirate, were at large and the police were much puzzled. They had made many arrests, but not one of them could be identified as either the tall or short bandit. So the tall and short men became terrors and a by-word on the lips of everybody. The daily papers, which before had devoted only a half column, now gave them two or three, and sometimes a whole page, with interesting cuts of the scene where

the robberies took place. The seventh was a sad day for the business men of Chicago, for one of their number, a proud merchant, proprietor of one of the largest mercantile houses on the West Side, had been murdered as everybody naturally supposed by the notorious "long and short men." But they were mistaken in part, for while the brave merchant was weltering in his blood, gasping and trying to retain the breath that was fast leaving his body, Robert Long (alias Louis Palmello, the Cuban, alias the spook, alias number "49," and known to every reader of the many dailies far and near as the "long man") was standing at the side of Dorris, the object of his one great passion, and the ceremony was in full sway that would make them man and wife. How could this be? We will go back a day or two.

Robert had confided in the "weazle" and they were busily working on the reversible hat (a plan which the fertile brain of the convict had at last, after long study, worked into practical relief from the chaos of seemingly impossible ideas running in his mind regarding it) when two of the colts (as Red called them) came clattering in to the underground retreat. They both jumped to their feet. Robert whipped out two large revolvers and ordered them to throw up their hands. They were two very much astonished men, and their hands went up under that stern command. They looked at the "weazle" who laughingly explained matters to all parties, then told them that Robert was to be their new "captin," and in the future they were to go to him with their troubles and to look to him for their orders. They seemed to have confidence in the "weazle" and settled the question over a bottle of wine by merely saying, "Well, wat suits you, Red, suits us. I guess he kin fill de bill. I know one ting, he can 'draw a pair' quicker dan any guy I ever see, an his bluff is good. Wy, we'd of trowed up our feet, too, ef he'd of ordered us to in dat tone o' voice. Oh, he's good at dat game."

Robert then laid down the law to them; that they should go by numbers instead of names, (1, 2, 3, 4,) and should look to number "2" for their orders when he was absent and they should take turns in accompanying him on his raids, also that they must associate with no women at all except Kit. The penalty of disobeying this rule would be confinement in the "rat pit," and the penalty of betraying a companion would be death. And, above all, they were to obey instructions without asking questions, even though it seemed to them impractical. This being settled to everybody's satisfaction, the "weazel," or number "2" as he is now known, told them of the "spook," the captain's silent pal, who was on the outside all the time and worked up the lays.

"Wat lays?" they asked.

"You'll see. Dere is one comin off day after to-morrow, aint it, captin?"

"Yes, on the 7th at 8 sharp, and I may let you take "3" and "4" with you so I can see what kind of game they put up."

"Oh, dey are all right, captin. My kids are the pluckiest guys ye ever see outside o' de 'spook' an yerself."

"Yes, but it takes something besides pluck, but I guess they will be all right. They look wise enough and nervy enough. Let me see, you are all about the same height. That's good. Well, I must leave you, I have some business with the 'spook' out of town, so take care of yourself till I see you again."

"Who is the new captin?" they both inquired in a breath as the door closed on Robert, alias Louis Palmello.

"Who is he? Well, dere ye go askin questions. Ye'll find out soon enough ef ye go out wid 'im."

"Wat'll he do dat we can't do? We ken stand de clip wid any guy in de biz unless it might be de 'long and short' uns, dey are a little swift."

"Yes, dem guys 'ave got nerve, an dat's no kid," said number "3.'

"Do ye know who dey are, Red?" number "4" inquired.

"Do I? Well, I should cough up a cheese. Of course I do."

"Who are dey?"

The "weazle" made a motion of his head towards the door through which Robert had passed.

"He's de 'long' of it and I am de 'short' of it."

"Go way!"

"Too true."

Number "3" and number "4" stared in amazement awed into silence by this wonderful piece of news.

On his way out Robert passed a few words with Kit, the "Break-o'-Day-Lass," as the colts termed her, and then down the narrow street teaming with corruption and vice. The demimondes that made up two-thirds of the motley mass of depraved humanity knew his face and he came and went unmolested.

The following day found him at Ivy cottage, where he had, as the Spanish Cuban, wormed his way into the good graces of Mrs. Waite and Dorris. They anxiously inquired if he had yet seen Robert. He told them he had, and that he was making preparations to leave for Cuba, during the evening some time. This news grieved them very much.

"Did you hand him the invitation to Dorris and Gordon's wedding, on the 7th?"

"Yes, but he said that it would be impossible to attend. He does not seem in the best frame of mind—seems worried about something."

"Won't he even come and bid us good-bye?"

"Well, he may. I tried to bring him out with me but he claimed he was too busy just at the time, but might come out later on to say good-bye, but I hardly think he will come."

These lies about himself were accepted as truth by his listeners.

"Oh, he must come before he goes, I have so much to talk about with him. Besides, the will says the clock, that mysterious

affair, in less than three months has another secret to divulge. Robert should keep it with him."

"Have you any idea, madam, what that second secret is?"

Mrs. Waite's face paled. She was too truthful to tell a pointed lie, and replied that she had, but that she had rather not speak of it. The conversation seemed to have taken a turn that distressed her.

"He may send for it, if he doesn't come himself."

Louis Palmello's mind was so engrossed with a diabolical scheme he had in mind that he hardly gave the clock (which played so active a part in his life) a thought, any more than to make up his mind it should be sent for during the evening and conveyed to the underground den.

"I will have a treasure there with it, if I am not mistaken. It's my turn next, my dear brother. I'll make your heart ache as bad as you have made mine," thought Robert.

Dorris had glided into the room to Mrs. Waite's great relief, for she felt nervous, and was much depressed at the news the supposed Cuban had brought her.

Gordon was busy at his hotel arranging for the coming wedding and immediate departure. Jarl was industriously packing trunk after trunk getting them ready to ship. He was not much pleased with the prospect of leaving the Chicago levee and his old Bowery chum, but his master's word was law.

The supposed Cuban made only a short stay at the cottage, and Gordon had hardly finished laying out the articles of evening dress he was intending to wear at his wedding, when he dropped in to see if he could be of any assistance, so he claimed.

"You know, my boy, there are many little things a bridegroom might forget, naturally, being a little confused. Now are these the articles you are to wear?"

"Yes, I guess I have about everything out that I need till I reach England."

"You take the 10:30 p. m. train, do you not?"

"Yes, we will just have time to make it after the ceremony."

"Well, well, I am sure you will be a happy man. You are indeed a lucky one."

"Yes, I am fortunate to possess the love of one so pure, so angelic and so noble of heart. She can not bear to pain anyone, and the fact that our happy expectations are, in a certain way, derived from the misfortune of my dear brother—God bless him!—is the only cloud before us. I hope Robert will think better of his actions and return to us. Then it will be one long rose-strewn path of happiness."

"Well, believe me, my friend, when I say that I *hope* you will find no *thorns* along this path of roses."

"Thank you, Mr. Palmello, for your kind wish. I hope it may be fulfilled." And they chatted some time, Gordon not once suspecting the ruse.

Meanwhile, Robert, the supposed Cuban, was taking in every detail of Gordon's evening dress, and before the sun set he had the exact duplicate of them in his rooms. It seemed that two grooms were preparing to wed one bride, and such was the case. As Robert, he now sent a messenger with a note of farewell to Mrs. Waite and Dorris. He also told them that if they wished, they might send the clock. And so it came with a motherly and sisterly response from Dorris and her mother. He took the clock with him that evening to the den, where it ticked off the minutes and played sweet tunes for the amazed members of the "Wit Club."

THE ABDUCTION AND PURSUIT.

Events now followed each other in such rapid succession, events so startling and wonderful, that to portray each and every one in detail would fill volumes and take years to prepare for the press; therefore, the author will be obliged to refer the reader to the newspaper accounts of the "long and short" bandits' bold deeds, led by Robert, while he at the same time carried out a diabolical scheme which morally was more criminal than robbery or murder, and almost too horrible to relate. But facts are stubborn things, and it is hard to guide your pen around them.

It was now the eve of the 7th. There were preparations of all kinds going on. Robert, the captain of the "Wits," left instructions with number "3" and number "4" to meet him and the "spook" near the merchant's store they had planned to hold up at 8 p. m. He did this with an object. He knew he could not be there himself, as he had a bigger deal on (as he expressed it to "weazel"), but he wished them out of the way when he returned from the wedding, for if his cleverly planned scheme succeeded, he would bring a blushing bride with him to grace the padded room the "weazle" called the "oil room."

"Oh, we'll be dere, captin, an we'll show ye whether we ken handle de persuaders or not," said numbers "3" and "4."

"Well, I will see how you handle yourself and then I will tell you whether you will do for that kind of work or not."

So he left them to prepare for their raid on the merchant, while he and the "weazle" prepared for something more horrible. They talked over their plans before Kit, the "Break-o'-Day-Lass," who was now completely at the will of this strange man. She worshiped him like a dog does its master and was willing to do his bidding, no matter what. She had in her life pretended love for many men, but this was the first time she loved in reality, and to him she gave all the love you will find in women of this class. It was not a jealous love, for if he could find any pleasure in enjoying the favors of another, she was satisfied. She also knew that her love was not returned, and now she knew that he was going to bring a bride to the den, but she only seemed pleased that she could furnish him with an elegant bridal chamber and her services to look after things to promote his pleasure and guard his treasure.

She was certainly a peculiar woman, and this was a peculiar kind of love, something out of the ordinary, still she was a bright, clever woman, a woman that had brought some of the best to her feet with pockets of gold and burning words to beseech her favors. Many a heart she had trampled on and many a life she had ruined; but now she, too, loved, as they had loved, and she realized their feelings. But as she did so, she also made up her mind that she would be "game" as she expressed it, and not play the part they had many times, causing her to laugh and mock them, while she at the same time pitied them for their weakness. No, she would be "game." It was only her just deserts. She found she had a heart and the finding of it was her punishment.

Robert saw all of this and made use of her as he would a slave. He knew he could trust her, and did. He gave his orders to her and the "weazle," and then left.

"You, Kit, are to stay in to-night and be ready to open that door the minute I give you the signal, and you must not receive any company to-night; also prepare your boudoir or the 'oil room,' or whatever you call it, for one of the daintiest flowers that blooms." She winced as he said this and turned to the "weazle."

"Red, you go and give your friend this $10 for the use of his rig tonight, then drive to the 'social' and pick me up. Let on that you don't know me. Just stop in front and if anyone is rubbering, just haggle with me like I was some 'mark.' And here take this telegram I have prepared for the occasion, and deliver it to me when I give you the 'office.' Do you understand?"

"Yep."

"Well, get your legs to working, and above all things keep your mind working and your guns handy, for you may have some fighting to do before we land our game safely. And I don't want you to be at all stingy with powder. Burn plenty of it if it is necessary in order to make a clean 'get-away'."

"All right, captin, I'll make some o' dem guys jump so high wid de first shot dat ye' can reach dem wid a second one."

"Well, I don't care if you make some of them jump so high they never come down again, just so I get what we're going after; but don't 'croak' anybody unless you have to. When you get to the social, throw a couple of drinks under your belt to keep you awake. This business of spending all our nights and money in gambling houses puts a crimp in our heads as well as in our pockets."

"All right, captin, I'll be dere wid de rig inside of an hour."

In less time, the "weazle" drove up with the rig (a closed carriage with a fast team attached). Robert was talking with a levee politician as the "weazle" came swinging in and said to the barkeeper,

"Give me some o' de best booze ye got, some o' de kind wat has about four hundred fights to de barrel."

"We haven't anything as weak as that, but here is some 16 to 1."

" '16 t' 1'? Wat ye givin me? 16 t' 1 wat?"

"Sixteen fights to one drink. If that is too strong for you I am sorry, for it is really the weakest we have."

While they were joking with one another, Rometto and Arlex, the detectives, dropped in, and, after looking over the motley throng, gathered around the tables in the pavilion at the rear, while wild strains of music jollied the silver out of their pockets into the cash register behind the bar. They joined the politician and were introduced to Robert who posed as Louis Palmello. The conversation now fell upon a topic that was at this time agitating the minds of every merchant and business man in the city—the "long and short" men. And so it happened that while discussing them, they drank with them (for in American style, they invited the "weazle" to join in). The bogus cabman seemed to be pleased at his luck to strike a fare and soon drove off with his passenger, who was laughing softly to himself. Leaving the rig in charge of the "weazle" near by in a clump of trees, Robert, as Palmello, presented himself at the house which was ablaze with lights, as were the fine grounds in which strolled couples, arm in arm, enjoying the air and moonlight, while they waited for the hour set for the ceremony. Carriages were coming and going, leaving some new arrival to mingle with the others before them, and to discuss the coming event which would deprive them of the "lady bountiful" who had such a hold on the hearts of all that it was hard for them to accept the fact of her going out of their lives. Many had known her since she was a child and none knew her but to love her, for her generosity, nobleness and purity of soul. Gordon, who visited many of the doctor's patients with Dorris had also won the favor of the neighbors. He was kind and genial to all. Dorris and he had planned a feast for all that wished to come and bid them good-bye. It was spread under the trees, hung with Chinese lanterns.

It was now twenty minutes to the hour. The minister, Gordon, Dr. Warder and the Cuban were engaged in pleasant chat on the veranda when Henry, the man-servant approached with the dispatch in his hand. Excusing himself, the Cuban read it and informed them that he would be obliged to forego the pleasure he had anticipated, and leave for the city's center at once. He hastily bid them all farewell and started down the steps; but as if on a second thought, he turned and said to Gordon:

"Oh, I just happened to think of something I wished to say regarding your brother. Will you accompany me a few steps along the path?"

Gordon, all unsuspicious, accompanied him some distance beyond the summer house, and after listening to what he had to say, regarding his brother, expressed his regrets that he could not stay, and bid him good-night and good-bye, making him promise to visit them if he ever came to London. As he started on his way back, he was thinking what a pleasant acquaintance he had made, and was cudgelling his brain to determine who it was he put him in mind of, when all of a sudden everything became blank and he

fell forward on his face. The friend of his thoughts had crept back and dealt him a blow from behind with a sandbag. Dragging the limp form from the path, he inserted a gag in the mouth, then tied the feet and hands. Leaving him thus secured, he went to the hack and quickly made the necessary chance in order to appear as much like the unconscious man as possible. He returned to the house, only stopping to gain possession of the wedding ring and the rose on Gordon's coat, which he pinned to his own. As he entered, he imitated Gordon's voice and every little action so cleverly that none suspected the fraud being perpetrated upon them. As he took his place at the blushing girl's side and the minister in solemn tones began to read the marriage ceremony, they noted his pallor, but thought is was only natural under the circumstances. Dorris never once raised her eyes to the pale face above her—pale more from the confinement in prison and the subsequent too frequent application of drugs than emotion. His eyes noted everything and he chafed inwardly as the holy man slowly and solemnly proceeded with the ceremony, until he came to the usual question: "Now are there any present who know any reason why I should not pronounce these two, man and wife?" He looked through his glasses at almost every person in succession (so it seemed to Robert) then glanced out of the door and windows, which opened on the veranda where the country folk were crowding to get a look at their "lady bountiful" in her bridal robes, which would have been better for her and those who loved her so, were they instead her shroud. Not a sound broke the silence. But just as the minister repeated the question, there was a sudden commotion on the veranda. The next moment all was in confusion for a man in full evening dress (the exact counterpart of that which the bridegroom wore), a man with face and shirt front streaked with blood, forced his way in. He was dazed and weak, but comprehended all the moment his eyes fell upon Robert. Then there was a scene of the direst confusion. Women fainted, men grew white to the lips, and knew not what to do, for they could not understand it. Gordon raised his hand and tried to speak.

"Yes, there is reason and good reason for I and not he——"

His voice could hardly be heard, but Dorris caught the sound and with a scream glanced at the man at her side, then rushed into Gordon's arms, whose blood mingled with the lace at her bosom, as he pressed her to his heart. Pointing his finger at Robert, he continued:

"Your horrible scheme has failed! Thank God for the deliverance! He sent me in time to save this pure girl's honor. Now go and pray that God may forgive you, for I never can!"

"Oh, you must have been trying to commit suicide, I guess, from the looks of you, and it has made you crazy," Robert returned.

"No, you are mistaken; but you tried to commit murder, and play even the part of Cain. In a moment more you would have committed an act worse than murder. Go from my sight before I

forget myself and raise my hand against you. You do not merit the clemency I am willing to show you. But there is the door. Go! and leave us in peace to continue this ceremony!"

"Yes, I will go, and I'll take my bride with me."

"But she is not your bride, thank God for that!"

"It would be better then that she was my bride," he sneeringly replied, "for I will take her with me, though it costs a dozen lives to do it!"

As he spoke, fire flew from his eyes. He drew a small silver whistle from his pocket and signalled for his confederate on the outside. The shrill note hardly struck the air when a figure bounded into the room with a revolver in each hand. He ordered the assembly to throw up their hands and stand back, with curses that would disgrace the lowest bar-room. Gordon paid no heed to the terrorizing Red, but sprang toward Robert, crying,

"Not satisfied with what you have done, you would insult her in my presence."

"Well, if you don't like to see her insulted, I will just put you to sleep so you won't know anything about it," he brutally replied.

Dorris tried to prevent it, but too late. He dealt Gordon a stunning blow as he advanced to resent the insult to her. Already weak from the loss of blood, he now fell. Dorris then threw herself down beside him with a heart-breaking cry, thinking that he was dead. Her cry burst into a shriek a moment later as Robert's strong arm encircled her slender waist. Lifting her bodily from the floor, he started for the door, but the doctor and several others who had now just begun to realize that some great wrong was being done endeavored to stop him. Seeing this, he drove a couple of shots into the wall just above their heads. This was the signal for the "weazel," and he also turned his weapons loose. Mrs. Waite now fainted, as had many of the other ladies. The doctor just caught her in time to save her from a hard fall. All was now confusion. Many thought Mrs. Waite had been shot, and screams rent the air, blue with the volleys he fired from both mouth and pistols. When the smoke cleared a little, they saw that the desperadoes were gone, and with them Dorris. The doctor had his hands full, but he found time to explain to Henry, the coachman, who now came running in, how matters were, and advised him to get some assistance and follow. Many of the gentlemen guests now just beginning to comprehend matters joined him in pursuit. They were able to keep the fleeing parties in sight by now and then catching a glimpse of the robe she wore. Then all of a sudden this disappeared as they drew near a dark object among the trees—a carriage door slammed, a smothered shriek, then a quick cluck-cluck to the restless horses, a rumble of wheels —they were too late.

Starting back to the house, they stumbled on an apparently lifeless form. It was Jarl, who, seeing his old enemy skulking

around the grounds, had come out to find him, and, from the appearance, it would seem that he had done so. But he did not find him until after he had found and released his master. They carried him into the house where the doctor was working over Gordon, with good results for soon he was on his feet. Dashing off a glass of wine, he asked a few hurried questions of the doctor, who was now working over Jarl, telling him to take the best of care of his man, and requesting some of the others to telephone to the police stations. He rushed out hatless and selecting a swift looking animal from the many that lined the road way, he cut the harness loose and was in the act of mounting when a voice hailed him. It was Henry, the Waite's colored man.

"I say, massa Gordon, I's er gwine wid ye and yere is two big cannons I dun scared up in the stable. Here is one of dem. We mus sabe poor missy."

"Yes, we must save her, or die in the attempt, for the fate she is going to is worse than death. Cut that other horse loose. He looks like a swift animal. I'm off. You can follow."

He dug his heels into the spirited animal's flanks and was off like a shot in hot pursuit.

The whole affair, as terrible as it was to these God-fearing people, had taken only a few moments, and a cloud of dust, raised by the bandit's team could still be seen down the long stretch of highway. By urging his horse to the highest rate of speed he was soon within hailing distance, but he was afraid to shoot at the hack. By hard riding he was now within a few yards of it, another spurt and he was alongside. Shoving the big revolver up towards the driver, he ordered him to halt. The answer was the crack-crack of a pistol. His horse reared and fell into the ditch, pinning him down to earth. Keeping his head, he sent after the driver bullet upon bullet. All went wide for he was fearful that he might hit his love within. He tried in vain to extricate himself from under the dying horse. His leg was pinned fast. Hark! what was that? The far-off muffled beat of hoofs, nearer and nearer, plainer and plainer. At last, a single horse and rider came to view. It was Henry, the colored man. He was coming like the wind. Gordon shouted his name at the top of his voice to attract his attention, but it was entirely unnecessary for the horse, on seeing his mate struggling in the agony of death by the roadside, stopped so suddenly as to spill his rider over his head, who landed in a sitting posture, more surprised than hurt. Bounding to his feet like a rubber ball, he caught the horse by the bit. As he did so, he heard and saw Gordon. The horse had ended his struggles for breath. The whole dead weight was upon his limb, and he could hardly crawl after Henry released him. Taking a pocket full of 44 cartridges and the other pistol from the colored man, he mounted the impatient horse and with a hard look on his generally kind face, set off at a break-neck pace to continue the chase, leaving the surprised negro standing in the middle of the road, looking after him, muttering:

"Well, but he do make dat ole hoss teah up the grable, but wat is I t' do? I must help t' save Missus, but I shuah can't ride a dead hoss."

It was dark here by the dead beast and his natural superstition drove him from the spot. He followed the road back a half mile which brought him to a house where he was known. He plodded in here, but when he came forth, it was on the back of a black colt, one pocket lighter by a half month's pay, another made heavier by an extra pistol.

CLATTERING HOOFS ON THE HIGHWAY. GORDON'S HEROIC EFFORT TO SAVE DORRIS.

As he turned into the road, a horse passed him like a rocket. It was Jarl. He was bending low in the saddle in regular jockey fashion, digging his heels into the flanks of his foam-flecked steed at every jump. The black colt, with his black rider, who was possessed of a white heart and nerve to match, took the dust for half a mile, then drew alongside. They hailed each other, then rode neck to neck, while the colored man told him of Gordon's accident and narrow escape.

Meantime Gordon had lessened the distance considerable. He re-loaded the revolver as he rode, one limb hanging almost helpless. He was gaining rapidly. Riding directly behind the hack he stooped low and sent a couple of shots under the rig, hoping to break one of the animal's legs. He missed. Digging his heels in his horse, he dashed alongside the swaying vehicle. Then there was another rapid exchange of shots. The horse he rode jumped into the air and ran away for almost a half mile, then suddenly dropped dead in its tracks. Now was his chance. He was ahead of them. Dropping down behind the poor dead brute, he waited. Soon he could hear the rumble of wheels. A moment later, he could plainly see Red as he urged the team, reeking with sweat, around the bend. They were now close enough to reach with a shot, but he would not take the risk. A bullet for the team or driver might reach her, for he was well aware of the fact that he was not an expert marksman, and lay perfectly still till they were upon him. The driver, who held a pistol in one hand while he drove with the other, attempted to pull around the two forms, when one of them sprang to life. Gordon grasped the near horse by the bridle and a gun flashed in the moonlight. Then there was an order to halt or meet death. The only response was the crack of the driver's weapon. Just at this moment, the team almost jerked Gordon from his feet. This probably saved his life, for Red had shot to kill. Gordon now fired three shots in rapid succession. He saw the driver spring into the air and pitch forward between the horses. Robert now showed his hand. He jumped from the vehicle, leaving Dorris unconscious within. Gathering up the reins, he sprang into the driver's seat. There was the crack of a pistol from this expert marksman. He

had shot Gordon's hand from the bridle. The horses went tearing down the road, carrying the limp form of the "weazle" dangling over the pole between them with his feet caught in the whippletrees. Gordon could not bear to shoot at his brother, but sent a shot after the team which only seemed to increase their speed. Baffled! It seemed that fate was against him. What could he do now? It was a lonely stretch of road without a habitation of any kind in sight. His last hope was gone. He examined his hand. The bullet had ploughed a furrow across the palm. He tried to walk. The effort caused him to fall from weakness and pain. As he became aware of the fact that he would not be able to rescue her from the awful fate she was being carried so swiftly to and he realized that his last hope was gone, his strength went with it. The team had dragged him some distance from the dead animal so he now dragged himself to one side of the road, where he lay sick and miserable. But new strength was born as he a few minutes later heard the faint clatter of hoofs, nearer and nearer, louder and louder. It was music to his ears, for this held out another hope. He staggered to his feet, just as two horsemen came in view around the bend, riding at full speed, with their heads down—a black man and a white man. Could it be? Yes, thank God! It was Henry and his faithful man, Jarl. Henry seeing the dark object lying there before them in the road, remembered the header he had taken only a short time before, and reined in before the other who tore on by the dark object and brought his perspiring steed to a halt near Gordon, who made his presence known by a glad shout as he staggered towards them.

"Master?"

"Yes, my faithful fellow, it is I. Thank God you are here. Waste no time, but tell me which one of the horses is the swiftest."

"Henry's seems to be."

Henry now drew up and greeted Gordon with genuine pleasure, for he had expected to find him lying along the road a corpse.

"Henry, which horse do you consider is the swiftest and less winded?"

"Well, Massa Gordon, I specs as mine is, and if yuh wants im' he is youahs shuah den election."

They helped him onto the back of the black colt, which almost bounded from under him as he plied his heels and gave him the rein. Although a bad shot, he was a good horseman, and was soon leaving Jarl to follow in the rear, while he in turn left poor Henry behind and he widened the distance between him and the dead horse at every jump as he bounded along until his superstitious fear left him. Then he fell into a dog trot which soon brought him in sight of a house set far back from the road. The whole family were at the gate, discussing the firing they had heard and the reckless riders whom they saw pass. Henry explained matters to the head of the family and asked him if he had a horse he could spare.

"Wal, I only got one, and he's mighty skittish. Don't know

as you could handle him. Ain't been out of the stable for nigh onto a week. 'Sides, who is to be responsible for him?"

"Mrs. Waite, my old Misses.. She'll be 'sponsible foah 'im, an if he is killed, she'll sure give ye twice wat de hoss am worf, an here is ten dollars foah de use ob him."

"No, I will not take anything for the use of him. We folks know Miss Dorris."

"Yes, pa, and she is an angel. Get the horse quick, for she was good to us when we were sick and needy."

The old man soon appeared with the animal. Henry had some difficulty in mounting, but when he did at last land in the saddle. he had no time to thank them, for the restless animal had cleared the green strip of grass that skirted the road and was tearing down it like mad.

"Well, dis am my third hoss t'-night. I wonder if I'se got ter give dis one up, too. Well, if it would help pooah Missy, I would give up all de hosses I could earn in all my life, for she am a good lady an has been a good Missus to me. I hope no hahm come t' her! Pooah ole Missus wud go plum crazy shuah if dar did. I hopes I'll be in time to help Massa Gordon. He looks like a bloody ghost. God A'mighty if he aint got more sand dan I ever thought he had. Golly, but can't he ride a horse though! He sure thinks a heap of Miss Dorris." Thus musing, he tore along.

* * * * * * *

How is it faring with our heroine? She was lying back on the cushions still in an unconscious condition, brought about by Robert, who had first chloroformed her, then forced between her pearly teeth a few drops of the "knock-out" portion he had secured from "Butch" in London. Robert was still on the box urging the fatigued horses to do their best. The "weazle" he had pulled up on the seat beside him. He had only been stunned, but he was still dazed and unable to handle the reins.

They heard the clatter of the horses behind them. On looking back they recognized Gordon who was riding like mad toward them, his fresh steed gaining rapidly on the jaded ones. Red swore and said:

"Say, look a here captin, I'm kind o' off my feed t'-night, an it aint no 'cinch' dat I knows wat I'm speilling about. But aint dat de same guy a comin dere—de one wat looked jes like yuse wid yer war paint off?"

"Yes."

"Well, he kin win my coin fer he is a sure enough 'spook.' I have croaked 'im twice t'-night already an made cold meat o' his hoss twice, a hoss wat he was ridin like mad. But still dere he is brought back t' life again. Wat'll I do wid 'im? Ye can't kill 'im!"

"Well, don't try to kill the rider unless you have to, for I have a worse fate in store for him, but kill the horse by all means."

"But I tells yuse, ye can't do it. He'll bring it t' life again, sure. He must have some way o' pumpin wind in t' de brute."

"Well, you drive and I will pump the wind out of the brute. He is no 'spook.'"

At this moment a bullet tore up the dust under the horses' feet and a voice cried for them to halt or the next one should find a home in one of their bodies. The answer he got was in the shape of a bullet from Robert's pistol, which burned its way clear through his poor beast's heart. This was followed by another and another in quick succession. The handsome animal stopped, trembled a moment and died before it reached the ground. Gordon cleared his back and watched the beautiful beast sorrowfully as he waited for Jarl to come up; but when he did arrive, he found his master unconscious from the loss of blood. Jarl raised his head and poured some liquor from a flask down his parched throat. On recovering consciousness he tried to mount Jarl's horse, but was too weak.

"I will go, master. You are too weak to sit in the saddle. You lie here an rest till I return or send somebody."

But not until he had tried to mount again and again and had slipped off into the dust did he give up and say, "Very well, go. Save her if you can. Bring her to me to-night and I will make you master of a fortune. Do you hear?"

"Yes, I hear, master, but it hurts me here in my heart t' have ye say that. Ye know I'd give up my life fer your sake alone."

"I know, but I hardly know what I say. Of course you would. But go, and send me news soon. The suspense is worse than bullet wounds. Go save her!"

Gordon fell to the ground from weakness. Placing his master in a comfortable position, Jarl continued the chase where Gordon was obliged to leave off. But Jarl had been gone only a few moments when his master began to feel stronger. He now wanted to be in action again.

"If I only had a horse I believe I could ride now. Hark! What is that?"

He soon saw that it was the colored man mounted on a fast horse. The rider tried to pull us as he drew near the dark objects in front of him. The horse stopped altogether too sudden, and the surprised darkey turned a complete somersault in the air, landing in a sitting posture as before, his legs sprawled wide apart, his hand extended to Gordon with a half grin, while he said, "Shake, Massa Gordon, ye aint a gwine ter lose dis chicken as long as dere is any horse flesh around dese heah parts."

"You are a faithful and brave fellow, Henry, but you must catch your steed or there will certainly be no horse flesh around these parts."

He easily caught the animal, for it would not desert the fallen one, and he had to lead him down the road out of the sight of the dead brute before he could get Gordon mounted and away once more on his perilous journey. Three times he had given up the

living to be left with the dead. He stood in the middle of the road for a moment scratching his head, while he looked around in every direction with the expression of a martyr.

"Well, it am a good ting, an I wuz jus a-tinking as how I wuz a-goin ter catch up wid dem debils that's got poor Miss Dorris, an cut enough sandwiches off on em ter feed all de coons in town, an heh I is wid nothin but ma legs. But, gol durn it, I'll jes use dem."

And off he started on a run to follow Gordon, who was urging the darkey's horse along towards the red glare of lights from the great city in the distance, which made a picturesque spot on the sky. On, on, Gordon flew! At times it was almost impossible to retain his seat in the saddle. He was dizzy and weak and unfit to proceed, but he realized if he did not save her to-night, to-morrow would be too late to save her from dishonor. If it had been death he was trying to save her from, he could not have exerted himself more than he was now doing to save her from what he considered worse than death. His fresh steed soon overtook that of Jarl, and master and man rode side by side. They began to pass habitations. The lights still gleamed from some. They were fast nearing the city. Many people ran to the door or gate to look after the flying horsemen. Gordon's saddle girth broke and they were obliged to halt. It was only a short time before they were again on their way. but had proceeded only a short distance when they heard a commotion behind them. It was the plucky darkey. Astride of a long limbed, clean cut animal which looked a "lakeside favorite," he passed them with a shout and took the lead for some distance, but this burst of speed soon gave out and he was forced to fall back with the others. Gordon's horse now shot ahead and kept the lead. The houses were becoming thicker and thicker. They also once in a while passed a late pedestrian who stopped and stared after them in astonishment as they dashed by and clattered out of sight. Gordon's heart beat high with hope as after a few moments more of hard riding they came in sight of the vehicle which contained a treasure dearer than his life itself, and he was determined to save her, even at the price of it.

The chase was now soon over. As they drew near, the hack stopped and the tired beasts for the first time had a short rest. As Gordon and his men drew near, they noticed that the abductors had drawn their horses across the road, completely blocking it, while they stood near them with drawn revolvers and the unconscious form of Dorris between them and their pursuers. She served as a protection for them as well as the team. The scheme worked well, for when the first fusillade of shots was over, the carriage was riddled with bullets while the team, driver and late occupants were unharmed. Red had recognized his old enemy, Jarl, and he shot to kill. The faithful fellow tumbled in the dust, while his horse turned and clattered back along the road they came by. The darkey's horse was now shot from under him. He landed on his feet with the agility of a cat and started on a run at them, but he, poor fellow, bit the dust before he had taken a dozen steps.

Gordon urged his horse forward, and was now almost upon them. He bent forward and was taking careful aim at Red, when his gun was shot from his grasp (as it had the night on the lake front.) Then shot after shot was poured into the breast of his steed, which lurched forward, almost trampling on its slayers. Gordon was again pinned down by the dead. Red ran up and relieved him of his other pistol and would have rapped him on the head with it if Robert had not interfered.

"No, let him live, his life belongs to me. I want him to hear the jester's bells. Do you hear them jingling, my virtuous brother?"

"Robert, have pity on her! For the love of God, send her back to her mother!"

"No, I will not send her back for the love of God, but instead I will take her for the love of her. Look, my dear brother! Do you not think I love her? Watch me as I press a kiss upon her sweet lips."

He pressed his lips to those of Dorris, who was still unconscious and was supported by his arm.

Gordon tried to free himself, but in vain.

"O, you fiend! and to think that we are of the same father!" Robert sneered in reply.

"Yes, and it is a pity we could not have been of the same mother."

Paying no attention to this taunt, Gordon inquired, "You fiend, what do you intend to do with Dorris?"

"You remember what I told you about its being my turn next? Well, my turn has come, and I am going to make the most of it and enjoy all the favors this beautiful dream of innocence has to give. As my wife, she shall grace an American home, not an English one."

"Better that she should grace her coffin!"

"Well, you shall never see her again, so we will not stop to argue the question. Here, number "2," mount that box and drive like the devil was after you!"

Red mounted the box, while Robert replaced the girl's unconscious form upon the cushions in the vehicle. Gordon made a desperate struggle to release his limb, but of no avail, he was pinned fast.

"No, no, Robert," he cried out. "You don't mean what you say? You can't mean anything so horrible as you propose!"

"You still think I am jesting, do you? You don't hear any jester's bells jingling, do you?"

"Robert. mock me if you will; but for the love of God have pity on that innocent child!"

"Have pity, you say? But that is an article I am just out of. Ta-ta, my Christian brother, ta-ta, I will have to leave you now for a short honeymoon. Meantime, you can tell your troubles to the horse. It is a horse on you this time! Ah-ha-ha-ha!"

Gordon groaned.

"Hurry up wid yer roast, fer dere's a lot o' people rubberin down dis way," Red broke in.

"Well, good-bye, brother. I see there are a lot of bluecoats coming down the hill, so I will leave you. You can tell you troubles to them when they come up."

"Robert, have pity! Don't ruin—"

The slamming of the carriage door drowned this last appeal.

"O God! How can such a wrong be permitted!" he moaned.

The carriage soon disappeared and with it his last hope of saving his love from the fate in store for her.

Some mounted police soon came galloping up and curious people gathered from all directions. In a weak voice he explained matters. Some went in pursuit, while others cared for the wounded men, taking them to the nearest house a quarter of a mile away. The doctor was soon on hand. The darkey was wounded in three places. Jarl was shot only in the shoulder, and was soon clamoring to join his master who was preparing to depart; but the doctor made him lie quiet while he extracted a bullet and dressed the wound. He also advised Gordon to rest awhile, but it was useless to argue the question with him. Washing the blood from his person, then borrowing a hat and a horse, he set out in the wake of the bluecoats whom he met returning. They had lost track of the bold abductors who had too much of a start. He was so impatient to be off in pursuit that he hardly waited to hear the last words of explanation of the officers. He sped on to the city of wicked ways but of no use. There were many streets leading off the one they were on, any one of which they might have taken. He got rid of his horse and haunted the downtown districts all night. He called at the hotel only to find that his brother had left, they did not know where. All day he hunted, but no trace of them could be found. Mrs. Waite was almost frantic with grief and Gordon's heart lay like a lump of lead in his bruised breast.

Meantime, poor Dorris was lying bereft of her wedding finery upon the lace-bedecked bed in the padded chamber of the underground den, while Kit cared for her and watched her in admiration and wonder at the great beauty she saw there. She was sleeping under the effects of the drug like a tired child. What would the awakening be?

* * * * * * *

MERCHANT ROBBED AND MURDERED.

Number "3" and number "4," according to the captain's orders, presented themselves at West Madison and Center streets at 8 o'clock. They had stopped on the way over at Roger's place, a well-known sporting resort, and here they indulged in a few rounds of drinks to clear their heads and stimulate their nerves, for, as they said to one another, "We want to do a smooth job and show de captin dat we can line em up an cop de dirty stuff iest as slick as de next un. We'll show 'im dat we are strictly in it. He said as

he wants t' see our gait. We'll show 'im a gait dat he can't keep up wid, ef it comes t' a showdown?" So they discussed the proposed robbery in a low tone over their drinks. It was now ten minutes after the hour set when they were to meet the "spook," the "weazel" and the captain, but of course neither appeared. They waited patiently for fully a half hour, still no one appeared.

"Say, number tree, I tink we are jest being stuck up, dey have jest made er monkey of us."

"I begin t' tink so meself. D'y know wat I tink? Well, I'm tinkin dem guys have been troin de con into us."

"Well, dat's wat I tink, too, an we're a couple o' birds t' let em trow de con into us like dat. I tink de 'weazle' is getting swelled on himself. We'd better go an hold up a cooper shop an take some hoops home t' 'im. I'll tell you one ting, an dat aint two, ef we had some one on de outside to stall off de cops an keep our git-a-way clear, we'd take someting else besides hoops home t' show em."

"Wat d'y mean?"

"Wy go an hold de store up jest de same and show dem guys dat dey aint in it wid de colts."

"Yes, it'd be a good scheme."

"Well, I guess dey have kind o' fixed it fer us t'-night. We can't turn a wheel; but say, ef dey aint de 'long and short' guys, who in de world are dey?"

"Well, I can't tink of anybody unless it might be Clarence White. Ye know we heard some talk down de line about it an dey seemed t' tink as it wuz him an some odder guy wat does de stall act while dey as de 'long an short' go in an stick em up an cop de coin."

"Well, I tink dem guys wat were speelin dis kind o' talk t' us were off dere base, for I know Clarence White better dan any o' dem shoestrings an I know he aint out fer dat kind o' graft. He's got nerve enough all right, but I happen t' know dat he's been pullin an honest oar ever since dem 'Jimmy Milkweeds' croaked his brother. Yes, an wat's more, he'll keep on pullin de same oar ef de West Side elbows'll let 'im. But dey have got it in fur 'im an dey pinch 'im every time he bats his eye on de street."

"Well, an dat's jest wat makes me tink it's 'im. He probably tinks ef he is goin t' have de name he might as well have de game."

"Oh, yer crazy! Where have ye been smokin, anyway? Wat time is it?"

"Eight-thirty-five."

"Well, we'll wait five minutes longer an ef dem guys don't show up, we'll blow back to de den an take de roast we got comin."

"No, we'll jest fool em. We'll show em dat dey didn't steer us on a dead un after all, fer here comes de kids, Dene and Mire."

The four worthies met and, after talking a few moments, number "3" and number "4" looked up and down the street. Seeing nothing of the captain or Red, they crossed over. After walking a couple of times by the merchant's store they had intended to hold

up they stopped near by and waited. As they stood there looking at one another in a sort of uncertain, undecided way, a bicyclist, wearing a red sweater, rode up. Dismounting on the walk, he looked up and down and then at his wheel. Approaching number "3" and number "4," he asked them if they would keep an eye on it while he stepped inside.

"Sure ting, we'll keep our lamps on it, an while yer in dere, jest ask em wat time dey close. We are waitin fer a gal wat works in dere."

"All right, I will find out for you."

The bicyclist passed into the store and soon returned with a small package in his hand. He was a man of middle age and apparently of means. Before he mounted his wheel he thanked them and informed them that the closing time was 9 o'clock. Handing them a cigar apiece, he rode away. Number "3" and number "4" waited a few moments more for their confederates in crime while they talked in a low tone. It was now 8:50. They waited no longer.

"Come on, number tree, we'll take a chance anyway. I aint goin back dere t' get de laugh."

Number "3" hesitated a moment and said:

"D' ye tink dem guys we got framed up here on de outside 'll stand de clip an not get rattled?"

"Sure ting, come on."

Number "3" then followed his pal. As to what followed this, we will refer the reader to the following headlines taken from the daily papers. As this narrative is founded mostly on facts, it seems only proper that we should refer to some of the facts in this way. Back numbers of all Chicago newspapers will corroborate many assertions made in this tale of the notorious "long and short" bandits during the great carnival of crime which held Chicago in a grip of terror.

KILLED BY BANDITS.

Thomas J. Marshall, a merchant, is fatally shot!

TWO OTHERS INJURED.

Perpetrators of the shocking crime make their escape on West Madison Street, etc.

WORK OF "LONG AND SHORT" BANDITS.

THEIR 209th RAID ON MERCHANTS!

Then followed columns of matter pertaining to this last hold-up and the many others supposedly by the notorious bandits, whose operations helped Chicago to earn the name of "Wicked City" throughout the entire world.

DORRIS A PRISONER IN THE UNDERGROUND DEN. THE "LONG AND SHORT" MAN.

At midnight number "3" and number "4" came creeping into the den with white faces and a look in them that had never been there before. They found Kit dressing the bullet wound in the "weazle's" scalp, their captain was leaning back in a lazy chair, brought from above by Kit. As the new-comers entered, he looked at them sharply and said:

"You fellows haven't been out 'hitting the pipe' have you?"

"No, we went where you told us to—"

"Ah, yes, I had forgotten for the moment. Sorry, boys, that we had to spoil your fun to-night, but number "2" and number "1" got mixed up before we got there and had to call it off, but we will play a date over there to-morrow and you are in it."

They did not for some reason seem very much elated at this prospect. Robert noticed it and also the white faces.

"Say, number "2," now honest, I think you colts are up against the pipe."

"Oh, dat's nothin. Dey sneak around on Clark street and take a long draw once in a while, only dey—"

"Oh, wat ye stuffin de captin like dat for," they interrupted, "yuse know we don't hit de 'dope' but we do hit de 'boose' once in a while. Where's de bottle?"

"On de table, help yerself."

"We'll jest take a drink an hit de bunk for we are about blowed. But say, old pal, whose been tryin t' clip yer hair wid a singer?"

"Dat aint no hair-cut. Ye see an Injin tried t' scalp me."

"Wat ye givin us? Wat Injin?"

Red replied with a grin, "Ye two fellers knows de sign dat stands in front o' de cigar store at——"

"Oh, stow it, yer tryin to kid somebody now. I tink ye been up against de 'dope' yerself, an up against it pretty strong, too. Well, good-night, captin, we're goin to pound our ear an dream out a few 'policy numbers'."

They slept, and their slumber, true enough, was disturbed by dreams, but not by policy numbers. Instead it was of blood—rivers of it. These dreams were so vivid that they woke up at intervals cursing themselves for disobeying the captain.

One said to the other: "Wat did ye take them Kid guys we met in with us for? Ye might have knowd as dey would get rattled and turn dere guns loose when dere was no need of it. Well, I'm glad it want us wat did it."

The others retired. Robert, the arch fiend, locked the door that led to the padded chamber and innocence beyond. It was late the following day when Dorris came to and looked around her, wondering where she was, and wondering at the strange feeling which possessed her. She lay trying to corral her scattered senses

when the door opened and Kit appeared. The woman had her instructions from Robert and followed them.

"Ah, good morning, Mrs. Long, your husband has gone away to look after some matters concerning yourself and his brother and he left instructions that you should lie perfectly quiet until his return. You have been very sick."

In a confused way she inquired, "My husband—you mean—?"

"Mr. *Gordon* Long."

She sighed and a look of relief came over her face. She asked many questions, but the only reply to them was:

"You wait until your husband comes. He will explain all."

And with this she had to be satisfied, but she could not understand it. Where was her darling mother, and why was she in this peculiar looking room. As her gaze wandered around it, she noticed that there were many handsome paintings, mostly nude art. They seemed to suggest something, for with a blush she now asked another question in a hesitating way.

"A—nd, Gordon, my husband, was he— here— last— evening?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure; and left you in my care. Providing he does not return to-night and you become lonesome, I will drop in and sit with you, if you wish," Kit said in a kindly tone of voice.

"You seem to be kind, and it would please me very much to have you. Some way, I'm afraid, of what I don't know, but things seem hardly as they should be. There are so many things I don't understand. My head is confused, and I feel strange, but surely it must be all right as long as I am with my husband. Still there is——"

"There now, Mrs. Long," Kit interrupted, "don't worry or talk too much. Try and content yourself till he comes. There are many things I do not understand myself, but he will doubtless explain when he arrives. You have a very good husband. He certainly will let no harm befall you."

This peculiar woman really pitied her, but she was the slave to Robert's will, bound with fetters too tightly welded to be torn asunder. She felt that she must obey him. There was no question in her mind of doing otherwise. If she had been as faithful to herself as to this man, who cared naught for her, she would have been a truly good woman.

Dorris, uneasy, but forced to be content, managed to pass the day. The last thing she saw at night when she dropped off into a troubled sleep was Kit, who was removing the tea tray. Little did she dream that in the dregs at the bottom of this gold-trimmed cup were the remnants of what caused this sudden sleepiness and subsequent complete unconsciousness. This was a scene enacted many times, followed later by the entrance of Robert, who gazed down on her loveliness, taking in every detail of the perfect form with his passion-inflamed eyes, before starting out on his nightly raids.

Once he muttered, "My revenge would be almost complete if I had Gordon in that rat pit where he could witness my triumph.

It seemed he held the winning cards and was playing them with great satisfaction while the devil coached him on, down the ladder a moral degenerate descends, even to the last round, knee-deep in corruption and sin, a depth of corruption and sin from which there is no escape.

During the days that followed, Dorris, although strong and healthy, felt a languor and stupor she could not explain or shake off. On the third day, as Gordon did not appear, she became determined to leave this place and return home to her mother. She was satisfied that something was wrong, and not as it should be, but what? She would see. She expressed her intentions to Kit, who at once informed Robert. He coolly told her to inform Dorris of the truth, that she was a prisoner. This she did, but her heart smote her as she saw the look on that innocent face.

"My husband, where is he?" she cried.

Kit looked at her pityingly as she forced the lie from her lips. "He was here with you the first day, then he left, as I told you. When he returned yesterday, you were asleep and he gave me orders to keep you a prisoner, if necessary until he returned again."

"And when will that be?"

Kit was trying to make the blow as light as possible, so replied, "My poor girl, I hope soon, but he did not say. He only told me to keep you a prisoner until his return and by all means allow no one to see you. I think he was afraid somebody was going to try to abduct you. He certainly loves you. Try to be content, it may not be long."

But many days passed in the same manner as the three former ones, and there was not a day but that she prayed to her keeper to release her. She even tried to bribe Kit by offering a large sum which she could easily procure, once released. But Kit was obdurate. She was faithful to her master and would not betray his trust by depriving him of a pleasure she could not replace. When Dorris' jailer was out of the room, she spent her time examining the padded walls for some means of escape, from what, she knew not, but it was useless. She would fall on her knees to pray. Many times Kit found her thus occupied, and then would look pityingly at her pretty fingers, the nails all torn and bleeding, tearing at the padded walls. So grew to love her charge, and many times this fallen woman would press a kiss on the sleeping girl's grieved lips, which a thoughtful and far-away look on her not unpleasant face. Doubtless she thought of the day when she was a country lass, as pure in thought as her beautiful charge. She could almost sniff the air from the green fields and see the poor old father and mother, the tears streaming down their honest, weather-stained faces as they bid her good-bye and wished her God-speed on her way to the great city to find honest employment. This failed and like thousands of others, she fell, then became what she now is—a female outlaw, and one of the boldest confidence women in the United States. But this life was beginning to become distasteful

to her. Many times a far-away look could be seen in her beautiful eyes, and she often wondered how the old folks were at home. She mentally determined to some day lay aside her finery and, clothed in plain, but neat, garb make their old hearts glad by a visit. A strange character indeed, but compared with the character of Robert, it could not be termed so.

THE WICKED CITY IN THE GRIP OF BANDITS.

A month passed. Gordon was still working night and day in his endeavors to find some trace of Dorris, but in vain. She had disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed her up. Detectives Arlex and Rometto were working faithfully on the case, but every clew they unearthed and followed led to no practical results as yet. One thing they were positive of, she was still in the city, and upon the strength of this supposition Gordon, who placed a great deal of confidence in their opinion, haunted the business centers and levee districts, looking into every face but not a glimpse of Robert or Red. Sometimes, he was accompanied by his good friend, Louis Palmello, who was seemingly surprised that his friend Robert had turned out to be such a villian. More often, he was accompanied by his faithful man, Jarl, who had now completely recovered from the wound in his shoulder. He was also continually on the lookout for his old enemy, the "bulldog," as he termed him, and when Jarl was not with Gordon, he could be seen with his old bowery chum upon the levee, or around such districts as the "red light district" of the wicked city, their eyes open and always on the lookout for Robert and his confederate, or a clue that would lead them to their hiding place.

Gordon often visited Mrs. Waite and tried to cheer her, but by nature he was too honest to throw hope into his voice where he felt none. He always left the broken home and broken-hearted woman (after stopping to say a kind word to Henry, who was still on the sick list from his wounds) with a promise to bring her news soon. Oh, what misery one man can cause! This was not the only home that he had wrecked. In a direct or indirect way, he had wrecked hundreds as the captain of the "wits." His band was now composed of five beside himself, and he ruled them with a will of iron. He had his men so well trained that they operated like clockwork. Hardly a day passed that some of them did not gather around the table in their underground retreat and divide the spoils of some daring raid. He seldom took more than one man besides Red; "3," "4," "5," or "6" were taken out by turns to "pipe" on the outside, while he and the "weazle" alone, held up a merchant's store. Passing near the "pipe" on their way out, he would quickly inform them by the crooks' deaf and dumb language, what direction to take in making their "get-away," etc., etc. After some of his boldest raids, he would, as Louis Palmello, return to the spot where the robbery took place and mix with the great crowds that

would invariably collect after the "long and short" men had paid a visit. In this way he became acquainted with many of the city officers and was the close friend of some. He became familiar with the workings of the police department. In fact, became acquainted with almost every intention and move of this great body of police, (one of the finest in the world, which on the account of their inoffensive, genteel-appearing acquaintance, was being worked to death). This "robber king," who could see only the humorous side of the affair, would sometimes, five minutes after a robbery mix with the officers and detectives and even talk with the merchants he had a few moments before held up and robbed, while they listened to the jingle of their own gold in his pockets. Indeed, with all its seriousness, it did have a comical side, for sometimes he would be enjoying the conversation and cigar of some city official at headquarters when patrol wagon after patrol wagon would drive up, dump its load of "long and short" suspects, who were handcuffed and ushered to their cells through a line of police with drawn revolvers, the result of the drag-net system. He would chat and joke and listen to the official's theory, sometimes expressed in a positive way as to whom the "long and short" men were, while hundreds upon hundreds of men, gathered in by this drag-net, (many innocent of any crime) were lying in the many different jails, or stations as they are called, abounding in wicked Chicago, the crime center of the world. Over a thousand revolvers of all descriptions were confiscated from almost as many "long and short" suspects, but still the "long and short" men, proper, were not among the drag-net victims, or the blue magazine guns that had terrorized a whole city and created a panic among merchants, were not among the confiscations of the judge; nor were they lying at the city hall among the hundreds in charge of the custodians. Instead these articles (which were winning for the owner fortune and a reputation for boldness that reached the most remote corners of the earth) were reposing in the leather-lined pockets of the well-dressed, refined-looking gentleman standing among a group of officials, listening with assumed respect and amused interest to the discussion being carried on among them regarding himself—the bold "long man," his bold deeds and the possibility of his capture.

But now just a swift glance at the serious side. One of the many, many cases which the innocent were doomed to suffer for—crimes which the "long" man was responsible for in an indirect way, was that of Clarence White, the brother of Frank White, who was murdered while driving along the street in his carriage and the only living son of a widowed mother, the keeper of a small store on the West Side. He was arrested and charged with the Marshall murder and was still lying in the county jail, while his poor mother was almost distracted. This terrible misfortune, following so soon upon the loss of her other son, was fast bringing the poor but honest woman to the grave with a broken heart. Her heart was wrapped up in the son God had spared to her

from the shower of bullets that terrible night when a dozen men sprang from the roadside, and poured shot after shot into the open carriage. He was at that time a young man, honest of purpose, but if dishonest (as some claimed) probably dishonest from a force of circumstances, and for this reason he was (although innocent of the crime charged) lying in the bowels of the jail, awaiting a fate that seemed inevitable, a fate which was ten-fold worse than the death God had spared him from for his mother's sake. This is only an instance of many cases similar among the over-crowded jails.

So, while others who were innocent suffered for his crimes, the "robber king" smoked and chatted with the officials, shook hands with his victims (or intended victims) and raised his hat to some of the most fashionable ladies of Chicago's society as he passed them in his handsome turnout. He would sometimes make a social call during the day upon an invitation, and a business call at night without an invitation, and then call the day following to condole with his lovely hostess over the loss of her splendid diamonds, and possibly a sum of money. He joined several clubs and as Louis Palmello, the Spanish gentleman from Cuba, spent money lavishly. He took a handsome house on the boulevard and furnished it elegantly and tastefully. *Here Gordon was often a visitor.*

The supposed Louis Palmello dipped deep into the pleasures of life and enjoyed them in his way, claiming that a short life should be enjoyed thus. There was not a passion or a desire he did not indulge in. His passion for Dorris was growing stronger. This passion was the point around which everything else connected with his life gravitated. While she was under the influence of the drug and oblivious of his or Kit's presence, he would place her lovely form in graceful poses, then watch the artistic effect with burning eyes and heated imagination. For long periods (after he had furnished the morning papers an opportunity to chronicle another bold holdup by the "long and short" men) he would sit and study her unconscious face, and it became so engraved on his memory that he could, while absent bring her lovely inanimate figure before him in its most complete outline, at his will. He grew to love her with a mad and most unreasonable love, a love that was slowly consuming all other feelings, a love that had driven others mad, but not him. Even when in her presence and under the influence of her personality he never lost control of himself, for he still hoped to make her his wife. From the time he stepped from that padded chamber, made sacred by her presence and polluted by his unholy love, he was as, the "king of the bandits," bold, cool and firm, or the Cuba gentleman of means, suave and polite and pleasing in manner, but cool, observative and watchful.

ROMETTO AND ARLEX—DETECTIVES.

Time sped apace, the days passed away ushering in the last month bringing no hope to the broken homes and broken hearts. Gordon was despondent, the detectives—well we will look in upon them as they are taking a few moments' well-earned rest from their ceaseless efforts during the great epidemic of crime.

In a comfortable corner, at the great Auditorium, sat Arlex and Rometto discussing the robberies by the "long and short" men, when the well-known and familiar cry of the newsboys reached their ears, causing them to simultaneously bound to their feet.

"Listen Rometto, is that not an extra?"

These two stern men listened with every sense on the alert for the next cry that finally reached their ears from the streets below.

"Extra! All about the 'long and short' men!"

Arlex was down the stairs and back in a minute with a copy, in which they began to read an account of the supposed capture of these bandits that had terrorized Chicago for months past. As Arlex finishing reading the account to Rometto, he arose and commenced to stride across the heavy carpet, scuffing and digging his heels into it at every step, while he watched his toes in disgust. Rometto calmly retained his seat and eyed his partner who, as he passed, muttered something about being just a little behind.

"What's that you were saying Arlex?"

"Oh, nothing, but it does seem provoking after all our hard work night and day after those other fellows, and all at once to find that we were on a false scent."

"Well, that is no reason why you should scuff out a few good cents' worth of that carpet."

"Oh, quit your kidding and tell me, Ro, what is your opinion regarding this capture of the so-called bandits? Do you think that we have been on a 'dead one' and that they are the real perpetrators of the Marshall store murder and the long list of store holdups, or do you still think by any possible chance the theory we have been working on regarding the swell 'cove' and his pal is still to be considered as at all practical?"

"Well, Arl., I will tell you what I think, and I will stake the reputation we have made for ourselves as deteticves on it. The swell 'cove' and his pal are the real 'long and short' of it and if we can get our 'come alongs' on them, we will have fortune and fame in our grasp. If we were as sure of getting the proper evidence against them as I am that they are the original 'long and short' men, we could easily afford to give a banquet to all our brother officers on the strength of it."

"You still think, then, that our original theory of there being three classes of crooks operating in Chicago is a correct one?"

"Yes, there is one gang which is individually responsible for the Marshall murder, another class of 'cheap door-mat thieves', as Pinkerton expressed it, who are imitators of the real thing in the

business, the swell 'cove' and his pal, who are the real 'long and short' men are responsible for the boldest of the many crimes committed here."

"Well, Ro., I am willing to believe as you do, in fact, am anxious to believe there is still a chance we were not mistaken entirely in the theories we worked so hard on. Something seems to tell me that we are right, and still, Ro., do you know, somehow I cannot bring myself to believe that this Palmello that our suspicion points so strongly to, is a bad man at heart, or an unprincipled bandit. I am believed to be a clever man at reading a face or penetrating a mask of the most expert assumption of honesty, still I have had every opportunity to study him, and fail to find in him what there must be if he is in truth the 'long' man, so I must be losing my cleverness, or I never possessed any in that direction. Has not the idea ever struck you?"

Yes, it has, and very forcibly, too. If we were to jump at conclusions too quickly we would certainly have to acknowledge ourselves mistaken and beaten. But Arlex, he is no common criminal, he is a wonder of the 20th century, and in spite of the front he puts on is one of the cleverest and therefore the most dangerous of his class."

"Well, if he is our man, he is indeed a shrewd one, and a more intimate acquaintance with him may sharpen our wit."

"Our wit as you call it, is pitted against his wit, his ability to evade as we invade the very recesses of his soul, and lay the life so well known in his heart, wide open to the world he so cleverly conceals it from. Arlex, my friend, I have taken a great interest in this mysterious Palmello and his many crimes. I have considered it our star case. We must not be thwarted and thrown off by appearances. I believe him to be the guilty one and the man that visits him so secretly is his accomplice, the notorious 'short' man of the newspaper fame. Palmello has the long end of the swag and I think if we could only manage to get into that place of his with leisure to go through it, we would in all probability find evidence enough to arrest him and his pal at once."

"Of course, I respect (as I am satisfied you do also) the opinion of our brother officer, but I have set my heart on the issue of this case and not being satisfied only in part with the round-up of it, I wish to follow up the clews we already have in the direction we speak of. Are you with me as ever?"

As the speaker finished, he arose to his feet and extended his hand to Arlex who had during this conversation been standing.

"Am I with you? Rometto, you insult the friendship we bear each other by asking such a question of me. Of course, I am with you. It certainly is hard to believe he is the villian he must be if our theory is correct, but then anything seems possible nowdays. It is a fast age and a fellow has to get a hustle on him to keep up with it."

As he spoke, he grasped the hand of good fellowship extended.

"Miracles have happened; they certainly may happen again, and if we prove Palmello a villian, he certainly must have two souls, two hearts, and two dispositions, operated and controlled by one mind, in fact a modern Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde, even to the change of his features during his raids. A change though that he seems to control at his will, regardless of time or place. If this is so, Ro., it is one more seeming impossibility added to the world's museum of wonders, as to being with you, have we not been like Damon and Pythias, working day and night, for years shaving the dangers incurred following the vocation of detectives, have we not equally shared success, honor or dishonor—no not dishonor, Arl. Not that we have shared honors together, but never dishonor. Yes, you are right as you generally are, we have dishonor yet to share and we will still try to be an honor to the profession, that is my sentiment exactly and we will live up to it though it be appreciated or not. I believe as you do in being a man, nothing else." As he finished speaking, they shook hands warmly. to gaze at the beautiful time-piece that had been faithfully ticking off the minutes during this conversation. Arlex glanced at his watch, a good solid serviceable affair, saying:

"That mysterious *clock* which came so strangely into our hands is certainly a most marvelous time-piece, it is still correct with mine to the fraction of a second."

"Mine also, and we have become so attached to it, it seems a part of our daily lives, in fact it has become so indispensible to us that we will sorely miss it when the mystery surrounding it is cleared up, and the rightful owner claims it."

"Ro., I believe that it is one more of the unsolved mysteries added to the list, and it will never tick off the hours for its owner again."

"Well, maybe not, for we have made every effort to find the owner and have failed completely so far. Yes, I am inclined to think it will stay in our indisputed possession forever, and I am sure I will not be very sorry, for I do not think there is another one similar to it in the world. I would be willing to believe that also if it were not for a figure two in gold, inlaid with jewels, set firmly in the onyx the body of the clock is composed of."

"Yes, very true, if that signifies anything, one would have grounds to believe that there is a number one in existence, and possibly a number three, but I hardly think so, for no manufacturer makes them, most of the work is done by hand, and a very clever hand, too. I guess we will have to shelve this case, mystery and all, along with the clock, so get your top piece and let us go over and take a look at the new batch of "long and short" suspects who have broken into jail." So speaking, they found their way into the busy street. As they walked along, their eyes although heavy for the want of sleep, were as clear and penetrating as ever, taking in every face as it sprang into view along its course piercing and reading it without seeming to, or without attracting any more attention to themselves than their general make up would

suggest as two business men, walking with that quick elastic springy step that so characterizes a Chicago man. Still many an eye was cast their way, mostly from the weak admiring, while they envied them for the strength of body and mind they saw there. Fine specimens of manhood they were too; in personal appearance, there was a striking contrast—one so dark, the other so light although they were both true Americans, Rometto (or "Ro" as he is called by his friend, Arlex, who in return is called "Arl,") one could almost imagine himself in Spain or poor persecuted Cuba, as he looked at his features so foreign in appearance. Spaniard you would say, with his almost blue-black hair, dark eyes and jet mustache which shaded a firm set mouth, not at all unpleasant as he smiled and showed a gleaming set of perfect white teeth. While his companion so striking in contrast could be taken for a Norseman of old, with his flaxen hair, blonde mustache and heavy eyebrows overhanging a pair of eyes that were steel gray, but at times almost blue. The foreign appearance of both of these brave men and their ability to converse in many language was a great assistance to them in their line of business. Passing rapidly along, they soon reached their destination where a great surprise awaited them.

IN THE RAT PIT.

The "long and short" men continued to hold up and rob at their will, but this kind of amusement at last became as monotonous to Robert Long, the real "long man," as it had become interesting to Red and the colts, and terrorizing to the city. He cast around for some other means of satisfying his diabolical craving for a trade of crime that was as horrible as the holdups were bold and unique. So he proceeded to carry out a plan that had been forming in his head for some time.

Number "49" still held to his habit of muttering to himself. "Yes, I will do it. Then my revenge is complete. Yes, he shall witness my triumph over him and all obstacles. I wonder if he will hear the jester's bells! Ah, by Jove! that puts me in mind of something else. He shall hear them, and also witness my triumph over him. Ah, but it will be a sweet revenge! Poor fool! He thinks I, as Palmello, invite him to my house and sit talking to him for hours because I am his friend. Yes, I am his friend, for he gives me pleasure, the pleasure of sitting opposite to him while I watch the agony on his face and the lines of care grow deeper and deeper every day. It is a very good pastime, but it grows monotonous like all the rest. So, for a little deviation from the general programme, I will put him where his hair will grow as grey as the rats that will be gnawing at his shins, while a worse feeling will gnaw at his heart strings as he listens to the jester's bells. Ah, I must have a little amusement! Then I think I will get rid of him altogether and take my sleeping beauty to her new home. She is losing her roses down there."

That evening, Robert, alias number "49," Louis Palmello, etc. accompanied the future victim of his cold-blooded plans about the levee in his ceaseless and seemingly useless search for poor Dorris or her abductors. Gordon's eyes were heavy for want of sleep and they pained him severely for the unnatural strain on them, caused by trying to perform an impossibility, which was to look into every face that swept by on a Chicago street. The great strain was telling on him. He was weary and sick at heart. He had done everything that man could do, even to run a continued personal or ad. in the daily papers, offering a large reward for information that would furnish him even the slightest clue.

Gordon's good friend, Palmello, (apparently by chance, but in reality by clever design) led him in the vicinity of the old church, after visiting numerous places upon the levee and the red light district south of this and then on Custom House place, where he had passed within a few feet of her prison in company with her jailer. They visited many other places where a character like Red or Robert might hold out, but not a glimpse of either rewarded his persistency. He was forced to avert his eyes to rest them a moment from the awful strain of trying to peer into every face as he passed with his companion down this lonely street and struck the shadows of the church. For this reason, his naturally active eye failed to see the two figures lurking there, one of them the very man he was looking for. He was struck to the sidewalk, bound, gagged and blindfolded.

* * * * * * *

When he revived, he was a prisoner in the rat pit. All was dark and damp. A horde of sewer rats that had been running over and around him and nibbling at his flesh scampered away with squeaks of fright as he stirred and tried to rise. At last, when he did regain his feet, a chain rattled. He took a step forward and was almost jerked to the ground. He fell against a wall of earth and stone.

"My God! I am a prisoner, and chained! Why is this, and whose work is it? Can there be a fiend so foul as to chain his fellow creature like this to die among the rats?"

As if in answer to his thoughts, a heavy door opened, letting in a flood of light. It blinded him for a moment, but only a moment. Then he realized that there was such a fiend—and that fiend was his half brother.

"Robert! you?"

"Yes, it is I, dear brother. I heard the jester's bells jingling, was it your chain, and thought I would look in and see if you wish anything."

Gordon pressed his hand to his head and looked at his brother in astonishment and wonder, as he replied. "Yes, I do wish something. I wish you had struck me dead before I ever became aware of your awful nature."

"Is there anything else you wish?"

"Yes, there is, you fiend! Why am I chained here in this foul hole, and what have you done with poor Dorris?"

"Dear brother, from the way you speak, I am afraid you do not appreciate my generous motives. In answer to your first question—the rats that hold sway in here were getting lonesome and hungry so I thought I would furnish them with company and something to dine upon."

"You fiend!"

"There now, just look at that for gratitude. That's the best I get when I am trying to be a good fellow; but I have not finished, and when I have, you will take back those harsh words and bless me, for in answer to your last question I would say that I have kept my word to you and done with her as I said I would. The rose bloom still lies upon her cheek, and she often speaks your name in her sleep. You are indeed a fortunate man to have a brother as good and kind as I, as you have been heard to say you would give your life to gaze once more upon her. You shall gaze and the life you are so willing to give up for that blessed privilege you may keep. Behold!"

As he finished speaking, he swung the door wide open and stepped back a pace. Upon the bed lay the almost nude form of a graceful woman, but the honest eyes of Gordon were held by the lovely face alone. It was Dorris. Forgetting all else, he made a move to rush to her side, but his head struck the sill and his outstretched hands sunk in the edge of the rich carpet just beyond. He had forgotten even the heavy chain which held him prisoner. He called her name while he was regaining his feet and repeated it many times after. No answer. That was strange! Robert was leaning against the jamb of the door, chuckling between each puff of the rich Havana he was smoking. The truth began to dawn upon Gordon, and his face was gray with terror as he turned his questioning eyes upon his fiendish brother, who said in an insinuating way,

"Pretty, isn't she? Like to be free, eh?"

Gordon tried to reach him. No use. Then he cried out,

"O you inhuman monster! You fiend incarnate! Why does not God wither you up as you stand?"

His only answer was a chuckle and a puff of cigar smoke in his face. He again turned towards the sleeping girl he loved so dearly and truly. He shouted her name at the top of his voice, but the beautiful, inanimate form never stirred. The long lashes and grieved little mouth failed to respond. He again turned his attention to the smiling devil near him. As he did so, he received another puff of cigar smoke in his ashen face, followed by the terse question,

"Hear any bells?"

"No! you spawn of evil, but I see——"

Robert here interrupted him with, "Well, you have seen quite enough for this time. In a minute you won't see anything; if you

get tired listening to the bells, you can kill time and rats by telling your troubles to them."

"Robert, you don't mean——"

What he would have said was cut short by another puff of smoke and the thud of the heavily padded door, as it swung in place, leaving him in this dungeon of horrors to tug, beat and wrench at the chain which held him. The great rats, some almost the size of a cat, became bolder. They gnawed at the leather of his shoes, which forced him to kick right and left. This seemed to enrage them, for they ran up his legs, to his neck, face and ears. He fought them off with his hands. Many times they clung to his finger tips. He killed many, but others seemed to fill their places at once. Feverish, sore and heart-broken, he fought on with the slimy creatures—to stop for a moment would be only to give up his life to them. Hungry, weak and wretched, he manfully fought on hour after hour. They were evidently rats from some sewer near by, for the smell from them was sickening. He almost fainted a number of times.

"My God! Is it possible that he, my brother, foresaw this and means for me to be devoured alive? It seems impossible, yet it must be so. Ah, what a h[illegible]e revenge he has taken!"

The rats he was now fighting to keep clear of his face and hands were reinforced by a number more directly from the sewer, and the already horrible stench became worse as they squeezed their way into this underground dungeon. He could see their gleaming little eyes in the darkness as they surrounded him and proceeded to climb over his person. He now fought desperately, crying out for help, and attempted to reach the door, as he had many times before; but the only way he could reach it even by his hands was by lying full length upon the ground. To do this meant sure death. He soon became almost too weak to stand. He grew faint. His head swam around, he fell to his knees, then on his hands. Hundreds of savage creatures took advantage of this momentary weakness and as he again managed to struggle to his feet they were clinging to every portion of his body.

The weight and stench almost dragged him to earth again, but he made one last effort to free himself from their sharp teeth and foul bodies. He was thrashing around in every direction, when suddenly the rat pit was flooded with light, and they instantly dropped down and scampered away with squeaks of fright.

A HEAVEN WITH BUT ONE ANGEL.

Gordon had fought for hours with the foul-smelling sewer rats. The captain of the Wits stood in the door, just having returned from a successful raid. As his eyes fell upon the awful sight his brother presented, the smile he was prepared to greet his prisoner with almost left his face, but it immediately returned, as he said,

"Well, that is pretty near h——, isn't it? How do you like it? Did you hear any bells jingling while I was gone?"

"You merciless fiend! No. I was too busy to hear anything trying to preserve my life from these filthy creatures."

"Rats, eh?"

"Yes, rats. Do you mean that I shall be devoured alive by them?"

"Oh by no means, my dear boy, I just want to give you a glimpse of purgatory and a glimpse of heaven. Do you want another glimpse of heaven?"

"What do you mean?"

Gordon had staggered as near the door as the chain would allow.

"Well, where you are now is purgatory and where I am is nearly a heaven. Even though you are in a place worse than purgatory, I will give you a glimpse of a place equal to heaven."

"Yes, Robert, but a heaven with but one angel."

"Well, dear boy, gaze upon the angel then, while I get you some refreshments and a light to keep your little devils away. You look like a stall-fed ghost, or the 'old boy' himself."

Throwing the padded door open, he left the room to procure food and drink for his famished victim. As Robert disappeared, Gordon tried again to rouse the sleeping girl by calling her name, but it only caused her to stir slightly and murmur his name. As she did so, he plainly heard the jingling of the bells attached by Robert to her flowing gown.

"O God, what a fiend of mockery he is! He must be mad, but there is method in his madness.' God help us to escape from this vile den!"

Food and drugged wine was forced on him and he became once more unconscious. He found himself the following morning in the Harrison Street Police station, just reviving from the effects of the drug. He had been found lying upon the sidewalk by detectives, Shubert and Woolrige. Thinking he was drunk, they gathered him in and he occupied a cell until court set at 9 a. m. He was promptly set at liberty by Justice Richardson. After a good bath and change of clothes throughout, he sent for Arlex and Rometto. To them he related his experience but was unable to locate the place exactly.

"Yes, your friend, Palmello told us of the occurrence near a church and we have been looking for you all night. The detectives found you on Custom House Place. That is what puzzled us. Don't tell your story to anyone else. They would not believe it and it will do no good. Anyway, it is a clue and proves our first theory to be correct, the theory we have worked on, that they are in the levee district. From your appearance, I should judge you must have had an awful experience for your hair is tinged with gray."

"Oh, I did not mind the rats so much. But the other! O my God! My friends, it was awful, too awful to repeat, too awful to think of. He made a threat once that he would turn my hair as gray as a sewer rat, and plant gravestones around my heart, and he has certainly commenced planting them. My heart is heavier than

one to-day. I would sooner have one planted at my head than to see and hear what I did in that awful 'den of horrors.'"

"Well, cheer up, Mr. Long. Remember that it is just such awful things as this that make men of us. The perfidy of your brother has opened your eyes to the world."

They hurried off just as Palmello (Gordon's supposed friend) entered, and these two were soon comparing notes. Later, Palmello again accompanied him around Custom House Place in *quest of himself* and enjoyed the performance hugely.

A VICTIM OF A PLOT.

At midnight, Robert transferred Dorris to a new prison, a secret chamber he had fitted up for her in the mansion. Here Kit, who knew nothing of the awful scene in the rat pit, kept her company during the night, returning to her own place at day. Red played hackman, as before. He and Kit were the only ones trusted with the location of his residence.

His pal of the lake front scrimmage, who had during this time been held a prisoner, was now released. This was brought about by Arlex and Rometto who thought he might lead them to his confederates. They kept him in sight for two days. At last their perseverance was rewarded to a certain extent. The crook now led them by a circuitous route to Custom House Place. Glancing around to see that he was not observed, disappeared in one of the many houses under ban. Arlex quickly made his way round to the rear, while Rometto rang the bell. The door was opened and he was admitted by Kit. She was well-known to the detectives. He called her by name, and inquired if the crook was there. She replied that he was not. He seemed to doubt her word. She told him he might search the house, which he did, but of course found no trace of his man. Much puzzled, he joined his companion, and together they talked it over. Then Rometto returned to the front and they shadowed the house for a few moments longer. Meantime, the crook had found his way to the underground den. He knew nothing of the new captain and was not aware this was now the retreat of the "long and short" men. He had just opened a conversation about the handsome and peculiar clock which he had noticed with greedy eyes, when Kit came and informed them of the detectives' visit. Red told him he had better stay inside for a week or so, or "steer clear o' de joint for a while." He had been kept inside too much, as he thought, so he made up his mind to leave the city. Red went above with Kit.

"Now is me chance. I'll jest cop dat clock an blow out by de old church. I kin get a good stake out of it, fer I knows of a swell cove wat pays a fortune sometimes fer dis 'ere kind. He has got his house full of em. I'll have t' make 'im tink as wat it is on de square dough, or he won't touch it. He'll pass it up sure, but I kin do dat, I guess."

So thinking, the crook wrapped the clock in a rain coat he saw hanging on the wall, then rummaging around, found a long strap which he drew tightly around it. Prepared thus, he soon emerged from the shadows of the old church. By some peculiar means, he had become acquainted with the fact that C. E. Morrill of No. 275 53rd street, president of the Larson Company, was the possessor of a large collection of odd, antique clocks of rich and peculiar designs, and was still adding to this collection at every opportunity. The crook started off in the direction of his residence.

Arlex, getting disgusted, while in the rear watching a building which he was satisfied did not hold their man, left with his companion. As they were turning into Polk street, they saw the very one they were looking for coming from the direction of the notorious Boiler Avenue, with a large bundle which he carried by a strap. The moment he saw the two detectives, he dropped it and ran. Thus the clock came into the possession of the mystified detectives. The crook could not be found, so it was left with them as before stated.

Robert was furious over the loss of the clock, for he had now looked forward with some degree of interest to the time when it would give up (as he supposed) the secret of his birth and who his mother was. He sent the "wits" all on a still hunt, giving them orders not to claim it, as that would be disastrous, but to "swipe" it. It proved useless. The clock or "crook" could not be located. It made him more vicious and cruel. The following evening, they held up on the street a country merchant visiting Chicago who strenuously protested. Robert vented some of his ill-feeling by hitting him over the nose every time he opened his mouth, and as the merchant was plucky and persistent, he hit him many times with the butt of a pistol. When they had at last relieved him of his money and valuables, they left him with his nose flattened to his face and disfigured for life. In many ways he vented his wrath. Red and others of the band were careful not to offend him, even Kit shuddered as she caught the cold gleam of his eyes.

The following day, they made one of their raids. The boldness of it was never equaled. In broad day, they held up another large store, crowded with clerks and shoppers. His outside man, for the first time, unintentionally gave the wrong "office" as they passed out. The eyes that looked into his had for the moment confused even him, a man careless of death itself. The consequence of this mistake was that they were obliged to fire into the crowd in order to make a sure "get-away." Later in the evening the "pipe" was thrown in the pit and he fought rats for an hour. After that there were no more mistakes. While his lesser light was fighting rats, the cruel captain was enjoying a cigar and bottle with his lieutenant.

"Say, Red, where did you get that *handkerchief* I see around your neck?"

"Dat's de one ye staked me t' on de lake front t' tie up me scalp wid."

"That is what I thought. Well, the next raid we make, *just drop it where it can be found readily.*"

"Wot—"

"There, there, you go again, asking questions. Just do as I tell you and you will do what is right."

"All right, captin, wat yuse says goes wid me every flop out o' de box."

After the next bold hold up, *the police found a clue,* and they followed it up. Their work was good and very rapid. *The owner of the handkerchief was located before the sun set.* Palmello could not resist the temptation to be on hand when the owner was brought in by the officers. Therefore, he hung around headquarters. The sight he saw when the "Black Maria" or police patrol drove up with clanging bell, more than rewarded him, *for his gloating eye fell on the face of Gordon who was undergoing the humiliation of being ushered down a line of police to a prison cell,* handcuffed to an opium fiend on one side and to a well-known thief on the other, while a Chinaman and a dozen "long and short" suspects with crime stamped on most every feature were his companions. Later, he was lined up with a crowd of other suspects for identification. The long room was crowded with merchants and other business men who were victims of the bold bandits.

Palmello was on hand, apparently doing all he could to obtain his friend's release, but this, of course (under the circumstances) was impossible, as he well knew the evidence against Gordon was too strong, and he himself was astonished. They showed Gordon a handkerchief with his name in full worked in the silk border. Did he recognize it, he was asked. Yes, he did. It was certainly his. How did it come here? He was positive he had left it among some other cast-off things at his home in London. This assertion brought a smile all around. Then he was more astonished than ever for several merchants he was positive he never saw before, stepped forward and identified him as the notorious "long man" who had terrorized the city for months past. Then they produced the two blue magazine guns Gordon was carrying while on his ceaseless hunt for Dorris. Did he recognize these? Yes, they were his. It seemed he could not deny anything. Rometto and Arlex (who had just arrived from their quarters where they had been discussing the mysterious clock, the "long and short" raids and things in general) looked with eyes of surprise at Gordon, who looked at them in turn with questioning eyes. But they were now in turn gazing at Palmello with something more than mere interest. They saw the gloating look and their suspicions were strengthened.

ROMETTO AND ARLEX IN DISGUISE. BILLY SKUTES OF HERKIMER.

The detectives did what they could to obtain their friend's release, for they were positive he was innocent, but the evidence against him was too strong. They could do nothing until he was given a regular trial. He was sent back to his cell and the iron door clanged to upon another innocent man, the victim of circumstances, and his heartless brother's cold-blooded and diabolical scheme.

The two detectives, accompanied by Palmello, visited him here, and assured him that they would have him out soon. Gordon bore up under this new blow with becoming fortitude. Leaving Palmello behind, the detectives returned to their quarters where they quickly disguised themselves as well to do stock men, just in from the west. Hurrying back to the jail, they were in time to see Palmello coming out. This was their plan, for if he had any suspicion, he certainly could not have given them credit of changing in such a short space of time. They stopped him with a question.

"I say stranger, mout weuns ask youns fer a mite of informashun?"

Palmello's cold eye looked them through and through as he replied:

"Of course, what is it you wish?"

"Wa-al, yer see it's jes this ere way, weuns left our wimin folke ter hum an toted a keer full o' critters all the way from Nebraska an weve got money left, though I guess weve bin yere nigh onter three weeks. Wa'al, an yer wont believe it, but thar aint over tue-thirds of the folks in this ere teoun seed us, an theres a few people that weuns heerd tell about away up in our teoun that weuns aint seed, an weuns wanter take er look at them air fellers."

"Well, what has that got to do with me?"

The tone was curt and sharp.

"Oh, wa-al, Mister, hopes youns will excuse weuns, but youns looked like er real gentleman as wernt too fine ter answer a few questions."

"Well, my time, you see, is somewhat limited. Excuse me if I spoke somewhat curtly. It is a way of mine with strangers. If we were better acquainted, why of course—but who are these great celebrities whose fame has reached even to the cornhills of Nebraska? It can't be the Mayor or Chief of Police?"

"Naw."

"Hinkey Dink?"

"Naw."

"Bath House John?"

"Naw, weuns knew him and weve seed thar chief an mayor. Weve seed the whole gol durned teoun."

"Well, I can't imagine who it is if you have, as you say, seen everybody in the whole city."

Palmello had penetrated their disguise, although it was the best of the kind. He also "dropped" to the fact that these men suspected him. He must be on his guard, so he played the part of good fellowship and apparently played into their hands.

"I guess they want to see if I won't steer them against some sure thing graft, and tip my mit to them. They know there is something wrong with me, but they don't know what. Well, they will have their pains for nothing. They will never know. They can suspect all they want to. They have got to have proof before they can turn a wheel. I stand too well with the city they so very cleverly represent."

"Wa-al, stranger, them air fellers weuns want ter see have made things purty lively deoun here for youns, the 'long and shortun.' "

"Oh, you mean the 'long and short' men? Well, there are a good many that would like to see them. There are over a million of people in this great city alone that are in the same boat. And hundreds of merchants would like to see them, but not at their places of business."

"Wa-al, what weuns have hearn tell deoun hum an up here, I shud think they ud ruther see em in the calabouse. We heern tell as they were thar now and that thar is the place weuns were goin, but thought as youns might tell weuns how ter get in thar."

"Well, you will get in there soon enough if you go round talking to strangers like you do to me. It is a bad plan. You might run onto a 'confidence man' or the 'long and short' men, themselves."

"Wa-al, thanks, stranger, that thar be mighty good of yous ter say so, but how air weuns agoin to run a muck of that thar 'long un and short un' when they are sure nough in that thar 'calerboose' yonder?"

"Oh, they are not in there. There are hundreds of men in the 'calerboose' as you call it, held on suspicion of being either the 'long' or 'short' man, but they have none of the right parties yet."

"An what makes youns think they have none of the right parties yet?"

"Well, that is easy to see. The jails are full of 'long and short' suspects, and still the bold hold ups go on. If the notorious bandits were in there, they certainly could not at the same time be holding up some store."

"Yeas. but moightn't them ere fellers that they got ter day be thar ones?"

"Certainly not. Why, one of them is my most intimate friend, and I am sure he is innocent."

"Dew tell!"

"Yes, and the evidence against him is pretty strong, in fact almost conclusive, still, by to-morrow, there will probably be another hold up by the real 'long and short' bandits." (As he said this, he knew in his own mind that there would not, for he had made the statement to the parties of the last hold up that this was

the "long and short" of it, and the last of it, and he meant it, for he wished it to appear that the hold ups were stopped by the capture of Gordon. This would make evidence against him complete, and for this purpose alone, the city was to have a breathing spell for a short time).

"Dew tell! Wa-al gall durn our buttons, what deu you think of that 'Bill?' This is my friend, Bill, Billy Skutes of Herkimer. He's almost as bad as that thar 'long' feller. Probably youns have hearn tell about it. Na? Wa'al, sir, yer wouldn't believe it ter look at him, but he's thar feller that stole thar big cheese over at Herkimer."

"You don't say so. Well, Mr. Skutes, I am glad to see you."

"Wa-al, as I was saying, he stole the cheese an hid over in a teoun called Hogback an they never would of found him only yer see Bill was smoking one of them ere segars they calls 'Telephone' segars. (Billy Bryan gave it to him.) Everybody in them ere parts knew that Bill had that ere segar. It war nigh onter thirty miles ter Hogback, but they smelt that ere 'Telephone' segar in Herkimer and gobbled him in. Gosh all firelocks! Youns ought ter see that thar teoun! It riz right up like this ere teoun after the 'long and short' un. Lightnin bugs in June! But youns just ought ter seed ole Zeph Aikens thar sheriff and teoun marshal, when they toted him back inter teoun, cheese an all. Them ere officers had one hand on thar nose an tother on Bill's collar. The whole teoun was thar ter see him but when they got thar they were in er fix ter know what ter deu with him."

"I should thought they would have hung him," Palmello said with a good natured smile, wishing to carry out this farce with as good grace as they.

"Wa-al, yer see they war agoin ter, but when they went ter look fer a rope, they couldn't find un."

"Well, that was strange, how was that?"

"Wa-al yer see the boys—durn their hides—hed smoked em."

"You don't say!"

"Ya-as, and yer see how 'twas. Bill har, he war the mayor, chief o' police, judge and the hull thing."

"Impossible!"

"Yeas, he don't look it, but he was a bigger man than youns mayor here."

"I don't doubt it."

They had been walking along while carrying on this peculiar conversation and were now opposite some refreshment parlors. He asked them in, an invitation they readily accepted. While regaling themselves with refreshments Palmello again opened the conversation.

"Well, did they then send to some other town for a rope?"

"Wa-al now, yer see they knew that it ud be no use fer all them ere teouns round about, kind o' run short on segars and baccy and they all smoke rope up our way in them days sept'n Bill Bryan and ole Jones."

Billy Skutes of Herkimer now broke in for almost the first time. "O, I knows Bill Bryan purty wal. I was named after him. My mother's aunt's cousin's sister says as I look a good deal like his father did when she was a gel techin schule an his father an my father uster go by her schule house door t'gether a rabbit huntin over in the big woods beyent."

"Ya-as, that be so, Mr. ——"

"Palmello is my name. 'Louis Palmello.'"

"Thanks. Youns are a real gentleman, Mr. Palmello an my name is Quick, Rollie D. Quick. My name uster was Peter Dan Quick, but my ant Salaratur seed them thar Vasceline Sisters at er show thet cum tue our teoun onst an she made me change my name to Rollie, something with scallops on it yar know."

"So your full name as it stands now is "Rollie D. Quick?"

"Ya-as 'that's the long and short' of it."

"Well, I'm afraid that you are not living up to what the name suggests—quickness. At any rate, quickness in getting to the end of a story."

"Aw ya-as. 'Twist my ribs' if I didn't mos forget. I was er telling about Bill stealing the big cheese. Wa-al, as I war a sayin Bill was thar whole thing out thar, so he ordered himself locked up then ordered himself unlocked, and then he sot on that thar jedges bench and tried hisself and fined hisself forty cents an a plug o' baccy. That was about all he ever had in them ere days. Then the blamed cuss, he paid hisself and tuck a chaw of baccy. But them air teoun folks kicked and said as it warn't fair nohow, so Bill—oh, he's a cute un, is Bill!"

"Yes, I believe you, in fact I think you are both pretty clever. *You ought to be in the detective business. We need some more good men here in the city.*"

Arlex and Rometto had about made up their minds that their shrewd companion had penetrated their disguise. Their plans to find out the true nature of this wonderful man had failed. The bait they held out to him was tempting for they had flashed large sums of money in greenbacks. He was, they now thought, either honest and a gentleman or else a clever actor and on to their make up. Could they be on the wrong track? No. Something told them no. Their suspicions had been strengthened by the gloating look they had noticed on his features as he gazed at the victim of his wicked but clever scheme.

"Wa-al, Mr. Honery Palmer—"

"'Palmello,' if you please."

"Oh, ya-as, sure nough, 'Palmelder,' I don't mind a tellin youns (but yer mustn't say a word about it to the mayor or Bill Bryan when he gets t' be president) that weuns air both detectives. Ya-as, Bill an me air both full-fledged detective fellers. Thet's wat we be. We sent ten dollars apiece to er detective agency an they sent weuns their whole business, a paper as they called a commission an er star an er dark lantern an er pistol. Bill uses his dark lantern

now to spear bull-heads with at night on the mill-pond; an they sent a pair of them air—what d' yer call em, Bill?"

"Scapes my mind jes wat they did call them air blamed things."

"Anyway, Bill made er pair o' bits out o' them for his horses."

"Oh, you mean 'come-alongs?'"

"Wa-al, come ter think, I believe that thar is jest what they call 'em. Anyway, they 'come along' with the other traps. I know I didn't have mine long."

"Well, they must have sent you almost everything except a burglar."

"Ya-as, and by gosh, I think they sent the bugler, tue, I'll be durned if I don't, although thar want nery a one in the package one come along and stole them air 'come-alongs' and the whole shootin match, star, dark lantern, pistol, hand cuffs, and all."

"So you think now that they furnished you everything for ten dollars to catch burglars with, then sent you out a burglar to practice on?"

"No, by gosh, I think they sent that air burgler out to coon em so they can skin some other Ruben Glue with them. But say, if Skutes, I mean this Bill here,—goin into that air detective racket fur he' laughed hisself hungry. The time Bill traded apples fur a new hat, he war so swell—"

"Now look here, Rollie D. Quick, I won't have yer castin sinuashuns before this gentleman," said Bill.

Palmello now interrupted, becoming slightly impatient, although interested in their peculiar talk and their clever acting.

"Well, how about the cheese?"

"Wa-al, as I were a sayin, the folks wern't satisfied so Bill he orders a jury trial an then he orders that air jury to take kere of thar cheese. (I forgot to say that Bill here is Dutch an the rest o' the teoun was Irish.) Wa-al the jury tuck keer o' the cheese, an Bill as the jedge made his charge to the jury an told them not t' find him guilty to durned quick. The hull gal durned teoun purty near wuz on that air jury so thar jedge, Bill here, tole them that he would lock em up in their jury room with their cheese an if they found him guilty they were to knock once only an he would go out an hang hisself with the rope he wore fur suspenders, an if he want guilty that they must knock onst then follow this a little later by a hull lot o' knocks. Wa-al he purty near knocked that air case fer this air was a big cheese an Linberger at that. Wa-al Bill he locked the teoun up in the jury room with that air cheese an of course in about a minute there was a knock an in about five minutes more thar war five hundred knocks to get out and—"

"Well, my friend, I am afraid I will have to leave you."

"Ya-as, but jes wait till I tell youns—"

"No, I am sorry, but I guess I will have to leave you and the town in the jury room with the cheese until some other time. My friend is in trouble and I must try and do something for him. If you are, as you say, going to remain in the city until you see the 'long and short' men, possibly I may have the pleasure of meeting

you again. Good-day, Mr. Skutes, and you also, Mr. Quick. Good-day, good-day."

He was gone, and he had not once tried to work them. Could they be mistaken? They still were unsatisfied regarding his character. He was too deep and too cunning to be tricked into showing his true nature. The supposed farmers talked a while together and made up their minds that they had no common man to deal with. It was "diamond cut diamond."

THE VEILED MYSTERY.

Differently disguised, they shadowed Palmello day and night. They noticed a woman leave his residence almost every morning and return in the evening. She was heavily veiled and seemed to know that she was being watched. She always took a cab and sometimes changed vehicles two or three times to lose the shadows always at her heels. For a week she successfully eluded them. Once they almost made up their minds that it was Dorris, but they soon dismissed this idea. Once they trailed her as far as the old church. Her cab drove off at a rattling pace and before they could reach the vicinity she had disappeared. They searched all houses which were mostly low resorts. They then picked the lock of the church door and examined the interior thoroughly with the aid of a little bull's eye. Not there. Where could she have disappeared to?

After this one would shadow her while the other watched in the vicinity of the church, but with no results. The holdups had ceased for a while. It looked pretty dark for Gordon, and it was drawing near the time set for his trial. It looked as if he must certainly suffer for all the deeds of the notorious bandit, the "long man." Still, he knew his friends were working hard to save him and he hoped for the best and bore his imprisonment much better than many of the other hundreds of suspects with whom he was in daily touch. He seemed to win the respect of the jail officials, prisoners and all. It was small punishment according to what he had gone through with already. It seemed that fate was against him. Hundreds of merchants thought they recognized in him the notorious bandit. A rumor was started in the jail that he was also to be tried for the cold-blooded murder of South and West Side merchants.

He could not understand how the handkerchief came there. He could understand nothing, only that he was innocent of all crime and yet was branded as the greatest criminal unhung, the "long bandit" and would probably suffer in his place for his crimes. Still he had hope, and found strength in prayer to the effect that he might be liberated to continue his hunt for Dorris and alleviate the distress her mysterious disappearance caused to so many, for she held a warm spot in the hearts of all who knew her. Even Bonny Bess and Toots were cast down and much dispirited. They would stand for hours looking up and down the long stretch of highway, then with dejected mein, go snuffing around the idle swing

or rusty chain that tethered the little boat. The robins were still hopping about, gathering up the crumbs scattered by the hand of Henry, who had a soft spot in his heart for her pets, and they were faring well since he got about again. Mrs. Waite was completely prostrated from grief and remorse.

The two determined detectives now gave most of their attention to Louis Palmello and the veiled woman that came and went so mysteriously. They slept four hours, turn about, and worked twenty. Many times they were assisted by Jarl and his bowery chum in shadowing the suspected man and watching the different places he visited. They noticed that he often met a well-known club man, known as "Lucky Steve," a realistic story writer studying the shady side of life in Chicago. They often met at the Pan American, Chapin and Gores and Alderman Powers' buffet. But this proved nothing. "Lucky Steve" had long been an acquaintance of the two detectives, but they knew from experience that it was useless to ask him questions about anything that was not his own individual business.

One evening Jarl sent them the information by his bowery chum that Palmello had just entered a certain house in Custom House Place. They hurried over and found Jarl still on watch. He pointed out the number to them—"Break-o'-Day" Kit's place.

"By all that's queer, what can he be doing there?"

They watched the place until after daylight, while they sent Jarl and his companion to watch Palmello's residence, but he did not appear. Rometto now returned to watch the residence, sending Jarl to relieve Arlex. Thus they worked on, keeping both places under surveillance. At 9 a. m. Palmello came down the marble steps. They followed him. He changed to three or four different cars, and it proved hard work to keep him in view. He then took another line of cars back to the levee district. Here it was easy work to shadow him without being discovered. He entered "Break-o'-Day" Kit's place with a latch wey. This satisfied them that they were not mistaken. This wonderful man was leading a double life. Being satisfied of this, they made up their minds to expedite matters. Therefore they acted quickly and to the point. They knew from former dealings with Kit that it was almost useless to endeavor to "pump" any information out of her, but they made up their minds to try. Ringing the bell, they were smilingly ushered in. It was nothing new for her to be visited by the agents of the law. They came to business at once.

"Kit, we were passing and happened to see a friend of ours drop in, a gentleman with dark Spanish features, very handsome. We would like to see him a moment if he is still here."

The only answer they secured to this was a very suggestive shrug of her finely formed shoulders and a slight lifting of the heavy lashes. It proved utterly impossible to get a word out of her, so they left her smiling at them in a tantalizing way. They now watched Palmello's residence till they saw a veiled figure walk gracefully down the street and turn in at the gate. They then took

turns at going to their quarters to don a new disguise. Arlex, made up as an Irish plumber, presented himself at the house, and rang the bell. The door opened to the length of a short chain which held it. He could see no one but a lady's voice inquired:

"What is it you wish?"

"Wel, bejabers, it's nothin at all, at all I'd be after wantin, but Mr. Palmello was after leavin wurrd at the gas house to sind doun a mon to faix de gas maeter."

"Are you the man?"

"Oim that same, mum. Oi be the man."

"Well, if you are sure that you are the gas man, I guess you had better come when he is at home."

The door was closed.

THE ITALIAN VENDER.

Arlex met Rometto coming from their quarters, disguised as an Italian vender with terra cotta figures in a basket. Arlex related his experiences and his companion was inclined to laugh and said:

"Just wait till I spring these figures on her. She can't resist showing her face then. You say her voice is familiar?"

"Yes, but I am positive now that it is not Dorris."

"Well, I can't imagine who she can be, but we shall soon see."

Off he trotted around the corner and up the steps.

"Gooda morn, madam, canna me showa you de fig. Sella cheap. Me no gotta de mon, harda up. Maka de pair one a dol."

"No, I guess I do not care for them; besides the master of the house is not in."

The invisible speaker attempted to gently close the door, but the bogus Italian, as if by accident, slid his foot between the crack and commenced in a rapid way to praise his wares.

"You no getta de chance to buy lika dees. Me give him to a you for a fifty centa. Me no sella so cheap since me came to dis a countara. They costa me more. Me no make de mon on me fig. Me lossa de mon dis a time. Dis is a nice a ting, a good ting to make de home like de Italian palace."

"No, we don't care for any."

Still Rometto persisted and continued, hoping to get a glimpse of her face, if nothing more.

"No madame, jesse looka at dese fina fig. Me knowa de lady like to looka at de prittee tings. Disa one is Dona Juana an disa one is Dona Caesar, a fina pair. Me wanta go outa de biz. Me sella him for forty-five centa. Me wanta getta de peanut stand an sella de popcorn, an go backa to de old countara. I no wanta to come to disa countara; dey make me come to disa countara; puta me on a bigga ship an whena me gotta to Newa York, me no wanta get off, but dey blinafold me and backa me offa de boat."

At this a laugh was heard from the invisible woman. Where had he heard that laugh before?

"I must see that face!"

Thus reflecting and thinking he had got the woman interested, he continued:

"Disa countara no gooda for Italian man. I no lika it. Dat's why me sella it cheap to getta de mon and goa back. Whata you say lade, you taka dem?"

"No, I do not wish them. Come when the master is here, he might wish them."

"Yesa, but you no hava de chance giva dem toa you for twenty-five centa. Me go outa de biz. Me no lika de biz."

"Well, why don't you go into the cheese business?"

He gave a start and withdrew his foot. Was this a chance shot that was so well aimed or was it possible that she, whoever she was, had penetrated his clever disguise. The voice was wonderfully familiar. Who could it be? He joined Arlex. They made up their minds whoever it was she knew them well and probably recognized something in his voice, for their disguises were impenetrable.

"Well, what do you think of it now, Ro?" Arlex asked.

"Well, I think we are up against some of the cleverest people in the world. We can't land them by any common means. They won't stand any old game, for they are too wise. We will have to go at them rough-shod and take chances."

"Well, as long as we have become satisfied that he is off color, we might as well force matters a little by breaking into the house and see if we can scare up any evidence against him. I think that we will find that he is in some way connected with the abduction of the girl and is the leader of a gang of shrewd crooks, the 'long and short' gang itself. You see how it is, the crook we let loose and shadowed went to Kit's house. Kit knows Palmello. The crook is a pal of the companion of Gordon's villainous brother, Robert, who abducted the girl and had that running fight on the highway. Palmello knew this Robert—claims he knew him in Cuba—and, mark my words, this Palmello knows where the girl is, and he is Gordon's worst enemy for some reason too deep for us to fathom just now. We could see it in the exultant look that flashed into his face just once as Gordon was lined up for identification as the 'long man.' Ah, I tell you he is a hard man! Gordon is really a good fellow. I hope we can find evidence enough in that house to railroad Palmello and free his victim."

Retaining their present disguise, they hung about till the veiled woman came down the steps. She stopped on the corner, looked up and down (presumably for a cab). There was none in sight. Arlex shrank back in a doorway while his companion approached her. He accosted her.

"Aha, madame, I see a you disa morn! Me tried to sella you de fine fig. Me no sella him yet. Me walka alla de day. Noa boda wants de Dona Caesar an de Dona Juana. Me sella him toa you fora fifteen centa."

"I told you this morning I did not care for them and it seems

that you ought to have sold them before this if you have walked all day, as you say."

"Wella my dear lade, you seea all of de peop no wanta de Dona Juana or de Dona Caesar. De all wanta de fig of dea living pictures and de fig of de coutchie. Me no carry dem kinda fig. Me too nice a man. Dey maka me blush whena me showa dem to de lade. Me no like de big peop. Me like de poora peop. You looka like a gooda lade. Wonta you buy? Me giva de fina fig for fifteen centa and take him home for you."

"No, my good fellow, I don't want your figures at any price, but if you will run and call that cab for me I will give you fifteen cents and you can keep your figures until you run across a modest woman that does not care for living pictures and coochie-coochie dancers."

The supposed Italian vender hastened to obey. She handed him a twenty-five cent piece, the smallest change she had, saying:

"You may keep the other ten cents for the modesty which will not allow you to vend figures of living pictures. Your place, my poor man, is in heaven, this is purgatory."

"Purgatora, youa say? Dey tella me de name of disa town was Chicoga. Dey foola me. I go to disa town youa calla heaven. You tella me how to goa dere? Me goa. Me no lika dis purgatora."

"Well, my good fellow, I haven't time to tell you how to get there. You go down to the Dowie's. They will be delighted to show you the way."

The bogus Italian was somewhat nonplused, but continued to carry out the character he represented and replied:

"All right, me goa dare, you gooda lade. Here me give youa de fina fig. Me taka dem home to you. Give me your addressa."

"No, I don't care for them. Driver, take me to the Auditorium. When you get there, run up and see if Mrs. Frost is in."

"All roit, mum," replied the driver.

The door slammed and off rattled the cab.

"I tell you Arlex they are too smooth, that order to cabby was to throw us off. What goes with common criminals don't go with them, so we will have to force matters to an issue at once or it will be all over with Gordon. Did you give Jarl the office to follow her?"

"Yes, let's see, and his partner is following Palmello."

"That is good. Now for the burglar's act?"

They shot up an alley and were soon working at one of the rear windows. It proved to be well secured, but this did not stop these persistent men. They soon forced an entrance and were hurrying from room to room. They familiarized themselves with the whole of the handsomely furnished interior. Then they made a careful search of Palmello's rooms, followed by every room in the house, but not a clue did they find and they quietly slipped out again baffled.

The following morning at nine they saw the same graceful fig-

ure coming along the beautiful boulevard. They now proceeded to carry out a bold plan. Rometto had discarded his modest figures of Don Juan and Don Caesar, but still kept to his disguise of the day before. Arlex, who had discarded his disguise altogether, appeared around the corner and pretended to put the supposed Italian under arrest. When the veiled figure drew near enough Arlex jerked his supposed prisoner along almost in front of her. Then there was a struggle and the supposed vender cried at the top of his voice:

"Me noa bada man. You letta me go. Me noa do anyting. Me make de mon sella de fig."

"Oh, you never did anything since you came to this country! Come on now, I'll send you out to the Bridewell."

"No, no, me noa go! Me make me mon sella de fig. Me honesta man."

The veiled woman tried to pass them. As she did the vender applied to her, after saying to Arlex:

"Youa no taka me. You tink me no sella de fig, me prova him by de lade."

"Oh, you never did any work in your worthless life! Come on I say out of the lady's way."

"Me doa work. Dis a lade cana tella you. I sella de fig and maka de mon. Lade please tella di spolica-man dat I am a gooda man. You knowa I comea yesterday to sella you de fig."

As she tried to pass, she replied, "Yes, he is all right."

"Dare, me tola you so. Me alla right. Me a gooda fell."

Their scheme was working. Arlex now turned his attention to the woman and asked in a gruff tone:

"Who are you that stands up for a vagrant and tries to interfere with the law? Raise your veil that I may see?"

A pleasant, but slightly sarcastic voice responded:

"My dear sir, I am a lady and I refuse to disclose my identity or lift my veil. Neither will I allow you to lift it for me, as I see you would very much desire to do."

"Well, if you are a lady, as you say, why do you wear such a heavy veil?"

Arlex was hardly prepared for the reply that came and was almost knocked off his feet as she sweetly said:

"Why, you simple fellow, don't you see that I am so sweet that I am obliged to wear it when I am out, in order to keep the bees from sipping the honey from my lips?"

Before he could recover from this sally Louis Palmello joined the strange group. He raised his hat to the woman who passed on into the house. Then laughing and chatting, he accompanied Arlex to the patrol box and lingered while he rang up the station for the wagon. Something seemed to greatly amuse him when the wagon came dashing up with a clang and a rush. Arlex had to throw his companion, the supposed vender, in with instructions to lock him and book him as a vagrant. It seemed that Palmello knew the officer slightly and, calling him by name, inquired if he might ride

down with him as he would like to see how they booked a prisoner. His wish was readily granted, and he, the "long man," soon had the satisfaction of seeing Rometto, the detective and his enemy, locked in a cell he so justly deserved to occupy himself—a place he knew well Rometto and his companion Arlex. were trying to land him. He was greatly amused as he passed Ro's cell. On his way out he imitated Ro's assumed dialect and said:

"How does the Italian man 'lika de cold stones and de iron bars to playa de checkers on with de nose?'"

"De checkers? Ah mea, mea play a good game. You playa gooda game too. Dis is youa move. De next is mya move. You laugh at de poor Italian man. I playa gooda game. I beeta you. Den I laugh a last. Ah, you no like dat? Well, me giva de fina gentleman de laugh lika dis. See?"

Rometto, the supposed vender, imitated what is commonly called the horse laugh. This was the last thing Palmello heard as he passed out. He stopped to exchange a word with an official and when he left *the supposed Italian was at his heels in a new disguise.*

THE RESCUE. A PRISON WEDDING.

To mention his name had been all that was necessary for Rometto to obtain his release from the peculiar predicament Palmello had forced him into by accompanying him to the station. He now followed him into a "fan-tan" joint kept by a well-known Chinese gambler called "Chop Suey," called thus for his liking for that dainty dish. This place was patronized by all classes. It resembled the House of all Nations, the only difference being in the sex of the frequenters and occupants. Rometto noticed that he made a sign to a smooth faced man, almost a youth in years, but plainly old in crime, who soon after left the building. Seeing Jarl in the crowd that hung around the "fan-tan" and "stud tables," he transferred his attention to this new edition. The man walked along some distance halting near the federal building. After talking a few minutes with a hackman, he exchanged coats, pinning the cabman's license in a conspicuous place, mounted the box and drove off. Hiring another rig, Rometto kept the other in view until it at last brought up in front of Palmello's. He seemed to be waiting for some one, but no one appeared.

The afternoon passed. The driver only left his post to step around the corner and refresh himself with some lunch. The detective took advantage of this and caught a snack of something to eat himself. Shortly after, Palmello entered the house, paying no attention to the cab whatever; but later he and the veiled woman appeared and enetered the vehicle which was soon rumbling off. Apparently the driver knew where he was to go beforehand. Something was certainly on foot. Leaving Jarl to watch the house, the two detectives followed the rig ten miles into the country along the old Sheridan road, then it turned and passed them on its way back

to the city. The driver wore a broad grin, and they saw the cab was empty. Sold! Instead of trying to stop the smiling driver they cut off into a side road, and by hard driving were just in time to catch an in-going train. They might foil their scheme yet, whatever it was. Securing a cab, they drove at once toward Palmello's residence. As they were rolling along in no pleasant frame of mind, a closed hack passed them at full speed. A smothered cry, mingled with the confusion and noise of the street, faintly reached their ears. The detectives quickly reversed their course and gave chase, believing they were now near their quest. For miles they kept the suspicious looking rig in sight. Soon the country road were reached and they became more cautious, allowing it to precede them at some distance until it at last drove up before a deserted-looking farm house belted in with unkept shrubs and trees. The driver descended and the two eager detectives who were now driving at full speed saw two men disappear in the grounds with some object between them. Was it Dorris? *They were not mistaken.*

After a desperate fight with two determined-looking individuals, who were taken unawares, they succeeded in gracing their wrists with handcuffs. Then searching the house, their suspicions were verified by finding a lovely, but pale looking girl, a prisoner in one of the rooms—a room seemingly built for the purpose for which it was now being utilized. She seemed to be asleep. They tried to arose her. It was useless, so they carried her to the carriage.

When she did at last lift the lashes that hid those honest brown eyes, it was to find herself in her own little home. She gazed at the kind face of Doctor Warder, the family physician, then at the happy but grief-lined, tear-stained face of her poor mother—there was joy in the little vine-clad cottage once more. She insisted on being told of Gordon's plight.

Shortly after, although the hour was late, the Waite carriage driven by Henry, who was smiling from ear to ear from joy over his mistress' return, drew up before the gloomy building in which Gordon was held prisoner. Mrs. Waite and Dorris, weak and pale, descended and were ushered in by the two detectives, Arlex and Rometto. They found Gordon still awake and pacing the damp cell. The sight almost set her wild. She cried out to him. He ceased his pacing to and fro and looked out through the iron bars with amazed and incredulous eyes. Then the cell was quickly unlooked by the turnkey and these two true hearts were once more united in a fond embrace. The scene was affecting, and even the turnkey felt an itching of the forehead and cleared his throat several times while he jingled his keys with unusual vehemence. Explanations were made and given.

The detectives found Jarl bound and gagged in Palmello's grounds. The following day they witnessed the novelty of a wedding in prison. Dorris and Gordon, although both pure in mind, thought and intention, realized to the fullest extent their apparent

unworthiness of each other. Fate and the clever scheme of a scoundrel had forced this condition of affairs; but knowing that they had not willingly sinned, they gave their hearts to one another and joined hands to breast the future, supported by each others love.

They decided that as soon as he had gained his liberty, they would leave for England.

The detectives now sent two other men with Jarl to Sunnyside to guard them at the cottage. Palmello offered his services, but they informed him that it would not be required.

Palmello now divided his time between the jail and Ivy cottage. In both places he was received as a friend. Gordon, Dorris and Mrs. Waite suspected nothing of the truth. He seemed to be doing everything in his power to obtain Gordon's release, and they were grateful accordingly.

THE TRIAL. A BIT OF SILK.

The day of the trial arrived. Hundreds of merchants who had suffered at the hands of the bold bandits were on hand to testify. Crowds of curious people filled the large court-room, lined the stairways and swarmed about the entrances. It required and extra detail of officers to keep order. The overworked officials, from patrolmen to mayor wore a pleased look of relief believing for the time that their efforts had at last been rewarded by the capture of the leader of the bold bandits, who was the cause of the Wicked City's great carnival of crime. The detectives, Rometto and Arlex, were also on hand with several witnesses besides Giles, the lawyer, and two other gentlemen from London, who testified to the previous good character and high standing of the prisoner in London. Then Arlex, Rometto and some others testified as to his good character as they knew it in Chicago. They brought forward witnesses to prove an alibi. The handkerchief was the most damaging evidence against him and as it was held in the hands of the presiding attorney, almost every eye in the crowded court room gazed upon it, so small yet so large, so insignificant, yet so important. This little bit of silk might hang its owner. Indeed, it looked that way until the detectives brought in their last and most important witness. It was old Giles who had travelled all the way from London to be on hand to testify. Having never been in a court room before, everything was strange to him. He hardly knew what they wished as they motioned him towards the witness box; so he passed by, mounted the next platform, and blindly dropped into a seat beside the judge himself. This caused a titter, and Giles formed a poor opinion of America right then and there: but the next moment he moderated that opinion for the judge spoke to him in a kind voice and told him that he had made a mistake, and pointed out the witness box. If they had been inclined to laugh at the poor old fellow at the commencement, they were inclined to shout when he had finished giving his testimony about the wonderful clock being

stolen, and along with it a case and a lot of handkerchieves and other things; then of the clock turning up here in Chicago. It weakened the case against Gordon considerably, for the same thief that stole the wonderful clock and linen might be either the "long" or "short" man, and had accidently dropped the handkerchief while holding up the store. It was a good point, and the attorney for the defendant made the most of it in his argument to the jury later. Giles descended and took a seat near the ladies, who were accompanied by Palmello.

Gordon was now put on the stand, and states prosecutor asked him some pointed questions. These he answered civilly, but shrewdly. He closed by asking the prisoner where this mysterious clock was at the present time. Gordon answered that it was in the hands of his brother.

"And where is your brother?"

He did not know, but thought he was in Chicago.

"Are you positive that this mysterious clock is not an imaginary clock? What you and the witness before you have testified to regarding it seems all very strange,— kind of flowery, you know?"

He assured him that he was telling nothing but the truth.

"Why is not your brother in the court room?"

"I can answer no question regarding my brother."

As he spoke, he was noticed to look in the direction of Dorris and shudder.

"That is all."

He was escorted by two burly policemen to a seat. The detectives now approached him and asked,

"Can you give us a description of the clock?"

Yes, he could and did. Then they told him of the clock they had at the downtown quarters.

"It is undoubtedly the same one."

Rometto and Arlex hurried away, and soon returned with it. Yes, it was the clock. How did it come in their possession? They informed him and offered it as evidence.

The jury were only a short time, when they filed in and took their seats. The detectives watched Palmello like hawks.

"We find the prisoner not guilty."

They saw Palmello clinch his hands and half jump to his feet, but he quickly recovered himself, and was almost the first one at the late prisoner's side to congratulate him. Then came Dorris and Mrs. Waite and the others. As they all crowded around, with tears in their eyes, they were startled and pleased by hearing the beautiful chimes of the clock, as if it were, like the rest, welcoming him back to freedom. It was a happy party which later on gathered around the long extention table at Ivy cottage and listened to the lawyer's light talk. Palmello seemed the most delighted of all at the turn of affairs. No subject of a serious nature was brought up and everything was serene. But the detectives were on their guard. They saw deviltry in the air.

The bride and groom had decided to start for England the

following morning and take Mrs. Waite and her two servants with them, but Henry's face fell when they told him he was to go to London to live. He did not seem pleased at the idea of leaving America, so they told him he might stay and look after the cottage. Gordon gave him a hundred dollar bill.

"Good land, massa, it'd take me all summer to spent dat!"

"Well, it will hardly take you that long to spend it, if you get the 'dice heated up' like I saw you once when we were looking for Dorris' abductors. Well, shoot craps and do anything you like with it and when you need more, send to me."

He also gave Jarl's bowery chum a nice present of money and thanked them all for their faithfulness to him while in his great trouble. Leaving the lawyer with his companions from England and the detective to guard against what might happen, he hunted up Jarl and left for the city's center to pack and once more prepare to depart for home. Palmello had accompanied them, but left soon after arriving, saying he would be on hand to bid them good-bye and Godspeed the following morning. The lawyer had insisted that the clock should be taken back to England as he was in a certain degree responsible for it until it gave up its second and last secret. So this strange clock, which seemed bound to play such a prominent part in their lives, was packed with the rest of the things. This packing took some time, and it was late when they returned to Sunnyside. As they came in sight of Ivy cottage, a clock in the distance tolled off the hour—twelve—midnight.

MOUNTED BANDITS. CALL ONLY A WAGON FROM THE MORGUE. MANDATE OF THE CHIEF.

They knew that the two detectives were in the house on watch, and with them was the bowery boy, Jimmie, Henry, Giles, the lawyer and his two friends. Certainly no harm could come to his love with a guard like this. Still he felt a foreboding of evil. He quickened his pace, making Jarl almost run to keep up with him. They were about to turn into the bit of woods to make a short cut to the house, when they heard the galloping of horses in the rear. Pressing back among the bushes, they waited. Soon a body of five horsemen appeared and drew rein near by. He clutched Jarl's arm.

"Great God! It is my fiendish brother! Look at his face! It is like a death head."

Indeed the face looked ghostly and peculiar in the bright moonlight. They listened as the other figures gathered around their leader and began to converse in low tones, not so low but that they reached the ears of the silent watchers.

"Number "2," you and I will present ourselves at the front while numbers "3," "4," and "5" cover the rear. Now remember, the girl and Gordon are not to be injured, for I want one for h—— and the other for heaven."

Only too well Gordon understood what this meant. But this should not be. He would sooner end Dorris' life with his own hand. The commanding voice of the leader rang sharp and quick on his ear.

"If you get a chance, just make cold meat of those two detectives. They are getting too soon to suit me."

"All right, captin, we'll shorten em up a little ef we get a chance."

"Now there is one more thing. Don't put yourself in the way of a bullet if you can help it. It is unhealthy work to try and stop them. Remember, if we don't get them to-night, we will get them at the station in the morning. It is a cinch. They can't get away from us. Remember, now, 'croak the elbows' if you can, but by no means kill Gordon. He must have gotten back long before this, and I want him alive. We will wait till number "6" comes up with the rig, and then to business, and look to yourselves. Don't go to sleep, but keep your lamps peeled. It's better to dodge a bullet than to stop it."

"All right, captin. We appreciate the compliment. Ye tinks we're too good t' lose."

"Well, you fellows are all right in your way, but you will weigh an ounce too much if one of those flybobs gets a shot at you."

Gordon and Jarl were afraid to move. They heard the roll of a carriage and the horsemen turned seemingly to meet it. Now was their opportunity, they acted quickly. Giving Jarl instructions to run and awaken all the neighbors in the immediate vicinity, he made a detour to the summer house. There, screened from view of the bandits by the arbor which led to the house, he was soon inside, relating what he saw and heard to the detectives who were wide-awake and on guard expecting trouble.

Hearing a noise on the highway, Rometto glanced out. He saw a band of five horsemen, all determined looking fellows. They came cantering up and surrounded the house. The face of the leader was similar in outline to their friend Gordon's, but it was white and seemingly bloodless. It looked weird and ghostly in the moonlight.

"Well, that knocks our theory that Palmello is the 'long man'," he whispered to Arlex.

Arlex peeped out from behind the curtain.

"Yes, so it does, that fellow with the pimply face is the notorious 'short man,' a man that can swear more in a minute than a preacher can pray in a month. They are a hard gang and we have got fighting to do, if we prevent them from getting what they came for, and if we capture them, which we shall certainly attempt, we will have to call up the wagon from the morgue as the chief ordered."

"Well, we will give them a whirl. Just touch Henry up over there."

Henry, who was snoring on a lounge in the corner, was soon

on his feet, rubbing his eyes as he gazed out at the two men in front.

"Dat air man with the white face is de one dat carried Miss Dorris off."

The rest were now aroused.

"Have you a cellar under your house?" Rometto inquired of the ladies, who appeared, hastily dressed in their slippers and robes, greatly excited.

"Yes," they replied.

"Is it warm and dry?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, ladies, go down there out of the way of a chance bullet, and we will have a talk with these gentlemen callers of yours and see if we cannot persuade them that this is not a proper calling hour."

Dorris insisted on staying above and even showed a tiny pistol but they forced them both to go below with their maid. They were hardly out of the way when the leader rapped on the door with the butt of his riding whip. Rometto and Arlex clutched their weapons and were about to open it and confront the bandits, when Gordon stopped them.

"Do not open the door yet. Parley with them, if you can, until Jarl gathers the men of the neighborhood. In my excitement I had forgotten to tell you of this."

"Well, possibly for the ladies' sake it would be better to wait a few minuites, but we must not lose this opportunity to capture them and we intend to do it, dead or alive. We have orders to kill them on sight, and that is what we will have to do, if Jarl does not gather up a force large enough to assist us."

Again the rap was repeated, louder and more imperative.

"Well, kill the others, if you wish, and I'll help you, but do not kill the leader. He—"

This sentence was cut short by a fierce rapping and a voice, familiar to all in the room, ordered them to open. Rometto inquired who it was and what they wished.

"Well, my name is Bob Long, and I want my wife, Dorris Long."

"You have no wife here."

"Well, I won't have one here long, for I have come to take her away. Will you give her up without a fight, or do you want us to start a circus? We mean business. We have come for her and are not going back without her."

"The lady you call your wife is not here."

"Well, we will just come in and take a look around, anyway."

"How are you going to get in, if we decide not to let you in?"

"We will break your door in, then break your head in."

"Well, go ahead with the circus, for we won't let you in just yet."

If you don't open up and deliver up, we will ride through the house, get what we want and then burn it over you."

The dare-devil speaker chirped to his horse, a spirited animal, who shot around the house out of sight. The pimply-faced bandit slipped to the off side of his horse, a position which sheltered him from a chance bullet. The Englishmen, who had been stationed to watch the rear and sides of the house with orders to shoot down the first man that crossed the threshold, thought this was a sample of everyday life in America, and tried to appear brave and calm accordingly. So when they saw the white-faced leader of the bandits swing around the corner, they were prepared to use the weapons shoved into their hands (articles they probably held for the first time in their lives). They saw the leader suddenly stop near the rear, then jerking his steed onto its haunches, backed him as soon as his forefeet again touched the ground. He had dexterously brought the whole weight of the horse suddenly against the door. It gave way with a crash, shaking the whole building. Clearing the saddle, he darted inside, closely followed by two others, leaving one to hold the animals. It was swiftly and cleverly done. They had all gained an entrance before the Englishmen could recover from their surprise. But on hearing a report from Red's pistol, followed by one from Arlex and Rometto, it put them in mind of the weapons in their own hands. Then, shooting right and left in the darkness, they soon emptied their pistols. Gordon and Arlex guarded the cellar door, while Rometto was kept busy exchanging shots with Red on the outside. It was so dark on the inside that it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe. This is what the robbers had calculated upon. They quickly went through the lower chambers, and then to the upper ones in one of which they supposed Dorris was to be found. Gordon and Arlex were not positive whether it was the Englishmen or the bandits, therefore they quickly barricaded the door with anything they could get their hands on. Whoever it was, they had them prisoners. Amid the thud of bullets, cracking of vases and shattering of glass, they had heard a cry and moan. Some one must have been wounded. Leaving Gordon to guard the ladies, Arlex went to the rear. A revolver was shoved into his face and the hammer fell, but it was empty. To this fact he owed his life. It was one of the Englishmen. Seeing this, he spoke and gathered the rest together and reloaded their weapons. One was wounded, how badly they could not tell. This had all happened in less time than it takes to relate. They now heard a shrill whistle from Red who was lying behind his dead horse. There was a rush down stairs by the bandits. This was a signal of danger, the signal to make their "get-away." The weight of these desperate men was hurled against the door, but it refused to give. They had no horse to back through it this time. Rometto now joined the others as he supposed Red was dead behind his slain steed. The detective raised his voice above the din and commanded them to surrender. The only reply to this was a curse and a laugh, followed by three or four shots, the bullets tearing their way through the door. One lodged with spent force in the shoulder of Rometto. The detectives now made up their minds to show no mercy but kill

them all like rats in a trap. They poured volley after volley through the door. Then there was a scampering up the stairs. Again that piercing whistle was heard. Red, uninjured, with the exception of a slight flesh wound, had crept out from behind the horse and made his way around the house and joined his companion who had charge of the other animals.

"Say, pal, my horse is dead, and there is a whole army comin down de road. We've got t' stir up de boys an blow."

The two outlaws now mounted and leading the other two horses, skirted the summer house, halting in the shadows cast by some large oaks. Again Red blew the warning whistle. What was the matter? Were they dead? No, there they were. They saw three forms spring from as many different windows onto the roof of the veranda.

Men could now be seen coming from all directions. Jarl was just entering the grounds puffing and blowing, with two large revolvers in his hands, but he was just a little too late, as were the rest. Red had taken in the situation at a glance and was galloping with his pal and the lead animals alongside the veranda. Like the trained athletes these bandits were, they dropped down on the horses and were off like a shot, Red's new steed carrying a double load until they reached the waiting rig. Then it was lightened to one.

The detectives emerged from the house just in time to catch a glimpse of them as they disappeared among the trees. A number of neighbors had assembled, two or three with horses. Jumping on these, Rometto and Arlex set off in pursuit. An hour later, after a hard ride and a bitter fight, they returned with the two that had tried to escape in the carriage. It was numbers "5" and "6" of the "Wit Club." One was dead and the other wounded. The living robber was handcued to the dead one. This sight almost upset the honest folk that had gathered. When it was over and the firing had ceased, Gordon and the lawyer found Dorris and the serving woman with white faces, working over Mrs. Waite who had fainted. They immediately sent for Dr. Warder and for the next two hours the pretty house was turned into a regular hospital. The doctor, after dressing the wounds and reviving the fainting, talked quite earnestly with the detectives and Gordon, advising them to take the ladies from the scene of the late trouble at once. The consequence was that the whole party was speeding on its way to New York City, bound for England, before the shadows of the night had lifted.

The Englishman's wound proved of trivial importance, and the ladies were much improved by the change. The excitement of travel and the sea breezes were very beneficial to all who had passed through such harassing scenes—scenes that had left Dorris' face as sad as it was sweet. Mrs. Waite was the saddest of all, but she found great comfort in prayer. They all three were, in spite of sad looks, quite happy in the love they bore one another.

IN LONDON.

Once settled in her English home, Dorris brightened up a great deal, and began to take an interest in the many society people who had so readily and immediately interested themselves in the lovely but sad-faced American girl.

Meantime the holdup series were continued. The bandits defied the police and terrorized the city, to the surprise of the officials and the merchants, who thought they had ceased operations. They now committed deeds so daring and novel as to cause the whole country to stare and wonder. The fame of the "long and short" bandits reached every city and hamlet, from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the Golden Gate of California, from the dreary North to the sunny South. Their capture was, of course, expected every day, as it had been for months past. Still the outlaws robbed on, and the police worked on. In the history of the world, for generations back, there never was a time that a body of brave and true men were force to such extremes. It seemed strange to the public that the "long and short" men could commit such bold deeds and escape capture, while thousands of police were on the watch with weapons ready at hand, and an order from their overworked and harassed chief was to call only the wagon from the morgue if they were found. Still, such was the case. But when hundreds of citizens have corroborated with each other in their description of the "long and short" men, (as one being white faced and ghostly looking, and the other with a red face covered with a score of pimples) how could they expect the police to dish them up to their anxious gaze in the form of the dark faced Spanish-looking gentleman, who was on intimate terms with the best people of Chicago, (the people who were looking for his capture) or the spooky looking individual who could be seen most any day on the levee, without a blotch on his smooth shaven visage? Even Rometto and Arlex, after being so near the real truth, were forced to give up the theory of Palmello's being the "long man," for they had seen the "long and short" men at close range. He could not work such a complete change. Their suspicions of him were unfounded, and they, like the rest of the force, were obliged to drop back into the old rut and gallop over the city with the others, on their endless and useless hunt for a pimply face and a pale face. Hundreds were found and locked up as "suspects" but still the robberies and bold holdups went on. They failed to see the veiled woman again, and later on, when Palmello bade his many friends good-bye, expressing his intentions of visiting London, they thought nothing strange of it. But strange to say, the holdups were again suddenly discontinued, and as before, the last merchants held up, Stein & Co., were informed by the humorous two that this was the "long and short" of it; and as they were a little short, they would shorten up the cash box.

Palmello had only given up one amusement (as he called it) to take up another more amusing. In fact, he had given up, for the

time being, his bloody work in Chicago, to take up with something more fiendish in London. He was about to carry out a plan that would fully satisfy his craving for revenge upon Gordon and his unholy passion for his beautiful wife. His intended victims, all unconscious of the terrible trials again in store for them, welcomed the arch fiend with open arms and he was soon a well-known figure in the society circle in which his prey moved. He worked his way into the good graces of all by his pleasant manner and fine appearance. With plenty of money (the profits from the carnival of crime that had so lately struck the great American city) he was soon in touch with some of the best people of London, and a member of the same fashionable club where, some years back, he had stained the rich carpets with the blood of one of its most prominent members. He was introduced to many he had known in his college days, when he was devoid of sin (his character then being as white as the paper beneath these lines. But, ah! what had he degenerated to? It was easy to see what, as he entered the low "boozing ken" kept by "Butch," his early accomplice in crime).

He wore a cloak and soft hat for the occasion, not wishing any of his new acquaintances to recognize him. The same motley throng of booze grafters was hanging about. Some thought the new comer was a detective, and one or two edged out and shot down the street. Among those inside was "Happy Sal" with a new "side partner" who on the contrary was called "Cranky Ann," a former partner of the well-known London character called "Moll Cutpurse." These two immediately intercepted him as he was making for the little back room, but he immediately sent them scurrying back to their seats with these few curt words in the crook dialect:

"Get next to yourself now and 'blow.' You're on a dead one. Your lamps must need trimming if they are so dim as to pick me out a 'live one.'"

Without a word, they reseated themselves, somewhat taken back by their mistake.

Palmello passed on and was soon engaged in a low conversation with the villianous "Butch." When he at last left, it was with a smile on his face, and a fiendish glitter in his eye. A new plot had been hatched.

* * * * * * *

Gordon ever since the awful experience in Chicago had been in the habit of taking long walks by himself. He tried to forget as did Dorris, but neither could fully shake off a certain feeling of depression that would sometimes creep in and interrupt their happiness. This peculiar feeling forced itself on him today, while lying in the hammock under a shady tree of the beautiful grounds.

Dorris and Palmello were sitting not far away, watching Toots, who could boast of a trip across the great pond and seemed more jealous than ever since his mistress came back. He was now all alone in her regard for Bonny Bess and the little robins were left

far behind. The sagacious dog seemed almost human in his realization of this.

Rising, Gordon called to Giles to bring his coat and cane. He soon appeared with them and feebly attempted to assist his master into the coat. But Palmello, apparently out of kindness, took it from his hands and assisted Gordon to don it. While doing so, he, with the cleverness of a professional, abstracted all the letters and papers which might serve to identify him. They knew of old his habit of taking his lonely walks, so there was no comment. Regardless of Palmello's presence, whom they considered almost one of the family, he drew his young wife to his breast in which there beat a heart of gold, full of love for her. Lifting her chin, he looked long and earnestly into the pretty brown eyes; then bending his manly head, he pressed a good-bye kiss on the sweet mouth, the last he was to give for many a day. Waving his hand to Mrs. Waite, who could be seen at the window, he left for his usual stroll—to his doom.

The sun was just setting as they joined Mrs. Waite in the handsomely furnished sitting room, where the beautiful clock was faithfully working away in its old place on the mantle. Time passed. It struck eight. Gordon should have returned long ago. Dorris looked at the time and then at Palmello with questioning and anxious eyes. She did not dare speak before her mother regarding his unusually long absence, for she knew it would greatly worry and excite her, as she was still very nervous and weak. Mrs. Waite soon retired to her room. Hardly was she out of hearing when Dorris sprang to her feet and exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Palmello, I feel that something has happened to my husband! He never stayed away so late without sending word."

"If he does not return soon, I will go on a hunt for him," Palmello replied.

The beautiful chimes tolled off another hour, but still he did not come. Dorris was becoming really frightened. She looked with pleading eyes at Palmello, who arose with apparent concern and prepared to depart in quest of him as she supposed.

"Before I leave, allow me to order you a glass of wine. You look faint."

"No, thank you."

"A glass of water, then?"

"Well, a glass of water, if you will be so kind."

He was so kind, and even so kind as to take it from Giles' hand at the dining room door, telling him it would save him a few steps in his old age. This strange man seemed to play with the world, juggle with the people in it, and manipulate matters so dexterously as to bring about almost any condition of affairs he wished.

"Now then, Mrs. Long, drink this and retire. I will soon send Gordon to you. He has probably met a friend or two more than usual."

With this assurance, which had double meaning, he was off.

Partaking of the water, she first visited Gordon's rooms, then retired to her own and donned a loose wrapper, after which she sat down to wait. She soon began to feel drowsy. It was all she could do to keep her lids from closing over her anxious eyes in sleep. The wind was whistling around the corners of the mansion with a kind of droning, dreary sound.

"It must be this," she thought, for it put her in mind of the two large pines in her American home, the pines she was born and brought up beside. But listen! There was a step on the stair. A glad light appeared in her eyes which chased away the dullness for a moment.

"My husband! Ah, my dear Gordon, at last."

She tried to rise, but as soon as the strain on her mind (due to her husband's absence) was released, the drug Palmello had given her in the glass of water now held her chained, a prisoner—a prisoner to his will. As this strange villain crossed the threshold and polluted the room he had as a boy made merry with his joyous shouts, he found her as he expected, unconscious and completely under the influence of the wonderful drug.

A CRUEL FATE. NUMBER "49'S" DOUBLE.

The wind that whistled and moaned around the mansion on that never-to-be-forgotten night also sped on and tore around the high walls of the gloomy looking prison from which number "49" had so cleverly escaped. Gordon, the absent husband, heard it with a shudder. He was there a prisoner, a victim of Robert's clever scheme, assisted by "Butch."

For many days Gordon's merciless guard made his life a living hell, under the mistaken impression that he was venting his pent-up spite on his old enemy, number "49," Gordon's degenerate half-brother. He would keep him at the crank until he would fall from exhaustion. Then he would brutally kick him into life again. He often used his victim's pale and bloodless face for a cuspidor, often knocking him down with his brawny fist if he objected, as he generally did. Gordon repeatedly asked to see the Governor, but this privilege was denied him, so he suffered on, the victim of his brother's duplicity and vengeance.

The suspicion of this caused him untold agony, for if it were so, might not Dorris also be in his power as before? The thought was horrible, but he forced it from his mind as much as possible in order to keep him from going mad. The predicament that his unprincipled brother's ingenuity had forced him into in an American prison, had not been so trying as this, as he met with kindness by the officials. Here his brutal and vindictive guard would not allow him the slightest communication with the outside world, until one day, a card was brought to him by the guard with the broken nose, under which was a diabolical grin. The peculiar message written on it seemed to tickle him greatly, although he did not understand it. Poor Gordon received it with eager fingers, which trembled as they

turned it over, thinking deliverance was at hand; but instead what he read caused him to cry out in despair. His worst suspicions were verified, even Dorris might be at his mercy!

"Do you hear the bells jingling on the jester's cap?"

For the first time in his life a curse fell from his white lips, which caused the grin on the guard's ugly features to turn into a harsh laugh. Noticing this, Gordon cursed the sender and the bearer as he swaggered off down the corridor. Gordon had noticed a hack below on the street, also that the driver often looked up at the little grated window with something more than common interest. Why did he look at this particular window so often? Could he be a friend? Did he know of his predicament? In the cell he found some fine scraps of ruled writing paper, remnants left by the original number "49."

"If I only had a pin, I could prick a message on a piece of paper and drop it down to the hackman."

But a pin was not to be found. Tearing off a strip of his nail with his sharp teeth, he managed to prick a short message, the number of his residence and name. Dropping this as soon as he caught the hackman looking up, he had the satisfaction of seeing his eyes follow it as it fluttered zig-zag fashion to the ground near him. Then descending from his high perch, he picked it up and read it as he slowly returned to his rig. But what was Gordon's surprise and disappointment when he saw him turn full around and shake one clenched hand at the grated window, while he tossed the precious note under the horses' feet! What could it mean? Later he pricked other messages and sent them adrift on the breeze, praying that they might find an intelligent interpreter who would appreciate and act. With a prayer on his lips he would cast himself down and try to rest his feverish brain with a few winks of sleep; but even this was denied him, for his persecutor every half hour would flash a strong glare of light in his eyes while he would ask in an apparently sympathetic tone if he was sleeping well. He could not eat, and he was not allowed to sleep. This, combined with the mental strain and overwork at the crank and treadmill at the mercy of the relentless guard, was fast making a wreck of him. He bore up bravely, even after hope seemed gone and he had resigned himself to his fate. Still a faint hope fluttered in his breast, but who does not hope even after all hope is gone? We all hope, even the man condemned to be hung has hope till his foot strikes the plank of the gallows. The consumptive as he is panting with his last breath hopes for life with some degree of faith. Hope is a word that plays a more prominent part in our lives than we know.

Leaving Gordon with this friend. Hope, to brace up the heart his brother had sworn to plant gravestones around, (and has planted a stone wall around his body as well) we will return to the mansion.

Toward the gray of morn, Palmello crept in by means of the old rusty key. It was some minutes before Giles appeared.

"Has your master returned yet?"

"Oi did not know 'e was out."

"Well, he went away about dusk to take a stroll, as you know, and did not return. Mrs. Long sent me to look for him. I have so far been unable to find him. Inform your mistress that I have returned, while I go up to my room and tidy up a little."

A few moments later a knock came to the door of his room—the same room he had occupied as a boy. It was Giles.

"I culdn't awaken my mistress, so I have jes sent 'er maid up to 'er."

"All right. If she wishes to see me I'll be in the smoking room. Call me."

About an hour later, Giles came to tell him that she wished to see him immediately in the parlor. He presented himself with well assumed haste and concern for the news he brought and at the remorse she felt for falling asleep while waiting for the sound of his footsteps, a sound she remembered hearing, then that strange sleep directly after, causing her to reel and fall into a chair.

Eight o'clock and still he did not appear. The whole house now knew of his strange absence. Palmello again went in search of him. Later, Dorris, herself, ordered the carriage and drove from place to place, but no one had seen him, neither was his name on the books at the police station or hospitals. Almost distracted, she returned to see if Palmello had found a clew. None. For days she was almost frantic. Then came the calm of despair.

Palmello, backed by his evil designs, for propriety's sake now took up his residence at the "Savoy." He was apparently doing everything in his power to find his friend, but in reality was putting obstacles in the way. When Dorris supposed he was out in search for him, he might at times be found at the gaming tables—the £500 reward he had shared with "Butch," which was quite a large sum. In the history of all criminals, there never was a circumstance quoted where one received the reward for his own apprehension. The thought of this seemed to furnish him great amusement.

In spite of the latest capture of "long and short" suspects, Ro and Arl were not entirely satisfied. They still worked on the theory that the leader of the bold gang was yet at large. They had seen the "long and short" men at close range and they were as positive that the "long man" was still at liberty as they were on the other hand that the "short man" was in the mighty grip of the law. Some of the gang now under arrest were previously noticed by the detectives to enter "Break-o'-Day" Kit's place. They now gave her a call, but found it useless to look for a "tip" from her. She met all of their cleverly put questions with a smile and a remark about the coming election or the weather. But they made a discovery which puzzled them very much. "Break-o'-Day" Kit was the veiled woman.

Sauntering down Wabash avenue one day, they dropped in at the buffet where Henry, the colored man, was still filling the position Gordon had secured for him before his departure. While they

were joking about his experience on the highway that fatal night (which came near being his last), an acquaintance from the Lexington chanced in. They were soon in conversation about the "long and short" men. In fact, this was the main topic of conversation throughout the city just at this period. They mentioned Robert Long.

"I suppose you have not seen him since he left his quarters," the detectives inquired in an off-hand way.

"Why, yes, I have seen him many times."

Henry and the detectives stared in open-mouthed surprise. At last they managed to ejaculate,

"What are you trying to give us?"

"I am not trying to give you anything but what's straight," their friend replied. "Why, what of it? What are you staring at me like that for?"

"Well, it's enough to make a fellow stare. You say you have seen him often?"

"Why, yes, I have seen him many times."

"Where did you see him and when?"

"Well, I have met him often down town. One day I saw him at the City Hall with a couple of detectives. At another time, I saw him drive by in his carriage on Michigan boulevard. At another time I saw him at the Board where he was speculating on stock and grain. I have seen him at the Mendon club, Hawson club and Belviden club. But say, come to think of it, I have seen him with you."

The detectives smiled incredulously and replied,

"Oh no, you are mistaken, that was a Mr. Palmello, a Cuban, darker than a Spaniard. Robert Long is a fair looking man and is a perfect picture of his brother, Gordon. You know Gordon, of course?"

"Why yes, I know Gordon well; but Gordon is light and fair while Robert is dark and has no resemblance whatever except in outline of features, and even this is a similarity that one would hardly notice."

"Did you ever see them together, Mr. Lindslay?"

"Well—come to think about it, I never saw them together; but I know them both well and Gordon used to call quite often at the hotel where I would meet him on the way to his brother's room."

"Well, you certainly must be mistaken, for Gordon and Robert look so much alike that Gordon came very near going over the road for him."

It was their friend's turn now to stare and look incredulous, and he replied,

"Well, I don't know what you fellows are getting at, but there is one thing I do know that I have seen Robert Long with you, and he does not look at all like his brother, Gordon."

"Describe Robert Long to us," they both requested in a breath.

The guest of the Lexington described Robert as he was when he came to the city from Cuba, as he supposed (and at the time, with no definite plans formed, registered as Robert Long). The

description fitted Palmello to perfection. Their old suspicion was again aroused, and something of the truth flashed through their minds, at the same time a kind of admiration for the man who had fooled them so cleverly and juggled with the people like so many puppets.

* * * * * * *

A few hours for preparation, and they were on their way to England in quest of Louis Palmello, alias Robert Long, the "long man." They said nothing of their intentions for they knew it would only win a laugh, for they had no positive proof—the proof that the "long man" could, and did, in some mysterious way, make such a wonderful change in his appearance. They would yet have to obtain this proof although they were now satisfied that their old theory was a practical one and there could be no mistake of Palmello being the leader of the notorious "long and short" combination. The evidence was not strong enough to warrant the arrest of a man who stood as well in society as he did, facing the world with apparently such an irreproachable character.

Arriving in London, they cleverly disguised themselves and shadowed him day and night.

PROOF POSITIVE.

They saw Dorris almost every day, driving hither and thither about London streets with a care-worn and grief-stricken face. They thought it was best not to make themselves known just yet. Knowing her history, a great pity sprang up in their hearts. They often wondered still more why they never saw Gordon. They wondered still more at what they saw as they, disguised as beggars, lay hidden from view by a clump of bushes after following Palmello from the Savoy. They saw him re-appear, walk slowly down the marble steps of the mansion and strike out through the trees of the park in their direction. He took a seat near by on a rustic bench. He then lit a cigar, and settled himself in a comfortable position as if to enjoy a good smoke while he waited for somebody or something. What could it be? An hour passed. They saw him look at his watch, aided by the glare of a match which threw a halo of light around his dark features. Closing it with a snap, he arose to his feet. Then they saw what caused a whispered word of wonder to pass between them. They witnessed that which they had followed him day and night to see—a lightning change of appearance. But this proved beyond their widest expectations. Palmello, peering around in every direction, and apparently being satisfied that he was unobserved, removed his silk hat. Then taking a flat leather case from an inner pocket, he selected a small flat vial. Pouring some of the contents in the palm of his hand, he rubbed them together with a quick motion, also applied it to his face. Every vestige of the dark color left it, neck, hands, and all, leaving him white

and ghastly looking. Securing his coat, he quickly reversed it. Formerly a dark color, it was now a light tweed. This he buttoned up tightly. Then lifting his hat from the bench, the two detectives, who were watching the scene with great satisfaction mingled with astonishment, saw him shift the band slightly, give it a shake, and it seemed to fall into a shapeless mass. But with another shake and a push, he walked by them to the mansion with a light derby instead of a silk hat on his ingenious head.

The inmates of the mansion had probably gone to rest for there was not a light to be seen. All was gloomy, dark and still as they watched him mount the steps, pass between the great statues on guard and enter by means of a key. What deviltry was he attempting now? They waited some time, then he re-appeared and again they witnessed the wonderful change. Then they shadowed him to his quarters, well satisfied with the night's work, having the proof they required.

* * * * * * *

Washing up and changing the disguise for their regular every-day dress as Arlex and Rometto, the detectives presented themselves at the mansion. It was quite early, and sleep was still to be seen in old Giles' eyes as he answered the bell; but this quickly fled as they rested on the two detectives from America. He, as well as Jarl, was overjoyed to see them, and at once informed them of Gordon's mysterious disappearance, also of his mistress' awful anxiety. This made the actions of last night, on Palmello's part, clear to them, and there was no doubt but that Palmello was at the bottom of Gordon's disappearance. Changing their plans somewhat, they left without seeing Mrs. Waite or Dorris, cautioning Jarl and Giles to say nothing of their presence in the city.

"If we continue to follow Palmello, he may lead us to Gordon, himself, if he is alive, or to some clue at any rate."

So disguising themselves as hawkers of handkerchiefs, they kept him under surveillance up to the day the mysterious clock was to give up its second secret. Then these clever, persistent men were amply rewarded. They followed him into the "boozing ken," kept by "Butch." This gentleman they immediately recognized. Among the many warrants they carried was one for him, old with age. They then shadowed Palmello to the vicinity of a large, gloomy looking building which they made out to be a prison. They saw him stop and borrow a light for his cigar from a hackman on the opposite side of the street. There was a fog hanging over the city (something like the day of number "49's" escape from this same prison, the hackman also being the same one he had handled so roughly four months previous, leaving him with a broken head while he escaped in his rig). Under protection of the fog, they managed to get near enough to hear Palmello say,

"What building is that across the street?"

"Oh, that's the jail. Be ye a stranger?"

"Yes, I was just wandering around, looking at places of interest. It's a gloomy looking structure."

"Well hit don't look so gloomy t' me, since one o' me hold friends came back curse 'im. Hi ken look hup and see 'is purty face hin de window most any time."

"Well, that's pleasant."

"Pleasant? Well, Hi should say so! Hit makes life wuth livin. Hi ken set 'ere fur de next twelve years an watch de wrinkles grow hon 'is mug. But they'll never grow so deep as the wrinkles 'e put hin de back o' me 'ed wid a brick. Yes, hit war dis way: 'E broke jail an ran over 'ere, 'e 'it me wid a brick, swapped 'is prison suit for me clothes, dumped me hout hin de street, stole me team, an dat's de last we see of 'im for a long time, w'en hall of a sudden, a feller named 'Butch' turned 'im up to de Governor. An dere 'e is fer de next twelve years t' come."

They saw Palmello glance across at the prison with that look of exultation which graced his face during the identification of Gordon in the American prison.

"Well, you were fortunate, my friend. that your head was not as easy to break as the jail or you would not have been here."

With this he cast another quick look at the prison, continued on his way and was soon lost from sight in the mist.

ON THE CRANK.

"Ro, Gordon is in that prison!"

"I am of that opinion, but how he got there is a wonder."

Re-crossing the street, they made themselves known to the jail officials who sent a guard to show them around. Corridor after corridor they traversed, looking into every face as the prisoners were called to the cell door. Gordon was not among them. They left, greatly disappointed. On their way out as they turned the corner Arlex noticed a sheet of writing paper clinging to his heel. He tried to scuff it off. After making two or three unsuccessful efforts he raised his foot and impatiently detached it with his fingers. He made a motion to cast it aside, but his fingers felt the pricks and he examined it more closely by a street lamp. It proved to be one of the messages cast out by Gordon from the window above. They returned at once. Upon closer inquiry the usher informed them that there was one prisoner working overtime on the crank (as punishment for jail breaking), whom he had forgotten. Wouldn't they take a look at him? Yes, they would. They were men who never did things by halves, and to this principle (and the message delivered by the boot-heel) Gordon owes his liberty, for it was he they saw toiling at the crank—the very shadow of his former self. As they drew near, they saw him give the crank a nervous jerk, straighten up and face the guard. They were still too far away to hear what was said. But they saw enough. They witnessed a sight never seen in an American prison. The guard knocked the prisoner

down with a blow from his ponderous fist, and kicked him almost insensible with his heavy boots. They were now near enough to see and hear.

"Get up an go t' work or Oi'll cave yer ribs hin an drown yer eyes out, ye yellow-faced cripple. Come on! Get a move on ye! Ye got 500 more t' do yet."

With a moan he struggled to his feet and reached blindly for the crank.

"Get 'old o' that crank or Oi'll cave yer 'ead hin."

Could this be Gordon? No! Impossible! Yet the figure and features looked familiar. All doubt was dispelled as the victim of a brother's revenge once more released the crank and faced his persecutor with determination on his face and in the tone of his voice.

"You most hellish of human creatures! I refuse to make another turn."

"Ye won't?"

"No, I won't! You think to kill me by degrees! I will not give you that satisfaction!"

"Ye won't! Well, wat er ye goin t' do about it?"

This was accompanied by more curses.

"What will I do, you say? This is what I will do: I will make you kill me at once or I'll kill you!"

The only answer to this was a curse and an order to get to work. Persecuted beyond all endurance, Gordon sprang at the guard and dealt him a stinging blow between the sneaky little eyes and followed with another directly on the already badly disfigured nose.

"There, now! Go on and kill me if you have got nerve enough."

As he stepped back with folded arms to await death, his eyes fell on the disguised detectives who had drawn near. The broken-nosed brute was just about to return a mighty sledge-hammer blow, when his arm was caught as if in a vice, and Arlex ordered him to desist.

"Who are ye two tramps that comes sneakin an rubbin around? Wat are ye interferin wid me business fer?"

"Well, we are detectives, and we want to get a good look at that prisoner's face before you spoil it entirely. What is the prisoner's name?"

"Aint got no name; call 'im '49,'" the brute growled.

Turning their backs on the vicious guard, they now addressed themselves to Gordon.

"What is your name?"

"My name is Gordon Long."

"Oh, we thought as much!"

Then there was an affecting meeting between the three men. Gordon almost hugged his rescuers, for such they proved to be. They sent for his lawyers who knew the Governor of the prison well. They proved that a great mistake had been made. So once more Gordon was a free man, and on the way to his house, accom-

panied by the detectives, the lawyers and the Governor of the prison, who wished to offer his regrets and apologize to the wife of the victim for his mistake, and another's heartless scheme, if it were proved that he was really mistaken; but he would satisfy himself first.

As Gordon found himself among gentlemen and breathing the fresh air, a great pity swelled his heart for every human being between the walls of a prison, no matter what their shortcomings might be.

"Well, Gordon, you seem to have more than your share of prison experiences," said the lawyer.

"Yes, and it goes to show, Mr. Burns, what wonderful conditions of affairs a harmless looking clock can bring about if it is invented with an aim and constructed for a purpose."

"Yes, and it was a great mistake your father, God rest his soul, made by inventing a clock with a secret that should have been trusted to his lawyers instead. Still, you look at it in one way (although an eccentric idea carried out by an eccentric man) it was not an entirely impractical one."

"It has many redeeming points, but he had not calculated on one of his sons degenerating so low as to have no redeeming points. By the way, Mr. Burns, is not this the day it should give up its second secret?"

"Yes, my dear Gordon, and you will be just in time. I was at the mansion when the detectives' message reached me."

"It is peculiar, but to the clock I owe all my happiness and all my misery, and my poor wife, God bless her brave and true heart, has shared it all with me, a martyr to a fiend's horrible passion, a fiend who is of the same father as I, a fact that I have wished a thousand times was not so, in order that I might avenge the wrong he has done her, and see what the blood is like which courses through a heart as black as his. All I now want is a life of peace with my heroic little wife. It is all we ask, it is what we are certainly entitled to, and if he breaks in on that peace again, revenge shall be mine, for I will drain his heart of its life blood, for it seems the law cannot reach him."

"The law, my dear Gordon, may reach him sooner than you expect. In fact the mighty hand of the law has him, so to speak, on the hooks," said Arlex.

"Well, I hope he don't wiggle off," said the lawyer.

"Nary a wiggle, my good friend, narry a wiggle, for he is in the meshes of the great drag-net of Chicago, a net that catches many fish and sometimes fish from foreign waters, eh, Arlex?" said Rometto.

"Yes, and Mr. Long, the "Long man" will have a long, long time in which he can think over the past and see the error of his ways."

Stopping long enough for the detectives and Gordon to make themselves presentable, they again continued on their way and soon arrived at the mansion where they found the inmates all gathered

around the great clock, with the exception of Dorris who was sitting near by in a large rocker, pale and listless. It was in Gordon's own rooms. She had declined to leave them, so the servants had brought the clock above. It only required half a glance to see the unshed tears in her sweet brown eyes and the trace of those already shed. With a glad cry she threw herself into Gordon's arms, and sobbed between her anxious and rapid questions. The others also gathered around to welcome him back, his good friend, Palmello, the foremost of all. But he could hardly suppress a start as his eyes fell upon the detectives and the Governor of the prison where he was known as number "49." He shook hands with the detectives and was introduced to the Governor.

Again re-united and happy, they chatted as only happy ones can. The clock was just about to strike. Seeing this, the "man in black" raised his voice and commanded attention. The smiles had driven away all traces of tears from the now rosy face of Dorris, and she was as eager as the rest to witness this second and last act of the clock, which had already inspired her with such awe.

A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE—"COMMIT NO SIN, THE PRICE IS DISASTER AND PREMATURE DEATH."

As the beautiful chimes began to toll off the hour, they gathered around and waited with breathless interest. It was 9 o'clock. At the last stroke the puppets appeared in answer to the bell of the cathedral. The miniature figures halted directly before the gold dial and the same slow, affecting music could be heard as in Ivy cottage at Sunnyside. The little panel slid back and the puppet that had disappeared then, now glided out on the platform. The hour hand swung around and back again with great force, causing a gong to ring and vibrate in the air for some time. In accordance with previous order of things it seemed to act as a signal, for the little figure on the platform opened in half, causing a piece of parchment to fall to the table below. The "man in black" immediately possessed himself of this, while the others looked at him with ill-concealed curiosity. Mrs. Waite was the most anxious of all, and seemed greatly agitated.

As if it had discharged its duty, the little figure closed and disappeared through the opening, followed immediately by the closing of the panel. The gong was again heard and the puppet shot up in its old place beside the miniature figure of the bride, then accompanied by sweet music, continued the journey that was so strangely interrupted three months before. As the last strains of soft music died away on the air, a long breath was drawn, and they all turned their questioning eyes upon the "man in black," who cleared his throat, adjusted his glasses, and closely examined the piece of parchment in his hand. It was addressed to Robert. He glanced around as if really expecting to see his face among the eager ones in his line of vision.

"This, I see, is directed to Robert Long. I see that he is not present. Gordon, as his brother, what do you wish me to do?"

"Open and read it. His conduct, as all present are aware, has not been such that we should stand on ceremony regarding any matter whatever concerning him."

The "man in black" hesitated a moment, cleared his throat, re-adjusted his glasses and proceeded to read the following—the tick-tock of the clock alone mingled with his voice and was all that disturbed the silence. Mrs. Waite, white and trembling, leaned on Dorris for support. Palmello, the clever actor, showed only the concern a good friend of the family should under the circumstances.

"My Dear Son Robert:—The means I take to put you in possession of your inheritance possibly seem strange, and somewhat inconsistent, but I believe it is for your good. Youth is generally a reckless stage of life. For this reason I have, after two years of labor, constructed a clock which will point out the legitimate son and heir to the estates (which are entailed as you are aware) at a period in your life when you will be a man and more prepared and more competent to repress any reckless inclinations which would arise from being made acquainted with your misfortune—the misfortune of being the illegitimate son of a man who is slowly dying from remorse over a sin committed in the recklessness of his youth. To guard against the possibility of your squandering the fortune I leave you from a spirit of recklessness, as is possible were you in possession of it at the time the clock divulges the secret of your great misfortune, I have delayed even the knowledge of it until you have, in a degree, become accustomed to your new and not enviable position in life. For this reason, alone, have I constructed the clock in such a manner that it will not put you in possession of your inheritance for three months after it has divulged the facts of your misfortune. Your inheritance is in the form of cash, and lies in the Bank of England. My lawyers are to reverse the figure 2 on the clock and insert a key they possess in the fourth keyhole. This will disclose a recess in which you will find your inheritance, a check for £100,000—"

The detectives, who had been watching Palmello, saw him start and something like regret and wonder overspread his face.

"An amount equal to the value of the estates. I love you both and wish you to share alike my possessions. As to your mother—after careful consideration, I believe it best that you should never know her. The only thing I can say regarding the matter is, she is a lady of good birth and is respected by all who know her. She is leading a peaceful life with her daughter, a child as good of heart and as pure of mind and thought as my two noble boys. A lady that has committed no sin, for she was the victim of my ingenuity and a momentary mad passion. Having committed one sin against her, I do not wish to add another by putting any person in possession of facts which might bring discredit and sorrow on her and humiliation to her beautiful daughter (as I was humiliated before my sons by the confession of your old nurse). Her daughter is a

child of wedlock, a child her life is wrapped up in, a child she has brought up in ignorance of sin. For their sakes I withhold a knowledge you would undoubtedly desire to possess.

"COMMIT NO SIN, the price of sin is DISASTER AND PREMATURE DEATH. All I request is that you try and think as kindly of me as possible and forgive me if you can. Having almost finished a life of remorse, I sign as your sinful but loving father, after which I lay down my pen for the last time on earth.

"Orton D. Long."

A MORAL DEGENERATE.

Mrs. Waite drew a sigh of relief. The dark clouds seemed to roll away from her vision. They now pressed around the reader who reversed the figure 2, as requested in the letter, and inserted a key. The recess mentioned was found to contain a check on the Bank of England for £100,000. Turning with this in his hand, he smoothed it out between his fingers and again glanced at Gordon for instructions. Gordon answered the look by saying,

"Well, I hardly know what to advise regarding that, Mr. Burns, but I suppose you had better take charge of it until he can be found."

"But how are we to find him?" the lawyer inquired; "if these two gentlemen, members of the greatest police system in the world, have, after long and diligent search, failed to locate him? How are we to have success where they have experienced defeat?"

"Well, we will offer £2,000 reward and put the case in their hands to do the best they can. Don't you think this would be a good idea, Mr. Palmello?"

"Why, yes, I do, indeed gentlemen; it would be a splendid idea, but of course, as they say, they have failed as yet to locate him. In consequence, of course—"

"We beg your pardon, Mr. Palmello, we did not say that we had failed to locate him."

"Oh, then you have located him, I should infer?"

"Yes. We have already located him, and know where to put our hands on him at any moment. For that reason we do not wish to take advantage or Mr. Long's generous offer, for it would be accepting money that we should not earn."

"Well, friends, I appreciate the principle that prompts your response to Mr. Palmello, but if you know where he is to be found, take him this check and this message, also, from me—a message to the effect that he must, in the future, leave us in peace or the retribution he so justly deserves will overtake him."

"'Retribution,'" the American detective answered, "has already overtaken him, Mr. Long, for he is in the meshes of the great 'Chicago drag-net,' which spreads its ample folds over many countries, and I am sure he is thought so much of there that he will hardly be granted him a leave of absence long enough to ever pay you a visit for good or evil."

"Well, thank God for that, and you, also, my good friends. 'Friends,' I say, for indeed you have been all that the word implies and my wife and I wish to thank you both for the great services you have rendered us."

"Don't mention it. It is in our line of duty to right wrong, and, as much as possible, protect those who are honest of purpose from those who are not."

"Well, I insist upon mentioning it, and another thing you must allow me to mention is, that I owe my life to you."

"Yes, not only his life, but our future happiness," interrupted Dorris; "for I am satisfied if he were at liberty he would murder us or spoil our peace of mind with attempts worse than murder."

"Yes, friends, my wife and I would sooner meet death than suffer a repetition of the past."

The voices and appearance of these earnest faces carried truth and conviction to their listeners.

"Well, Mr. Long, you and yours can rest in peace for the rest of your days, for the rest of his days will be spent in an American prison, doing penance for a list of crimes as bold as they have been strange and out of the ordinary. I am not much of a hand to moralize, but I might say if a man, such as he, had tested his ability in the right direction, he would, undoubtedly, have been one of the brightest lights that shine on the great world. Yes, I might say that half of the ability he has shown, if exerted in the right direction, would lead him to the head of the people, a power in the land, be it either on American or English soil."

At this point Gordon excused himself from the room for a moment and the lawyer made reply.

"Yes, what you say has a good deal of truth in it, for as a boy he was the brightest of all for miles around old London. I often predicted that he would become either one of the greatest men of our period or one of the greatest scoundrels."

"From what I understand he has proved your theory a correct one," said Palmello, with a peculiar smile.

"Indeed he has," the lawyer asserted; "for he has degenerated from a youth that was perfection to one of the greatest scoundrels unhung—a man that has also made a reputation to that effect in every country during the carnival of crime in the American city."

"He is what you would call a 'moral degenerate,' then," said Gordon, who had again rejoined the group with a narrow slip of paper between his two fingers.

"Yes, Gordon, and the best illustration of one I ever saw, read, or heard of, for he, in a few short years, has degenerated from the best of all, down, down, down to the very worst that could be imagined."

"In fact, Mr. Burns, to worse than could be imagined of a human being," said Gorodn: "for even you, you, my good friend, do not know all, neither could you ever imagine the extent to which he

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has lowered himself in crime and at the same time eked out a horrible vengeance on me. He made some horrible threats and carried out all of them to my great surprise and discomfort. But let it pass. Here, Mr. Arlex and Mr. Rometto, is a small acknowledgement of my appreciation of your diligence and persistency. Now I will warn you to start with, that we will not listen to any objections you may make."

With a kindly smile he handed them a check for £10,000.

"Here, also, is the check on the Bank of England for £100,000. You will be conferring a great favor on us if you will kindly see that it reaches the one that it is meant for; and I pray God that he will see the error of his ways, and with this very comfortable fortune lift himself from out the old rut so strewn with corruption."

There was a cold sneer on the face of Palmello, and the cruel lines of his mouth twitched.

"We will do as you wish, Mr. Long, but I am afraid he is past redemption." And there was a twinkle in the detectives' eyes as they continued: "Anyway, he will have ample time for reflection. Probably he may become convinced of the truth of his father's very true words"—the detective's face became serious now—"that the price of sin is disaster and death, for it certainly is, as we have seen thousands meet both while following our calling as detectives. He also may become convinced of this and make peace with his God."

Palmello, who had listened to this conversation with the half sneer still on his face, noticed the detective, while speaking, had slipped the small check in his pocket. The other for £100,000 he still held in his hand. Palmello in an insinuating and slightly moved tone said:

"Mr. Rometto, do you feel safe in carrying a demand for so large a sum such a great distance across the sea?"

"Mr. Long seems to feel that the confidence he has placed in us will not be misplaced. Still, if you are uneasy about it reaching its owner, as I infer you are from the tone you adopt, we will discharge our duty at once by placing it in the hands of the one it is intended for."

"He is here in London, then, I should judge from your words?" Palmello inquired in as careless a tone as he could assume.

"Yes, he is in London. We decided to wait until a more fitting time to deliver it; but as you seem so greatly concerned for its safety, we will deliver it at once."

"At once?" Palmello asked, in a surprised way, looking around the room at the different faces as did the others.

"Yes, at once, my friend; but I'm afraid he will refuse it."

"He will refuse it?"

"We think so."

"Oh, he could not refuse it! That would be impossible, impossible, to refuse so large a sum of ready money."

The detectives had edged somewhat nearer during this peculiar

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conversation, and Rometto presented the check for £100,000 to Palmello, saying,

"We will see if he will refuse it. Mr. Robert Long, I have the great honor of delivering into your own hand the fortune which you inherited just now in such a peculiar manner. Oh, as I thought, you will not accept! You are the first one I ever heard of who had to be forced to accept money, especially a sum of this denomination. It is plain to see that you were not raised in Chicago."

"What do you mean, sir? Are you crazy?"

"No, but my friend, Arlex, is. See, he is about to decorate your wrist with a pair of 'come-alongs.' "

Arlex had already done this with such a quick and deft motion that Palmello and the others were hardly aware he was performing anything out of the ordinary.

"You scoundrels! What do you mean by this ungentlemanly conduct? Mr. Long, will you allow your friends to insult me while a guest under your own roof?"

Gordon, thinking it was a jest, replied,

"Oh, they are just joking, I guess, Mr. Palmello. It is a joke, is it not my friends?" turning to the detectives.

"Yes, but it is rather a serious joke on him, I take it, for he will have to wear these little decorations I hold in my hand until we land him in an American prison." Rometto, as he spoke, jingled a pair of hand-cuffs."

"But you certainly can't mean what you say? There must be some mistake. I am sure that my friend, Palmello, can explain matters to your satisfaction."

"Well, we are sorry, but we owe a duty to our country and our friends. We hope you will excuse this scene, but the gentleman forced it himself. We had intended to defer his arrest until a more appropriate time."

"But what is he charged with?"

"He is charged with crimes too numerous to mention."

They all eyed the detectives with incredulous smiles.

"What crimes is he guilty of? Name some of them."

They still thought it was a joke and were now prepared to help carry it out.

"Well, it would take many closely written pages to portray in detail each and every crime committed during the great carnival of crime in Chicago; but among them is allowing innocent men to lie in jail, charged with crimes that he is responsible for."

"But ladies and gentlemen, I see by your smiling faces you are under the mistaken impression that we are trying to furnish you with a little amusement. Such is not the case. We were never more earnest in our lives; neither have we ever been able to perform a greater service for the people of America."

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In his paper read before the Iowa convention of general merchants he said that he took many trade papers but of the entire list he considered the

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one of if not the best.

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THE ARREST.

Palmello, with an impatient motion, now endeavored to free his hands and said:

"Mr. Long, if you allow your guest to be made a target for cruel jokes, I will in the future discontinue my visits."

"Well, we will see that you discontinue your visits here, as well as elsewhere in London, for you are going with us to make one long, long visit, Mr. Long, alias Palmello."

Gordon now thought the joke had been carried far enough and said:

"My good friends, we appreciate a joke as well as any, but I am afraid you are carrying this one a little too far. I will have to request you to release Mr. Palmello."

"Mr. Long, can you not open your eyes to the truth?"

"I hardly understand you, Mr. Rometto."

"It is simple enough. You requested me to deliver a check for £100,000 to Robert Long."

"Yes."

"Well, we had decided to call at his hotel later and present it to him there; but contrary to our expectations, he forced matters a little by casting an insinuation to the effect that we were not competent, or responsible, so to dispel any such illusions, we offered it to him at once; but, as we predicted, he refused to accept."

"Yes, I see. But you misunderstand me. The check is for Mr. Robert Long."

"Well, there is Mr. Robert Long, cleverly disguised, and using the name of Palmello."

Palmello, on hearing this, made a lightning like motion with his free hand towards a pistol. It was gone.

"Ah, you can throw your hand back there pretty lively, can't you? It comes handy after all the practice you had in Chicago as the 'long man,' but you will find no pistol. We took care of those while your attention was taken up with the strange clock."

"Curses on you! What do you mean?"

"We mean, Mr. Long, alias our good friend, Palmello, that you are our prisoner, and we sail for America to-morrow. We are going to take you with us. We will give the cup of misery you have filled for so many God-fearing people a chance to settle."

Without more ado, they slipped the ominous looking handcuffs on him and read their warrant. All saw that the two American detectives meant business, but supposed still that it was some mistake and tried to convince them of it.

Palmello now regained his composure. He neither affirmed the charge nor denied it.

"Under the circumstances it is certainly hard to believe that this man standing before you is the notorious 'long man' of Chicago newspaper fame, but such is the case."

"You can't prove it!" hissed Palmello, still feeling secure in his clever disguise.

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"Oh, we will prove it all right when the time comes, and—"

What he would have said was cut short and almost drowned by a peculiar rumbling noise, then a thud, followed by a cloud of cinders which drifted through the screen covering the old English fireplace. It seems that Jarl, noticing that the gentlemen had pressed forward, crowding against the slight table which held the clock and thinking there was a risk of its being overturned in the event of a struggle, which seemed evident if matters were not soon explained, had lifted it to the mantle, and as it settled into place with a jar, it had dislodged the bundle secreted up the chimney by number "49" directly after his escape from the London prison.

All turned and gazed in silent wonder. What could it be? Recovering somewhat from their surprise, they requested Jarl to remove the screen and investigate, which he did. Upon first sight, they thought it was a man, but on closer inspection they saw that it was merely a large bundle tied up in a water-proof rain coat. Jarl lifted this daintily out on the marble-blocked hearth, careful not to soil the rich carpet. Gordon ordered it opened. This Jarl proceeded to do, while the others gathered around and watched with interest, the detectives keeping one eye on the prisoner meanwhile. As the articles were exposed to view ,the Governor of the prison started and emitted an exclamation which transferred everyone's attention to him, who, they noted, was in turn gazing at Gordon in a kind of suspicious and wondering way.

Gordon now broke the silence.

"I can't imagine to whom these things belong or how they came to be in such an out-of-the-way place. I believe you seem to recognize them, Governor; but, of course, that is impossible, for on second thought you—"

"Not so impossible as you may think, my young friend, and I believe you also recognize them."

"I—I—I'm sure I never saw them before—and—"

"We will call in the hackman," interrupted the Governor, "and see what he has to say. I recognize that watchchain as belonging to him, at any rate, for I gave it to him for quick driving one night."

Upon the hackman's being shown into the room, he nodded awkwardly to Palmello, whom he recognized as the gentleman who had spoken to him during the evening, but, of coruse, did not recognize him as the convict who had escaped by means of his rig months previous. Instead, he was now positive they had the right man in Gordon. The Governor and he both were ready to swear to it a moment later when the hackman identified the articles as those stolen from him by the convict, number "49."

The Governor congratulated himself for he was now assured he had made another mistake, and Gordon was, in reality, the escaped convict in question. As the cold steel of the hand-cuffs fell into place around the hands of the other brother, a fiendish smile played around the lips of Palmello, alias the real number "49," and a piercing shirek rent the air as the Governor made a

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move to retire with his prisoner, in spite of the latter's expostulations. Dorris rushed forward and threw her arms around his neck and clung there while she begged the Governor to release him—he was innocent—not to take him from her again, etc. But it was in vain. She pleaded until the two American detectives interfered saying:

"Sir, you are mistaken, as we can prove, for there stands the man you want." They pointed to Palmello who smiled tantalizingly and sneered at the assertion. Even the Governor laughed incredulously. But this was all changed in a moment, for the detectives (although anxious to land their prisoner in America) would not allow Gordon to suffer the consequence of another mistake. So contrary to their intentions, they were forced to reveal the secret of how the wonderful change was brought about by the ingenious prisoner, Palmello. The Governor again started to withdraw with his prisoner when Rometto, in a commanding voice cried,

"Hold, the gentleman is the victim of a great mistake, caused by a likeness to his half brother, and is innocent."

The Governor halted and replied,

"Prove it."

"Yes, we will prove it."

A DOUBLE PUNISHMENT FITS THE CRIME.

CONCLUSION.

After a whispered word with the Governor, they proceeded to search the smiling Palmello and brought to light the leather case. Opening this, they selected the vials they saw him use, while the others looked on in astonished silence as they applied a portion of the contents to his manacled hands. The dark color disappeared at once. This was a moment of surprise to all. Palmello stood as silent and motionless as a statue. They now applied some of the liquid to his face. This also cleared, leaving it pale and ghastly, the same face they had seen in the moonlight on that eventful night

Offering him the check, he now accepted it.

All was confusion. Mrs. Waite, the moment she caught sight of the ghastly face, cried out,

"Great God! My punishment has come! My son!" and fell forward in a swoon.

The Governor of the prison also recognized him as number "49," and laying his hand on the shoulder of Robert, greatly provoked the American detectives by claiming him as a prisoner of the Queen. Gordon and Dorris failed to note the words of Mrs. Waite, but the detectives and Robert had. Paying no heed to the remarks of the Governor, he turned to Rometto.

"What did Mrs. Waite say?"

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"She said, if I heard correctly, that you were her son," Rometto replied in a low tone.

His head dropped on his breast and there was a horrible look in his gleaming eyes.

"And—and—Dorris then would be my—sister—half sister?"

"It seems so."

"This is a great punishment indeed, but a double punishment fits this crime and the many cold-blooded murders and robberies of merchants in Chicago, during the carnival of crime. And I think that broken-nosed guard will make it quite pleasant for you while you are trying to buy your way out of a London prison into an American one," said Rometto.

Leaving Dorris and Gordon working over Mrs. Waite who was fast reviving, the three officials left with their prisoner for Holloway jail to decide who should claim him. This was soon settled and number "49," alias the notorious "long man" was once more back in his old cell at the mercy of his bitter thoughts and the guard's brutality. But the plucky detective did not return empty-handed. "Butch," the keeper of the "boozing ken," accompanied them in irons, below deck, while Rometto and Arlex enjoyed their reflections and a cigar above. They modestly decided not to brag of their exploits upon reaching their home, termed by Londoners and others the "Wicked City."

They found the Wicked City still wicked—but felt they, well as their brother officers (who meantime had cleverly rounded up the balance of the notorious bandits) had done something toward redeeming it. It is believed that the pruning knife of the press, assisted by peace-loving citizens and the wide awake reporters and police, will in time trim this beautiful city of its corruption entirely in both high and low walks of life.

THE END.

"THE 'NEW-IDEA MEN' ROLLED A LOAD OF CARE FROM MY DEAR HUSBAND'S SHOULDERS AND BROUGHT SUNSHINE INTO OUR GLOOMY HOME."

Note the lingering shade of sorrow in the sweet eyes above the sunny smile.

(OVER.)

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Soap shots by the office boy at old quarters. Hard at work

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PRIZE OFFERS CONTINUED.

The reader who discovers the "hidden word" that discloses "Mrs. Waite's secret," will receive as 4th prize a double-seated "toe pacd" carriage. On exhibition at 2 Aldine Square.

The reader who discovers the "hidden sentence" that reveals the true identity of the "Long Man," will receive as 5th prize a trip to Cuba. R. 460 Monon Bldg.

The reader who discovers the "hidden word" which reveals the identity of the "Undesirable Acquaintance of Paris," will receive as the 6th prize a beautiful silver set.

The reader who discovers the "hidden words" which disclose location of "Underground Den," will receive as 7th prize a solitaire diamond ring (lady's).

Discover author in snapshots of crowds. Receive gold watch (lady's).

SEE PAGES 4-37-113.

HOW THE WORLD RECEIVES A NEW IDEA.

Keep your mind open to new ideas. As you read the history of men and of science, study the reception that the world has given to its greatest benefactors, *The Men of Original Thought.* Almost invariably, the new idea has been received with universal ridicule. * * * * No man can estimate how much the world has lost by the innate tendency in human nature to reject everything that is new.

Not only does human nature reject the truth when first presented — it rejects it with scorn. * * * *

When Galileo discovered that the earth went around the sun, they made him get down on his knees and publicly retract the glorious truth that he brought to mankind. When Fulton tried to talk to Napoleon about the steamboat which he invented, Napoleon's mind was full of a plan to cross the channel to conquer England. His boats were at the mercy of the winds. He never did cross the channel, and England eventually conquered him. Fulton was the very man that could have solved Napoleon's problem for him. But to Fulton Napoleon said that he could give him just five minutes — at the end of the five minutes even Napoleon's extraordinary mind rejected the new truth. Had he given Fulton the necessary time and the necessary encouragement he might have ruled England and throughout all of Europe and to-day a son of his son, the little King of Rome, might be the dictator of the world.

We can each of us improve in usefulness by training our minds at least to avoid prejudice and to give a fair hearing to a new idea, however foreign it may be to our own method of thought. Incidently it may be mentioned that besides doing good to others and encouraging originality many a man has found his own welfare and prosperity in an open-minded temperament.

Opposition to new thought has been almost insane in its obstinacy. Next to adding to the world knowledge with a new invention or a new and clear statement of truth, the greatest thing that any man can do is to encourage another who really has a message that the world ought to hear.

By keeping the mind open, ready to welcome the truth in regard to inventions, a man may enrich himself, besides helping another to success. More important even that open-mindedness toward material ideas is a display of interest and freedom from prejudice toward new *Abstract Thought.*

From the very beginning of history the struggle has gone on. Caesar conquered truth and ruled. Men of the same class went to Gracchi and other brave men suffered for the truth in Rome before the guillotine in France, or were shot down by tens of thousands in the armies of liberty before Napoleon became emperor and ruled there. Over and over the same truths re-discovered, the same ground gone over. Fortunately each century, or group of centuries shows improvement. Battles are not fought in vain. After each great effort men fall back, but *they do not fall back all the way;* something is gained each time. The picture and the editorial on this page are prepared in the hope that they may incline the minds of the readers and especially of young men, to mistrust their own final judgment and to give to new ideas at least a respectful hearing. We offer to these readers, as a guide in life this advice, nineteen centuries old: *"Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."—Chicago American.*

The heavy advance sale of this "New Idea" book shows a wonderful willingness to investigate something new. Time is a great factor.

CHEER UP.

Cheer up, old man, be happy, don't look so awful glum,
Remember the good times you've had — there's better ones to come.
Don't think because the clouds are black it will forever rain,
Hope on a little longer and you'll see the sun again.

Most business men have ups and downs, some worry and some dare,
And sickness often is to them the heaviest load to bear.
Why fret about fair-weather friends? The old ones still are true;
The road's been long and lonesome, but I think you're almost through.

This life is all a mixture of happiness and pain,
And joy will follow sorrow as sunshine follows rain.
A spell of sickness makes a man appreciate good health;
Reverses also teach us how to better value wealth.

Then let us hear your voice again and see your old-time smile;
Just pull yourself together — go in and make a pile.
Come, face the music like a man, and throw the blues away;
You'll live to give advice yourself and laugh at this some day.

—L. D. Moon.
Ch. & D. Mag.

PETITION TO CONGRESS.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States.

We, the undersigned, do respectfully request that the Stevens' Double Track Bill requiring every Railroad Company in the United States to operate at least double tracks throughout their entire systems be put in force.

The sacrifice of life due to single track economy is unnecessary and criminal. During the last year, (according to the official report of the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington,) 3,798 persons were killed, and 55,466 injured in the United States on railroad lines. This is appalling and cannot be ignored when it is simply a question of money saved by single track economy, or life saved by double track expense.

We, the undersigned, respectfully petition the United States Congress that a law be passed to provide the second track that will lessen the wholesale slaughter of humanity.

NAME	ADDRESS	TOWN	STATE

Can you imagine what the yearly slaughter is? Mainly due to single track economy which means thousands of dollars saved to

a few Railroad magnates at the cost of thousands of lives to the traveling public, possibly your own included, or at least some dear friend.

Now double tracks will do away with this great evil of single track economy. Your name, a moment's time, and a stamp will add the extra track, and the danger of travel will be practically eliminated.

A monster petition to Congress, signed by almost the entire people of the United States, will force the Stevens' Bill through in a hurry. The Bill is being framed and thousands of double track advocates are sending in their names to be affixed to this petition, which will require an entire car to transport it to Washington. It will consist of one great wide continuous sheet of prepared paper wound on two immense rollers. The getting up of this great petition, etc., necessittates quite an expense, but to you and your friends it will cost nothing.

It will be a good plan for every merchant in every village and city of the United States to form a double track advocate club with headquarters at their store. This suggestion will be advertised in all the leading trade journals of the United States. The business men and the ministers are in a better position to head the enterprise in their village or respective district of the cities.

By proper organization with Stevens' plan, we will girdle our great country with double tracks and safety. Years ago the danger was not so great as it is today. Ther is an increase in traffic. Millions of dollars are being spent yearly by the public for the privilege of riding to possibly injury or death on the same old single track.

Something must be done, you can do it by sending in your name singly or by organization of clubs, as suggested, the petitions to be affixed to the original at the Chicago headquarters of the Double Track Advocate Association,

No. 2 Aldine Square,

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